Agents in the Religious Revival of the last Century.

A LECTURE

BY

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AGENTS IN THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

No one in this assembly can regret, so much as I do, the absence of the gentleman whose name has been announced for this evening—my friend Mr. Edward Corderoy. It is to be regretted on his own account, that the state of his health makes it impossible for him to attend; on my account, that I should be called to occupy the place of so eloquent a lecturer; on your account, that the pleasure you were anticipating is exchanged for disappointment; and on account of the general interests of the Young Men's Christian Association, which require that these Lectures should not be monopolised by us of the clergy. Among men not of our profession you have already heard, with delight and advantage, the historian, the lawyer, the geologist, the physician, and the champion of temperance; to-night, for the first time, you were to have heard a man of commerce—a most worthy and able representative of that great mercantile class to which so many of yourselves belong. But he is not here; and as the managers of this Association have requested me to take his place and his theme, I reckon on your indulgence, while we glance at an extensive and somewhat delicate subject—"Agents in the Religious Revival of the last Century."

All accounts concur in representing the state of religion and morals in this country at the commencement of the eighteenth century as most deplorable. The court of Charles II. had been more profligate and less patriotic than any court in Europe; and during his long reign of thirty-six years, and the short reign (four years) of James his successor, liberty, religion, and national honour declined and expired together. The accession of William III. restored our honour and liberties, yet we discover few signs of improvement in morals; and during the reign of George I. and George II, England sunk lower in ignorance and immorality than at any period since the Reformation. Among the educated classes, a sneering scepticism was almost universal. Bishop Butler, in the preface to his Analogy, dated 1736, remarks:—"It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry; but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." Nor were the morals of the upper classes better than their creed. Marriage was despised; sisters, daughters, and wives of the most loyal subjects, the greatest generals, the wisest statesmen, and the gravest judges, not only practised, but unblushingly avowed the grossest licentiousness. The most noble and elegant ladies of the court, in their ordinary conversation, were accustomed to utter such oaths as are now heard only amongst navvies and bargemen. The poet laureate, in 1681, published a poem in which he formally advocates polygamy, or something worse; and his atrocious work is said to have been universally read and quoted, even in discourses from the pulpit. As to the magistrates, the vivid picture which

Macaulay has given of Richard Baxter before Jeffries, is a specimen of the manner in which scores of justices of the peace conducted business. The poor man withdrew unheard; the rich man transgressed with impunity; justice was sacrificed to interest; and many a magistrate, intoxicated as he sat upon the bench, swore, "I never have committed a gentleman yet, and I never will."

While the upper classes were in such a condition, it is not to be expected that the people should be either refined or virtuous. Scarcely a novel or a play published during that period, could now be read throughout in any family circle in the kingdom, so gross was the public taste as compared with what it is at present. Even the polished compositions of Pope and Prior contain passages which, at this day, no one would think of reading in a mixed company. The contempt in which marriage was held led to family discords, and mutual bitter hatred of relatives, amongst all ranks, from the first two Georges downwards, to an extent of which it is difficult for us in this age to form any conception. John Wesley mentions how painfully he was affected, at the beginning of his labours, by the cursing and swearing of little children. As to the Sabbath, it was nowhere kept. Respectable shopkeepers, even professors of religion and members of churches, regularly did three or four hours' business on the Sunday morning; closed their shops about ten o'clock, and attended divine service afterwards. In the villages, when church service was over, the congregation turned into the churchyard, or strolled toward the village green, with the parson at their head, to enjoy a game of cricket; the evening was spent at the alehouse, with beer and cards, often under the same reverend sanction. "The latter part of the day," writes an eye-witness,* "is spent in indulging the prevailing

* Howell Harris.

corruptions of nature; all family worship being utterly laid aside, except among some of the Dissenters; while a universal deluge of swearing, lying, reviling, drunkenness, fighting, and gaming overspreads the country; and that without any stop, as far as I have seen, being attempted to be put to it." Grosser crimes were proportionally prevalent. Every road was infested with highwaymen; thefts and executions were things of daily occurrence; the criminal law reflected and aggravated the barbarity of the age; no amazement was excited if six, eight, or ten wretches were hung at one time after a county assizes. It is difficult to speak correctly of the moral condition of England at that day without being suspected of exaggeration. Archbishop Secker, in a charge delivered in 1738, says, "An open and professed disregard to religion is become the distinguishing character of the present age; it hath already brought in such dissoluteness and contempt of principle in the higher part of the world, and such profligate intemperance and fearlessness of committing crimes in the lower, as must, if this torrent of impiety stop not, become absolutely fatal." Fletcher of Madeley, in entering on his parish so late as 1760, makes this lamentation:—"The bulk of the inhabitants are stupid heathens, who seem past all curiosity, as well as all sense of godliness." Such was the general dissoluteness and depravity, that the increase of population was only one million in a hundred years—from 1651 to 1751; whereas, in happier times, in the succeeding hundred years, from 1751 to 1851, notwithstanding the loss of life attendant on the American, French, and Peninsular wars, the increase has been fourteen millions.

In the midst of this general wickedness, what were the established clergy doing? What were the Dissenters doing? What were the Churches of Christ doing? Certainly not wasting their strength in theological controversy. There were no eager disputations about State-church then; no

such life and death struggles between Tractarian and Evangelical as we have witnessed in our generation; for all were asleep together—the Establishment, as Jay puts it, was asleep in the dark, and the Dissenters were asleep in the light. Let those who mourn the most loudly over our church discords of this day, not forget to be thankful for our church activity; for there is more secret love between these militant men of the churches than one would suppose; and, after all, we had better see a little sparring amongst the men of the different regiments, while, at the same time, the forts of the enemy *are* being battered down, than see them all asleep, sweetly locked in each others' arms, while the enemy is strengthening his defences.

The Established Church, at that day, was disgracefully inactive and powerless. Few of the clergy were able to set forth the gospel in its plainness. Tillotson and Bull were the best preachers of the age, but their sermons contain little that is calculated to awaken a sinner, and less that is calculated to bring him to Christ. The more learned clergy introduced the tasteless fare of Aristotle, instead of the "feast of fat things" provided in the gospel, thinking that by this means they might win over the conceited infidels of the age. Even so late as 1760, Mr. Romaine knew of no more than six or seven "gospel clergymen," as he calls them, in England. The greatest part of the clergy were incredibly idle and ignorant. In many churches there was no sermon for months together; in many others the clergyman, at service time, was oftener drunk than sober; in hundreds of rural parsonages, the reverend resident occupied no higher position, as it regards his tastes, his language, his style of behaviour, or even his education, than would a country cattle-jobber of the present day. In 1713, Bishop Burnet wrote the following description of the candidates for holy orders, and of the younger clergy:—"The outward state of things is black enough, God knows;

but that which heightens my fears rises chiefly from the inward state into which we are unhappily fallen. Our ember weeks are the burden and grief of my life. The much greater part of those who come to be ordained are ignorant to a degree not to be apprehended by those who are not obliged to know it. The easiest part of knowledge is that to which they are the greatest strangers; I mean the plainest part of the Scriptures, which they say, in excuse for their ignorance, that their tutors at the Universities never mention the reading of to them; so that they can give no account, or at least a very imperfect one, of the contents even of the gospels. Many cannot give a tolerable account of the catechism itself, how short and plain soever. The ignorance of some is such, that in a well-regulated state of things, they would appear, not knowing enough to be admitted to the Holy Sacrament. The case is not much better in many, who, having got into orders, cannot make it appear that they have read the Scripture, or any one good book, since they were ordained. These things pierce one's soul, and make him often cry out, O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

And in what condition were the Dissenters? We find the best men among them deploring the unhappy condition into which their body had fallen. Among the Baptists, Dr. Gill, the commentator, and others, declined, in their pulpit ministrations, to urge sinners to repentance. This was called the "non-application scheme." Ivimey, in his history of the Baptists, observes, "What with the anti-evangelical and moral discourses of the principal Presbyterian ministers, the stiff regard to precision of discipline among the Independents, and the cold, dry, uninteresting doctrinal statements of the leading Baptists, had not God raised up the Methodists, men of another character from each, and uniting the excellencies of all of them, the rapid decline of the churches must

have gone on with an accelerated motion." No wonder the churches were declining, for we find Dr. Guyse, a leading Independent, exclaiming, "How many sermons may one hear that leave out Christ, both name and thing, and that pay no more regard to him than if we had nothing to do with him!" "Alas," cried John Barker, then seventy years old, "Christ crucified—salvation through his atoning blood—sanctification by his eternal Spirit, are old-fashioned things, now seldom heard of in our churches. A cold, comfortless kind of preaching prevails everywhere." The more fashionable Dissenters of that day had learned to sneer at their noble Puritan fathers, and had lost all power over the mass of the people. Watts had done good service by his admirable hymns, and by his other writings, but he was in feeble health. Doddridge was a charming Christian — sound in faith and practice, and lamented the state of things, but he was timid. "If I err," he said, "I would choose to do so on the side of modesty and caution, as one who is more afraid of doing wrong than of not doing right. But when the world is to be remarkably reformed, God will raise up some bolder spirits who will work like your London firemen; and I pray God it may not be amidst smoke, and flames, and ruin." There were many excellent men among the Dissenters of that day, but they were afraid of being thought informal. To quote the Rev. Robt. Philip, "They were as great sticklers for order as some of the bishops. Field preaching was as alarming to the board as to the bench. The primate would have as soon quitted his throne, as a leading Nonconformist his desk, to preach from a horseblock or a table in the open air."

But the time of visitation was at hand. God, who often spared the Hebrew people for the sake of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and who delayed the infliction of judgment on Solomon for the sake of his father David, was pleased not to permit the light which had been kindled in

these realms by Ridley, and Hooper, and Latimer, and rekindled by Baxter and Howe, to be totally extinguished. The lamp had burned brightly of old, fed by the prayers and labours of great and brave men then laid down to rest; it was now burning dimly, and the smoking wick indicated that it must soon expire; but He who doth not quench the smoking flax was secretly qualifying and preparing his servants to go forth, and once more enlighten and arouse the nation. At a country inn in Gloucestershire, a round-faced, bright-eyed lad of fifteen, in his blue apron, was washing mops, scouring rooms, and drawing beer for his widowed mother, the landlady. He had been educated at a grammar-school, for his mother had intended him for something better; but her business having declined, her son had become her common drawer. At a country parsonage in Lincolnshire, a poor but noble couple were struggling with poverty, debt, and a large family; the income was insufficient to maintain eight children, besides which, neighbours had cheated them, and their house and furniture had been twice burned down; so that the little lads had to run about without shoes, and occasionally to go to bed with a mother's blessing instead of a supper; yet that mother gave her children the rudiments of a classical education, showed her Puritan blood by rearing them up under an unbending discipline, and at length contrived to send two of her boys to school at Westminster, that they might be made gentlemen, scholars, and clergymen, like their father. That tavern-lad in the blue apron, and those two country boys at Westminster School, were the earliest agents in the religious revival of the last century; the one was George Whitefield, the other two were John and Charles Wesley.

These lads afterwards met at Oxford, and soon became objects of universal ridicule. Strange to say, they never swore—they never got into debt—they never neglected their

studies, like the other young collegians. Instead of crowding the gambling and betting-houses, they visited poor widows, and prayed with the prisoners in the gaol; instead of inviting drinking parties to their rooms, they had meetings for prayer and for reading the Greek Testament—a book still less in use then, than, according to Mr. Alford, it is even now. They rose early, fasted often, and attended sacrament every week, according to a statute of the university which nobody observed except themselves; and the first thing that attracted Whitefield to the Wesleys was his seeing them go to the weekly sacrament through a crowd of students who had assembled to laugh at them. On account of these strict practices, the little band were called Methodists—a plain vernacular English word, in use a hundred years before that day, and denoting, like the French word *momier*, any who were unusually devout and zealous in their religious practices.

It is not easy to over-estimate the zeal, self-denial, and perseverance of these Oxford Methodists. Yet they had not attained to inward peace; a sense of sin clung to them in all that they did. Both the Wesleys and Whitefield underwent long and severe spiritual struggles. Whitefield fasted till he was mere skin and bone, said prayers and collects with the patience of the devoutest Papist, chose the worst sort of food, wore dirty shoes, and lay for two hours with his face on the ground on winter nights, that he might imitate Jesus in the wilderness. "My continued abstinence," says he, "and inward conflicts, at length so emaciated my body, that at Passion week, finding I could scarce creep up stairs, I was obliged to inform my kind tutor of my condition, who immediately sent for a physician to me." The struggles through which John Wesley passed commenced long before Whitefield entered college, and were protracted through twelve or fourteen years; but being of a less ardent temperament, he did not torture his body so unmercifully, and was more bewildered

with mysticism; yet he at length saw that it is not by works, but by grace, that we are saved. It may be well to give his own words at this time; for they represent the process through which all these Methodists passed, and are the key to their subsequent ministry.

"And now it is upwards of two years since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgia Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I least of all suspected) that I who went to America to convert others, was never converted myself. I am not mad, though I thus speak; but speak the words of truth and soberness; if haply some of those who still dream may awake, and see that as I am so are they.

"Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold, I give all my goods to feed the poor. I have thrown up friends, reputation, ease, country; I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this (be it more or less) make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in his sight? or the constant use of all the means of grace? or that I am, as touching outward, moral righteousness, blameless? or, to come closer yet, the having a rational conviction of all the truths of Christianity?

"This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am fallen short of the glory of God; that my whole heart is altogether corrupt and abominable, and, consequently, my whole life (seeing it cannot be that an evil tree should bring forth good fruit); that, having the sentence of death in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead, I have no

hope but that of being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. I have no hope, but that if I seek I shall find the Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

We cannot thus accompany an earnest, contrite spirit through the valley of darkness, without longing for the hour of deliverance. The manner in which deliverance came to John Wesley is peculiarly interesting to a Young Men's Christian Association. About the year 1667, a few young men of the City formed themselves into an association for religious conversation and prayer. Their number soon increased, and several societies were formed in different parts of London. At one time there were about forty of these societies; but at the time of which we now speak there were not more than ten. On his return from America, in 1738, Wesley visited them, and it was at one of their meetings that his long night of darkness ended. He thus relates it: "In the evening I went, very unwillingly, to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray, with all my might, for those who had in an especial manner despitefully used me, and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there, what I now first felt in my heart."

Charles Wesley was at this time in London, slowly recovering from a dangerous illness. For ten long years he, too, had painfully wandered among the briers and thorns in the spiritual wilderness, unable to find comfort, till at last he longed for death as the only means of

uniting his soul with his Saviour. He lay on his sick-bed and wrote—

"Fain would I leave this world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode,
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God;
Doubtful, and insecure of bliss,
Since death alone confirms me his."

But his time of deliverance was come; and soon afterwards he wrote the following verses, so characteristic of his impetuous and ardent spirit, and of his subsequent theology:—

"How happy are they who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

"Such comfort was mine, when the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed, what a joy I received,
What a heaven, in Jesus's name!

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.

"In the fulness of love, I was carried above
All sin and temptation and shame;
I could not believe that I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

"O the rapturous height of the holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God."

Whitefield had already passed into the same glorious liberty, while reading the Scriptures at Oxford. "The day-star arose," says he, "in my heart, and for some time I could not avoid singing psalms wherever I was."

Do you wish to understand the philosophy of the great revival? Then you must understand this turning-point in the history of its first promoters. No correct theory, as to its causes, can be framed, which does not begin here. These men felt their own wants as sinners. They had looked for peace in reading, and fastings, and sermons, and sacraments, and alms, but had not found it. The holiness of God appeared to them more and more unapproachable and awful. At length, driven from every other shelter, they were taught to behold the Christ, through whom the ungodly are justified freely. Their hearts trusted in him alone. This trust was followed by inward peace, filial love towards God, power over besetting sins, and a happy consciousness like that of Isaiah—"O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and now thou comfortest me." The guilty dread of their Judge vanished; for as their Surety, he had satisfied every demand of justice; and such love to their Deliverer sprung up in their hearts, as made it delightful to follow and serve him—a new inward power, by which they were enabled to keep his commandments with their whole heart.

This rescue from sin and death appeared to them so wonderful, so timely, so suited for all lost sinners, and withal so easy, though so little understood, that it was most natural for them, in the simplicity of their hearts, to begin to tell others what they felt, and preach the doctrines by which they had been saved from misery. We cannot conceive of their doing anything else. No thought of founding a sect, or of separating from the Church, entered their heads for an instant; they honestly told their own history, and preached the gospel, as they had been led to understand it. The doctrine seemed new, though in reality it was old; the fervour of the preachers was new; in whatever church they preached, crowds came to hear them.

Whitefield was the first to make an impression. At his first appearance in Bishopsgate Church, he was only twenty-three, and very young looking, so that he was regarded almost with contempt. But contempt was succeeded by attention, and attention by admiration; so that in two years he became the most popular preacher in London. At this time he rigidly adhered to his manuscript. His deliverance from this, and his discovery of the secret of his wonderful power, is due to the Young Men's Associations before mentioned. Among them he found a few kindred souls, and began, with many fears and much hesitation, to pray extempore, till, at length, having gathered confidence, he went forth one day,—little dreaming that he was committing an ecclesiastical irregularity, and still less that he was inaugurating the greatest religious revival of modern times,—and preached abroad on an eminence near Bristol, to nearly 2,000 persons.

A great awakening now began. These young clergymen little thought of what was to follow. They had not ventured to hope that the holy and happy influences which descended on them as they prayed and expounded in rooms, before the young men of the City, were as Elijah's little cloud—precursors of a rain that should refresh the whole land. It is time now to take a somewhat fuller view of these men, as they afterwards appeared.

Whitefield was a born orator. He was not remarkable as a scholar, or as a theologian; but he was the most wonderful and the most successful preacher that England ever saw. His face was a language; his gestures of themselves said more than most men's aptest words; his fluency was unequalled; his voice was so wonderfully modulated, that Garrick said he could make men either laugh or cry by pronouncing the word Mesopotamia; and such was the ardour of his spirit, as to sustain him through twelve or fourteen of his wonder-

ful efforts every week for months together. He could quell the most savage, fire the most listless, interest the most stupid, and charm the most philosophic. When a crowd of ten or fifteen thousand people was assembled on Kennington Common, his unrivalled voice would enable every one to hear every word; stillness prevailed like that of death, interrupted now and then by a piercing outcry, or an irrepressible hallelujah. All opposition, for the time, quailed before him. At Exeter a ruffian came prepared to knock him on the head with a great stone. The sermon affected him so, that the stone dropped from his hand. Then his heart melted. After the service he went to Whitefield, and said, with tears, " Sir, I came to break your head, but God has given me a broken heart." Persecution in high quarters only stimulated his energies and increased his usefulness. In one week, when shut out of the churches entirely, he took the fields, and received not fewer than a thousand letters from persons who had been awakened or comforted under his preaching. No building could afford full scope for his powers; field preaching was his delight and glory. He went into Bartholemew fair—a Quixotic undertaking, as it was thought, even for him. The shows and booths were deserted, and he records, "Soon after, 350 awakened souls were received into the society in one day; and numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were plucked as brands from the burning." Four times he visited America, where his labours and success were as great as in England. When he became Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, many leading personages came to her drawing-room to hear him, such as Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, David Hume, Walpole, Selwyn, and Pitt. He made a deep impression upon almost all these illustrious men. Lord Bolingbroke (who will not be suspected of any leaning towards religion) said of him, " He is the most extraordinary

man of our times. He has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person; his zeal is unquenchable and his piety unquestionable." Yet he was not himself on these occasions. The mighty herald could not blow his trumpet in a drawing-room; and, accordingly, after a month of such work, we find him too ill to hold a pen. Instead of consulting a doctor, he starts for Portsmouth, preaches on the day after his arrival to some thousands of people, and is himself again. Whitefield was truly and thoroughly a good man. He combined the fervour of a seraph with the humility of a little child. Few men have been more misrepresented; but, though his temper was warm, no instance is on record of his returning evil for evil. He fully understood his mission, which was that of a voice crying in the wilderness. He had not Wesley's genius for organisation, and attempted little in that way. "If I formed societies," he said, "I should but weave a Penelope's web. Everything I meet with seems to carry this voice with it—'Go thou and preach the gospel; be a pilgrim on earth; have no party or certain dwelling-place.' My heart echoes back, 'Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer thy will. When thou seest me in danger of nestling, in pity—in tender pity—put a thorn in my nest, to prevent me from it.'" He died in America, worn out by thirty years exhausting and incessant labours. He seems to belong equally to us all; and his name is cherished as that of a brother by men of every section of the Church to this day.

John Wesley was a very different man from Whitefield. He had less passion, and more logic; less power of awakening in men a sudden impulse, but more power of exercising a permanent control over them. His mind was thoroughly disciplined, and amply stored with various knowledge. In scholastic attainments, he was before most men of his age. He had a ready wit, a refined taste, and a cheerful temper. He was a pattern of neatness and order in his dress, in the

management of his papers, and in his personal habits. Yet underneath this kindly and polished surface lay concealed such strength of will, such steadiness of aim, such uncompromising conscientiousness, such undaunted courage, such invincible perseverance, and such prodigious power of work, as few men in any sphere of life have possessed. At the time of his conversion he had no preferment in the church; he had refused a parish, and was living on the income of his fellowship at Oxford. He began to preach wherever he had opportunity, greatly to the scandal of more orderly churchmen; visited Bristol, Newcastle, and other places, and preached to the colliers with unheard of success. Societies were collected in each town, who were exhorted to attend church and sacrament with perfect regularity. The consequence was that the churches in these towns became crowded, the Lord's supper was attended by hundreds, the clergy complained of the trouble and annoyance, repelled the people, and denounced the preachers by whom they had been awakened as Papists, heretics, traitors, and conspirators against their king and country.

We here see the second step in the revival process—how Wesley was driven to the employment of lay agency. He and his two or three coadjutors could not personally superintend all the societies; the resident clergy would not; and he must, therefore, either see them dispersed, or appoint some suitable person to advise and encourage them in his absence. His prejudices as a churchman gave way before the wants of the people and the finger of Providence. A new principle began to be developed—that ordained ministers, though the chief, are not the only church agents.

The time will not allow us to follow this devoted servant of Christ through his itinerant life of unexampled labour, protracted beyond the usual age of man. No man, perhaps, ever accomplished so much. He rode, chiefly on horseback, 5,000

miles, and preached 500 sermons every year, for nearly fifty years; arranged and governed the affairs of the Methodist societies, which numbered, before his death, 70,000 members; was appealed to in innumerable private concerns; kept up an immense and varied correspondence; contrived to read every noticeable book as it issued from the press; wrote or abridged 200 volumes; yet he always had a little time to spare, spent many an hour in cheerful conversation with his friends, and was never known to be in a hurry. His generosity was limited only by his means. When a young man, he walked 160 miles from London to Epworth, that he might have more to give away. In after life, although he realised £20,000 by his writings, his personal expenses did not average a £100 a-year, and he left nothing at his death;—all was bestowed in charity during his lifetime. He made a point of praying (mentally, of course) in every hour throughout the day. No violence nor persecution caused him to deviate a hair's breadth from his prescribed course. Many times his life was in danger from the fury of mobs, and still more keenly his refined mind felt the contempt of the educated classes, his equals; yet he could say, None of these things move me. He lived in perpetual activity, cheerfulness, and trust in God. A lady once asked him, "Mr. Wesley, supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied—"why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that, I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The fame of Charles Wesley is somewhat eclipsed by that of his brother John; yet he was scarcely a less important agent in the great revival. His early career, conflicts, and conversion resemble his brother's; and when, about the same time as his brother, he began to preach faith in Christ and the forgiveness of sins, he also attracted crowds to the churches. He obtained an appointment as curate of Islington, but his doctrines so offended the parish authorities, that one Sunday the churchwardens placed themselves at the foot of the pulpit stairs, pushed him back as he was about to ascend, and prevented his preaching. He appealed to the bishop, who justified the churchwardens. How differently would such a man be received in Islington Church now! Whitefield managed them better. He came to preach at Islington about that time, and was threatened with the same treatment. When the liturgy was over, the churchwardens posted themselves at the foot of the pulpit stairs; upon which, Whitefield rose up from his pew, walked quietly into the churchyard, followed by the entire congregation, and commenced his sermon, leaving the two wardens alone in their glory.

As a preacher, Charles Wesley was more popular even than his brother, especially in the open air. He laboured with equal diligence for some years in various parts of England, Wales, and Ireland, but became afterwards a family man, and settled in London. His chief gift was that of sacred poetry. Charles Wesley's hymns did as much as John Wesley's rules to bind together the rough material of early Methodism. Both were necessary—the power of law and the power of love; and most admirably they blended in the effect. If Whitefield was a born orator, Charles Wesley was a born poet. Nine-tenths of the hymns in the Wesleyan collection are his; besides which he published several other volumes of poems, and his unpublished works would fill five or six octavos more. Watts was before him in the field, but no one ever

asserted that he copied Watts. On the contrary, no two poets, so thoroughly agreed in their theme, and so equal in their merits, can be more dissimilar in the manner. Watts has greater variety; Wesley has greater intensity. Watts thinks of the congregation who will sing what he is writing; Wesley pours out the irrepressible effusions of his own heart. Watts sounds the depths of the sinner's heart; Wesley triumphs in the fulness of the Saviour's grace. Watts exhibits the thoughtful sedateness and almost melancholy of a student who seldom went abroad; Wesley exhibits the freshness, vigour, and vivacity inspired by country air, raging mobs, and hallelujahs of converted sinners. Watts is careful lest he should make his congregation say too much; Wesley expresses the most ardent feelings in the strongest language. Watts is seen at the foot of Pisgah, looking with pious longing towards its summit:—

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore;"

while Wesley stands singing on the mountain top:—

"The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality."

The hymns of Charles Wesley were of incalculable value in the promotion of that work in which he and his brother laboured. The untutored multitudes, awakened by their preaching, would not easily have been confined, at first, to the formularies of the Established Church. These hymns answered the purpose of a liturgy, as a form of sound words, while they expressed the happy experience of many who had, like their author, been delivered from the kingdom of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. And further,

the great prominence given to singing among the early Methodists—the plaintive beauty of some of their old tunes (now, alas! forgotten), and the simple, stirring vigour of others—the heartiness of the singing, the strict observance of men's and women's parts, together with the picturesqueness of the surrounding scenery, and the resistless appeal which a large open-air concourse of worshippers makes to every man's deepest and truest feelings—for no Gothic arch can equal the firmament, and no tracery can rival the trees of the field,—these things, without doubt, threw around their meetings a charm which in our more orderly and formal congregations we seek in vain. Charles Wesley's compositions are now as widely circulated as ever. The total issue of his hymns has exceeded 5,000,000 copies; and the present demand for them is, and has been for some time past, at the rate of 120,000 copies a-year.

Such were the great movers of the revival of the last century. But they were not alone; and I must now mention some others who bore an important part in it, although "they attained not to the first three." Observing the order of time, we first meet with a Welsh schoolmaster, and then with a Yorkshire stonemason.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists now number more than a thousand congregations. A young schoolmaster in South Wales was awakened, led through years of solitary inward conflict, brought to believe in Christ Jesus, and at length impelled to declare what God had done for his soul, in almost the same way, and at the very same time, as the Wesleys and Whitefield. This coincidence is very remarkable. His name was Howell Harris. His first anxiety, after his conversion, was to become a clergyman; so he went to Oxford, but was so distressed on account of the immorality which met his eyes there, that he quitted the university after the first term, went home, and began to preach abroad in the Welsh language. Like every other Welshman, he was proud of his language.

"When a Welshman," said he, "attempts to address a congregation in English, he is like Samson, shorn of those mysterious locks on which depended his giant strength." At that time there were only thirty-five dissenting chapels of all kinds in Wales, and in many of the churches there was a sermon only once or twice a-year, and that in English. Harris soon saw twofold fruit of his labours, conversions, and persecution.* He was pelted with stones, rotten eggs, and dead dogs; silenced by the beating of drums, summoned to Quarter Sessions, and had a club brandished over his head by a parish rector. We find him saying: "The gentlemen hunt us like partridges; four of our brethren are now in Brecon Gaol." At one place where he happened to attend church, he heard himself preached against by name as a minister of the devil, an enemy to God, the church, and all mankind. Sometimes he never undressed for a week together, meeting his people at midnight, or very early in the morning, to avoid persecution. Yet amidst all these storms an infant church was formed—was nurtured afterwards by the care of such men as Daniel Rowlands, Howell Davies, and Richard Tibbot, and is now the most numerous Christian body in Wales. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

About the same time, a religious excitement was begun in Yorkshire, in consequence of the preaching of John Nelson, a stonemason, who had heard John Wesley in London, came home, and began to talk to his neighbours at his dinner hour, till his audience so increased that, to his utter amazement, he found himself a preacher. In a year or two, Mr. Wesley came that way, and encouraged him to go on. His simple story—for preaching he scarcely presumed to call it—attracted such crowds in Birstal and in neighbouring places that the vicar and magistrates contrived to have him pressed for a soldier. He was marched off to Bradford, and put in a dungeon where there was not even a

stone to sit on. His friends brought him provisions and candles, which they put through a hole in the door, and sang hymns outside his cell till a late hour at night, to cheer him. One morning at four o'clock, his wife came to the dungeon door, and spoke these words to him through the key-hole:—"Fear not, John; the cause is God's for which you are here, and he will plead it himself; therefore be not concerned about me and the children, for he that feeds the young ravens will be mindful of us. He will give you strength for your day, and, after we have suffered awhile, will bring us where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

Happy is the young man who is blessed with such a wife; and happy is the young woman who can thus fortify a husband suffering for righteousness' sake. How truly heroic does the stonemason's wife appear, as she comforts her husband through the key-hole of his cell! Had she come weeping about herself or the children, or reproaching him with want of love to her or them, manly firmness might have been overcome; but now he is nerved as with iron and brass. Home duties must not be neglected. Still, when a young man has it in his heart to occupy a part of his Sunday, or an evening or two in the week, at the Sunday school, or the ragged school, or in some way of self-improvement, let not the young wife be selfish, let her not intimate that love is growing cold, but let her rather be interested herself in these good things, and cherish her husband's zeal. Many a holy cause is indebted as much to the quiet encouragement given to it by the wife at home as to the active efforts of the husband away from home.

Nothing in connection with the labours of Whitefield and Wesley is so remarkable as the way in which preachers were raised up. When converted mechanics began to tell their neighbours about faith in Christ and peace with God, they

had no thought of becoming preachers; but their simple story had a charm in it; they spoke from the heart and to the heart; the weak things of this world were made to confound the strong, and sinners were turned to righteousness. I can only mention the names of a few of these men. There was Thomas Walsh, an Irishman, educated for a priest, but converted under the Wesleys, who became one of the best biblical scholars of his day. Thomas Olivers was a most abandoned miscreant and clever thief, was brought to repentance through a sermon of Whitefield's, came into possession of some property shortly after, bought a horse, visited every person whom he had defrauded, paid every farthing that he owed with interest, and asked pardon of all whom he had wronged. Such are the fruits of true repentance. He became a most successful preacher, and was the author of the hymn, "Lo, he comes with clouds descending," and of the fine melody called Helmsley, to which it is commonly sung to this day, and of the hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," which Montgomery pronounced to be one of the most glorious odes in our language. There was Christopher Hopper, another man of great power. He was first a shopkeeper, then a fiddler, then a wagoner, "spending nights and days together in hunting, cock-fighting, card-playing, or whatever the devil brought to town or country, where gentlemen, clergymen, peasants, and mechanics, made up the crowd." He heard a strange report of one Wesley, a clergyman, who had preached in Sandgate to many thousands, who had heard him with astonishment. Hopper also went, and soon became very miserable. The universe appeared to him "as a great dark vault, wherein all comfort was entombed," till at length Christ appeared to his soul. In his ministry he was often at a loss for a meal, starved with cold, pelted, and calumniated; but for forty years he never wavered. He said, "The hands of God's dear Son, the Bishop of my soul, have been laid upon me."

Another remarkable and interesting feature in the revival of the last century was its independence of party. In doctrine, Wesley and his followers advocated the Arminian view of the great subject of predestination; but Whitefield was a Calvinist, as were most of the other eminent persons whom I have yet to mention. As to church polity, Wesley and Whitefield were the means of raising churches separate from the Establishment; but there were clergymen who continued in strict connection with the Establishment all their life, who were not only imbued with the revival spirit themselves, but must be numbered among its chief promoters. The great majority of converts, at least in the first thirty years of the movement, were from the humbler orders; yet while a broad river of the water of life was vivifying them, a little rill was also flowing through the highest ranks of society. Especially, when George III. ascended the throne, vice was banished from the court. The wife was placed on the throne which the mistress had usurped, and the idea of the English family lived again in all its old beauty. There was one remarkable person in whom all these various doctrines, forms, and ranks appeared to meet; who encouraged Arminians, though a rigid Calvinist; at whose house Conformist and Nonconformist, regulars and irregulars, met, worshipped, and learned the new commandment; and who induced dukes and duchesses to listen to the abused men who were calling the rude masses to repentance: I mean the Countess of Huntingdon.

The gloomy temper which led her, when a child, to take a strange delight in visiting graves and following funeral processions, and which was visible, to some extent, throughout her life, detracted somewhat, no doubt, from the benefit of her efforts and example, and gave to some of her sayings and doings a slight appearance of fanaticism, which Southey has magnified into hereditary insanity, and which was never seen in the hearty, genial piety of Whitefield or of John

Wesley. Yet it was no common strength of principle that would enable a countess, in those days, to open her drawing-room for preaching—and above all for the preaching of the Methodists. The ridicule and contempt which she, in her circle, had to endure, were less public but not less painful than when Thomas Haime was dragged through a horsepond, or when ruffians threw John Nelson on the ground and jumped upon his stomach, to jump the Holy Ghost out of him. By degrees her influence increased among all ranks. A chapel which she built at Bath enabled the nobility, who crowded that city in former days, to hear the gospel; while the college which she founded at Trevecca sent forth ministers of Christ who became extremely useful among the Dissenters, amongst whom were Clayton and Parsons—whose sons survive, not in youth, but in honour, at this day. It is well known that one of the religious denominations of our day, which, though not the largest, numbers some of the brightest lights of the church, is still called by the name of Lady Huntingdon. The usefulness of this noble lady was without parallel in her day. She gave away, during her lifetime, a hundred thousand pounds; visited the sick incessantly, facing every kind of contagion; was sent for by Handel, the great musician, when he was dying, and received from his dying lips a clear testimony that he felt the truth of his own immortal song—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her influence extended even to the highest dignitaries of the church. Mrs. Cornwallis, wife of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, was a leader of the fashionable world. The routs at Lambeth Palace were the most splendid in London. This gave occasion for great scandal, and Lady Huntingdon waited on the Archbishop, in company with a mutual friend, to expostulate with him. His grace displayed much anger, and sent her ladyship about her business. Nothing daunted, she procured an interview with the King and Queen, and laid

the matter before his Majesty; upon which the King wrote the Archbishop a letter so decided in its tone, that routs have not since been seen at Lambeth Palace.

There is a much-vexed question, which the catholicity of this society and my own inclination equally prevent me from approaching,—"Were Wesley and Whitefield right in permitting their societies to become distinct from the Established Church?" I can only point to two instructive facts, which may perhaps be found, after all, to embody the whole case. First, although these societies became distinct from that church, and are now under no state alliance, or episcopal government (as episcopal government is vulgarly understood), yet they have not been deprived of spiritual life. They have gone on and prospered; they have accomplished, in part, the designs for which Christianity was sent upon the earth; and have peopled heaven with myriads of redeemed souls. Secondly, although the church authorities repelled these societies from its communion for their breach of order, yet God has not withdrawn his Spirit from the Established Church. The candlestick has not been removed. That church has gone on and prospered, and never contained more good men than at the present day. The concluding part of this sketch will show, that at the very time when the Methodists were being driven without its pale, the Head of the church was raising up useful men within its pale, who lightened the darkness not only of their own parishes, but, to some extent, of the whole church. So that ecclesiastical union has not proved essential to the life and progress of either party. Who can read the New Testament dispassionately without perceiving that there is sea-room for various theories of ecclesiastical government? Who can read the life and discourses of our Saviour intelligently and lovingly, and not feel that fellowship with him is wholly independent of any one of them?

As if to show of how little consequence the Master esteems

those points of order which mere ecclesiastical men magnify into essentials of Christianity, the gifts and blessings of his Spirit were bestowed, undeniably and manifestly, both on the rising societies who were accused of violating order, and on the church which was disowning and expelling them. The Methodist societies were irregular, according to a certain rule, yet they were running a course of wonderful spiritual prosperity. On the other hand, they were not suffered to boast "the temple of the Lord are we," and to point to the church which disowned them as a desolate heritage, forsaken of the Lord; for within that church a great revival began almost contemporaneously with the beginning of the Methodist societies, which, though not so rapid in its progress, has been equally permanent in its results. I allude to the rise of what is termed (somewhat invidiously towards many excellent men in that church) the evangelical party in the Church of England.

The founder or first man of this school was Henry Venn. He was the son and grandson of a clergyman, was brought up in orthodox hatred of Dissenters, and was accustomed to thrash the son of a Dissenting minister who lived in the same street whenever he met him, so that the unfortunate little seceder lived in daily terror. Such were the times. After taking holy orders, he became deeply serious, followed William Law, strove for years to attain to perfection, and groaned under the weight of the legal yoke, till he was led, by the blessing of God on his studying his Testament, to understand and rest upon that provision which is made for fallen and sinful men in the gospel. The chief scene of his pastoral labours was Huddersfield, but in later life he resided near Cambridge, and was regarded as a father and an oracle by several young men of the university. He was the first clergyman who adopted the practice of extempore speaking. It is to his conversations and instructions that we chiefly owe, under God,

the character of the most influential man of the modern English church—Charles Simeon.

Contemporary with Venn was William Grimshaw, the scene of whose labours was also in the West Riding. He was a man who would have rejoiced to make a thong of small cords, and drive the money-changers out of the temple. He preached abroad and often, roused neighbouring parishes, and in his own parish was the especial terror of drunkards and publicans, whose houses he would visit on Sundays, and drive the drinking sots out of them. Such was the power of his name, that grandmothers in that neighbourhood, at this day, will threaten their naughty grandchildren with Old Grimshaw coming after them.

A very different man was William Romaine, whose residence was chiefly in London, than whom none of the strictly conforming clergy suffered more opposition or annoyance for the truth's sake. His later years were spent in peace and usefulness at Blackfriars. His writings were numerous, and much valued in their day; they contributed greatly to the spread of evangelical doctrines, especially his "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith,"—a book which had great significance in its day. This evangelical doctrine of faith was abused—perhaps the statements of Romaine and the other writers of his day were not sufficiently guarded—and the result was characteristically expressed by Rowland Hill, in his old age, to Richard Watson: "I spent my young days in fighting the Arminian devil; and I have to spend my old days in fighting the Antinomian devil."

It has already been remarked, that Arminian and Calvinist were both employed in renovating the churches, and I may here place together the names of two men, between whom the greatest conceivable contrast existed, yet both were eminent and extraordinarily useful ministers of Christ—John Fletcher and John Berridge. Fletcher was foremost champion of Arminianism, Berridge was a thorough-paced Calvinist.

Fletcher was an angel, Berridge was almost a buffoon. Fletcher was seldom known to laugh; Berridge made people laugh all day long, except when some touch of nature forced them to weep. Fletcher never appeared except with unearthly awe, or an unearthly smile; Berridge, to use his own words, was born with a fool's cap on, and odd things broke from him as abruptly as croaking from a raven. Fletcher's memoirs have discouraged some readers, in view of his unapproachable sanctity; Berridge's have scandalised others on account of his apparent coarseness and buffoonery. Yet it may be doubted which of these two men brought more sinners to repentance. I place them in contrast, not to vindicate religious waggery, but, in these days of exceeding propriety, to suggest charity in judging of others. All men are not to be tried by the same standard.

Another of the "fathers" was James Hervey, author of the Meditations—a work which, though unsuited to the taste of the present day, was of immense service to the cause of truth. Its genial sympathy with nature, its freedom from the gloominess incident to his school, and from the technicalities of theology, did much to engage the hearts of the younger and more educated part of the Church. Would that another writer might appear, versed in the scientific knowledge of this age, equally spiritual, equally engaging, and equally imbued with the spirit of the 19th or the 104th psalm!

We must pass over the names of Walker of Truro, Conyers of Deptford, and others, to mention John Newton, whose slavery and starvation in Africa, hairbreadth escapes, and wonderful conversion, form a narrative to which human life affords few parallels. At Olney he comforted poor Cowper, and taught Scott, the future commentator, the truth as it is in Jesus. In London, he was the friend of Cecil, and the counsellor of many young ministers who afterwards

adorned the earlier part of this century, among whom may be especially mentioned William Jay of Bath.

But the man who exercised a more extensive influence than any other in guiding the opinions of the clergy was Charles Simeon of Cambridge; whose labours, as they belong rather to the present century, it does not fall within my province to detail. About the same time some influential men began to arise among the Dissenters. With the close of the century, however, this sketch must close.

You may have happened to be present in one of our great spinning-factories at the instant when the machinery is set in motion. First of all, you see the huge beam in the engine-house beginning slowly to oscillate, communicating motion to one or two great wheels near at hand, which turn heavily and laboriously, as if unable to lift the enormous weight which presses on them. Each moment, however, they gain speed and momentum; more distant wheels begin to revolve, and straps begin to run, and spindles begin to turn faster and faster, till presently the whole mill is in working motion; every wheel, and crank, and drum is doing its duty; every one of the ten thousand little reels and spindles has felt the power of that first impulse. We have been mentioning, to-night, the earlier promoters of that revived religious life whose happy effects are felt throughout England at the present day. A few men commenced the work, it spread by degrees, by the enlightenment and conversion of individual souls; but the results have extended far beyond those who were first benefited. The tone of public morals and of religious sentiment began to rise; a taste for reading appeared amongst the hitherto sottish masses; the domestic virtues began to be better cultivated, and a demand for elementary schools was created; the testimony which had been borne to the infinite worth of every man's soul awoke a deep concern on behalf

of the million negroes whom we were holding in slavery; the conscious salvation professed, and the unquestionable reformation displayed, by tens of thousands of our most careless countrymen, prompted exertions for the conversion of the heathen: while the striking results of organisation, as exemplified in John Wesley's societies, illustrated the power of combination in these philanthropic efforts. What do we now see? An improved national character—an elevated standard of manners and intelligence, so that the mechanic of to-day is above the average gentleman of a hundred years ago—a reformed criminal law—a diminution of two-thirds in heavy offences—and a degree of security for life and property little short of perfection. We see a general demand for useful books, teaching studied as an art, schools in every corner of the land, religious tracts left at every cottage, and the Bible sold to the working man for the price of two or three hours' labour; while, abroad, the few Methodists who went in 1770 on a missionary errand to the United States have multiplied, and become the largest religious body in that republic, numbering 700,000 communicants, and having under their care one-sixth of the population of that mighty country; in our colonies, slavery has been abolished; religious books are sent forth in fifty, and the Bible in 150 languages; and missionaries and schools are at work in all our dependencies and in many heathen countries. So that the vibrations of that movement, whose feeble beginning we have been endeavouring to trace, are now felt, not only in every village in these realms, but in the remotest corners of the world. While a great and beneficial change has come over our own population, aided immensely by the wise and beneficent legislation of the last thirty years, a world-wide charity has been awakened; so that now, east and west, north and south, the Hindoo widow, the emancipated negro, the tattooed Feejeean,

the settler in Arkansas or Minnesota, the gold-digger at Ballarat, and the brave soldier before Sebastopol, have practical demonstration that Christianity is "good-will towards men."

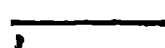
Yet no new truth has been proclaimed—no announcement of some occult mystery has startled the churches from their sleep. The doctrines which awoke the nation had lain all along in the articles of the church, and had been taught by Doddridge to two hundred Dissenting divinity students. Mere orthodoxy will not save the church from stagnation. Looking to second causes, the revival occurred because, in a time of great depravity, a few men threw their whole souls into the work of proclaiming the gospel, preached as if they believed what they were saying, and, being in earnest themselves, excited attention and earnestness in others. Looking beyond second causes, let us humbly acknowledge that God was pleased to pour out his Spirit, and rain righteousness upon the land.

The work, however, is far from being done. The refreshing rain has not yet fertilised the whole land. Thousands of our cleverest artisans are still opposed to the gospel, while thousands more are fascinated with a gay sensuality, or ensnared among the negations of scepticism. In addressing ourselves to the work yet before us, we may well be animated by the example of our ancestors. There is danger, especially amongst young men, lest we should overvalue the nineteenth century. Amidst the wonders of our own age, let us not forget our fathers. Brave men laboured and suffered to secure for us the political liberties which we now enjoy; and in regard to our religious advantages, other men laboured, and we have entered into their labours. Shall we rest when they toiled? shall we repose on their ashes as on a soft bed? They toiled for our advantage; shall we ignobly enjoy the result of their

labours, and neglect the next generation? Honour and religion alike forbid the thought. The best reverence we can show to the memory of the noble men who have gone before us, is to carry forward the work which they begun. And if we would emulate the successes of the last century, let us endeavour to speak as the men of that day did, and as the Great Teacher did,—so that the common people shall hear us gladly. Whitefield and Wesley aroused the churches; but how? Not by addressing themselves directly to the churches, but by standing on the banks of the river of life, and crying to the neglected perishing crowds with a trumpet voice, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money." The wondering people came, and drank, and lived; the churches saw it, and were amazed; and by degrees these churches saw and acknowledged that this was a work of God. We acknowledge it to-night with gratitude. Let us show that we appreciate our own share in the benefit, by striving, every one in his place, to exemplify and to extend "the faith once delivered to the saints."

PETTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

The Glory of the Old Testament.



A LECTURE

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28, 1854.

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PETTER AND GALPIN, PRINTERS, PLAYHOUSE YARD,

ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

THE GLORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WOULD you estimate aright the proportion and keeping of some beautiful building, nothing is more necessary than that you should view it as a whole. If there was unity in the plan of the architect and if there has been unity in the execution of his design, no part, however seemingly unconnected or redundant, will fail to conduce to the general effect. You cannot displace a pillar, or dislodge a stone, without impairing the perfection of the structure. And as in material, so in moral; as in human, so in divine architecture. In the temple of inspiration, which is the word of God, there is nothing superfluous, as there is nothing deficient.

Though constructed at periods widely apart, and by a great variety of hands, the whole betokens one eternal plan, and bespeaks the workmanship of one Almighty builder. Throughout a majestic unity reigns. Of no part can you say, "This is unnecessary or that unimportant." Least of all can this be said of the oldest and largest division of the sacred pile. How mutilated, how imperfect would the New Testament Scriptures be, were they to be dislocated from the Old! And yet in these speculating and innovating days, there are numbers who slight, or even set aside, the writings of Moses and the prophets; some representing them as a collection of myths, rather than a record of realities; others disparaging them as obsolete and superseded, belonging to an economy long passed

away, and having little relevancy to present times;—whilst many, from whom better things might have been expected, repudiate the authority of large portions of them, as relating exclusively to the Jewish people, and having no bearing upon ourselves. Such sentiments are most injurious. They "eat as doth a cancer." They lower the supremacy of the Bible; they vitiate theology; they starve the soul; they distemper the life-blood of godliness.

It cannot, then, be unseasonable or unsuitable that I should follow up the series of lectures bearing on the Bible which it has been my solemn privilege to address to you on occasions kindred to the present, by embracing this opportunity to bring before you THE GLORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES.

In doing so, however, let it not be imagined for a moment that my design is to depreciate one portion of revelation in exalting another. God forbid! My object is to magnify the whole. The book is one, and whatever serves to glorify any part must serve to glorify every part. My purpose is not to detract from the New, but to vindicate the Old Testament—to show you that Christ Jesus came into the world, "not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil,"—not to cast them into the shade, but to bring them into the fullest light. Just as the rising sun sheds back a radiance on the horizon whence it rose, whilst at the same time it pours the flood of day upon the skies. If the Old Testament bears witness to the New, the New Testament does homage to the Old; if the New has a surpassing glory, yet it is not in the way of contrast, but in the way of consummation. It is as the noon-tide transcends the day-dawn, or as the finished painting excels the original outline. They differ in degree, but not in kind.

Without the Old Testament courts the New Testament temple would lack its vestibule. We pass through the one, that we may enter the other; and no man enters the inner sanctuary wisely and understandingly who has not advanced

through the outer court. How much of the New Testament would be abrupt—unintelligible—startling—strange—if we were to set aside the Old! How large a measure of antecedent and preliminary revelation is assumed in the New Testament! What should we know of the architecture of creation—how "the things that are seen were not made by things that do appear;" how the worlds were made by the word of God; how "he spake, and it was done, he commanded, and it stood fast," he said, "Let there be light, and there was light;"—what should we know about the origin of man, the masterpiece of God in this lower portion of his, dominions, made to be the intelligent high priest of the temple God had erected and furnished and adorned, that he might look through the material to the immaterial, "through nature up to nature's God?" What should we know of his formation—his body, fashioned from the dust—his spirit, given by the inspiration of the Almighty? What should we know of the divine image with which his spirit was radiant?—what of the state of probation in which he was placed?—what of the covenant of works under which he stood? What should we know of the simple test of his loyalty which it pleased Infinite Wisdom to appoint?—what of his temptation—his yielding to the tempter—his consequent transgression and fall? What should we know of that dire source of all our evil, and corruption, and woe? What, therefore, should we understand of the need of "the seed of the woman" to bruise the serpent's head? For does not the necessity for redemption spring out of human apostacy? Yet further, what should we know, without the Old Testament Scriptures, of the moral law—that law which, like its Author, is "holy, just, and good"—that law which, like the Divine Legislator, is "from everlasting to everlasting," which never changes, and never can change?—What of the majestic summary of it proclaimed on Sinai's top?—What of its immutable authority and fearful sanctions?

What of the scenes and circumstances of terrific wonder which accompanied its delivery?—But "the law is our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," that we may be saved by faith. Without the law then, we should not have the knowledge of sin; for "by the law is the knowledge of sin;" neither, therefore, without the law, should we have any readiness for the gospel. The thunders of Sinai prepare the heart for the gentle accents of Zion; the terrors which overwhelm the awakened sinner as he trembles at the foot of the one, prepare him to prostrate himself in adoring faith and gratitude and love when he is led to gaze on the top of the other, and to behold the Lamb there offered up, who by the one offering of himself once offered and by his sinless obedience unto death, fulfilled the law and made it honourable—making God just in justifying him that believeth in Jesus, who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." At the same time, whilst the gospel sets aside the law as a covenant by which we can hope to be saved, it does not set it aside as the rule which is to guide the believer in his life and conversation; so that, instead of making void the law through faith, we establish the law. The gospel—the grace of the gospel—transfers the divine laws from the tables of stone to the fleshy tables of the renewed heart. For this is one of the most gracious engagements in the new covenant, that God will put his laws in the hearts of his saints, and write them in their inward parts, that they may be to him a people, and he to them a God. Thus the New Testament, instead of superseding or disparaging the unchangeable law of God, maintains it in all its integrity, magnifies it and makes it honourable, fulfils its requirements, satisfies its penalties, and transmutes it into a living law by interweaving it with the affections and transcribing it into the lives of the redeemed.

But the Old Testament Scriptures are further glorious in that it is on them the entire structure of the New Testa-

ment revelation rests. How vain were a foundation without a superstructure! But how unsound were a superstructure without a foundation! The Church of Rome and multitudes who sympathise with her tell us, that the New Testament Scriptures repose on the authority of the Church, and are founded upon tradition. We deny this altogether. They rest on the authority and foundation of the Old Testament. The gospel, instead of being based upon tradition, is built up on the written word of the ancient dispensation—that written word which God himself began, as is most probable, when he traced the first characters of permanent revelation upon the tables of stone, amid the thick darkness and the dread solemnities of Sinai. Instead, therefore, of receiving the fuller revelation on the authority of the Church, we receive it primarily on the authority of the antecedent and preparatory revelation. In truth, he that accepts the former cannot, if consistent, refuse to accept the latter; if he follow out to their legitimate conclusions the principles and predictions of the one, he must inevitably embrace the more perfect dispensation which the other presents. For just as you sometimes see in certain buildings which are partially completed, and which, peradventure, have stood for a length of time without receiving their intended addition, projecting stones all along the angles of the gable, indicating that a further erection is to be tied unto the one already raised; and as, when the supplemental building comes to be constructed, the exact manner in which the projecting stones dove-tail with what is added, so that the whole coalesces into one fabric—as this bespeaks a unity of design throughout, even so the ancient revelation abundantly indicated that it was to be followed out and consummated by the addition of the inner sanctuary, "the holy of holies," "the glorious gospel of the blessed God;" and even so did the latter interlace and combine with the former in beautiful harmony, thus betokening one plan and one author. The law and the

prophets were pregnant with prefigurations, and replete with foreshadowings of "good things to come." It is not enough, therefore, that we simply contemplate the artless narratives, or the naked history, the events which are chronicled, or the characters which are pourtrayed there; we must look underneath the surface, and discern how rich the ancient Scriptures are in holy mines of mystic types—in latent allegories and profound allusions. Hence, where the unbelieving eye and the unenlightened mind perceive nothing but ordinary history or narration, there the eye of faith, illuminated by the gospel, discovers glorious mysteries and heavenly meanings, which, though partially shrouded for a time, in due season were developed and made manifest by the better and brighter dispensation. The New Testament supplies the master-key that unlocks the holy hieroglyphics of the dimmer revelation—characters which before were undecypherable and unintelligible. Just as the inscriptions which have been traced on the Sinaitic rocks and on the monuments disembowelled from the ruins of mighty Nineveh were, in effect, lost to us, until the cypher was found out by which they could be read and interpreted, but then unfolded all their hidden treasures of hoary knowledge and sepulchred wisdom. Who could have detected and understood the expressive types of Adam, and Noah, and Isaac; of Hagar, and Moses, and Joshua, and Joseph; of the ark, and the brazen serpent, and the passover, and the passage through the Red Sea, and the manna that came down from heaven, and the rock that was smitten by the mystic rod; of the tabernacle, and the mercy seat, and the holiest of holies, and the robed and mitred high priest, and all the multitudinous services and sacrifices of the temple,—who could have discerned and decyphered all these sublime mysteries, but for the key which the gospel furnishes? And oh! what light and glory are now shed in upon the deep recesses and the pregnant intricacies of the law!

It pleased God to treat his church in the primitive economy as we treat our offspring in their early days. He placed the infant church under an infant system of education, and taught her more through the eye than through the ear. He surrounded her with emblems and symbols—the material but majestic language of an initiatory and imperfect dispensation. At the same time, these emblems and symbols were fraught with glorious import—big with the unsearchable riches of grace. And now that we look back upon them, from the vantage ground of evangelic elevation, what an exhaustless treasury of divine wisdom and what an exuberant storehouse of magnificent illustration do we find in those memorials of the past! How beautifully, for instance, does the Epistle to the Hebrews unlock the glorious prefigurations contained in what, but for such development, might have been deemed the cumbrous, unmeaning ritual and ceremonial of the ancient Jews! But laid open and irradiated by that epistle, all is befitting—significant—and grand. Now, the high priest, with his vestments, his mitre, and his breastplate; now, the divers washings, and the sundry purifications, and the ever-recurring and interchanging offerings; now, the sin-offering, and the trespass-offering, and the offering of incense; now, the offering of the first green ears, and the wave-offering, and the heave-offering—all these are seen to have been images and adumbrations of the glorious realities of the gospel, foreshadowing all the noblest hopes and most blessed consolations of the people of God. No man can conceive aright of the glory of the Old Testament, who has not studied—deeply, earnestly, prayerfully studied—that marvellous epistle in which we behold how the gospel lights up the law, and how the law illustrates and magnifies the gospel. There we learn that clearer and juster conceptions of the gospel may be formed by looking back to its types in the law, than can be obtained by looking at it simply in itself and by itself. Just as when examining some exquisite

and curiously-finished castings, you may frequently get a better and fuller idea of their ingenuity and perfection by scrutinising the dies in which they were cast, than you can by dwelling exclusively on the mouldings themselves. You must compare both. The die will enable you the better to appreciate and understand the casting, and the casting will enable you the more effectually to trace and estimate the character of the mould. Even so, you must go back to the types and shadows of the Old Testament, in order that you may form the most correct and comprehensive conceptions of the great doctrines of the New Testament. I know not a more profitable or interesting exercise for young men, and especially for young men who enjoy the privilege of teaching in Sunday schools, than to travel forward from the type to the antetype, and then back from the antetype to the type—thus tracking out the beautiful correspondences that pervade the word of God. For that volume, like the book of Nature, is full of exquisite analogies—full of harmony in diversity and diversity in harmony.

But if the typical shadows of the law thus exemplify and corroborate the gospel, much more will this hold good in relation to the "sure word of prophecy." The Old Testament is fringed with taches—to borrow an illustration from "the tabernacle of witness"—on which the New places successively their appropriate loupes. On examining them, you feel that the former must have anticipated the latter, and that the latter must appertain to the former. You only need attend to the language of the Evangelists, or to the language of our blessed Master—the Word of God incarnate, who came amongst us to teach us how we ought to think and how to judge—you only need to hearken to these in order that you may learn how you ought to regard the writings of Moses and the prophets. How studiously do the evangelical penmen make it clear that every event in the history of their Lord, and every event in the after history of his church, was in exact accordance

with the foregone records of inspiration. How perpetually do they reiterate the reference, "as it is written in the prophets;" "as it was spoken by the prophets;" "as the Holy Ghost spake by the mouth of the prophet;" "as saith the prophet;" "that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet." In this way they constantly interlace the latter with the former Scriptures—knitting them into one harmonious tissue. But most striking and impressive is it to observe with what deference—with what reverence, if we may so say, the blessed Redeemer himself treated the law and the prophets. He trod, if I may be allowed the mode of expression, the precincts of his own divine temple with his shoe put off from his foot. He never spake of Scripture but with the profoundest regard. Though its author—he became its servant. He guided and governed himself by its words. He said of it—and his whole conduct illustrated what he said—"Till heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled." How magnificent the assur nce! And let it not be forgotten, that "the law" was the designation current among the Jews for the entire writings of the Old Testament; so that it was as if Jesus had said, "till heaven and earth pass away not a jot or a tittle shall pass from *the Old Testament* till all be fulfilled." —"Not a jot,"—the least letter in the Hebrew alphabet; "not a tittle,"—the minutest point in Hebrew punctuation, shall fall to the ground—all shall be accomplished—even to the uttermost. And mark with what studious exactitude he shaped his course according to the prophecies that had gone before on him. He took up link by link of the chain, and let not one be broken. Even in his dying agony, recalling one that had not yet been accomplished—in order that the Scripture might be fulfilled—he said, "I thirst;" and when they who stood by had given him vinegar to drink, he said, "It is finished."—All that it had been foretold he should do and

bear, he had now borne and done;—the minute and comprehensive outline of his life and work which had been sketched by the prophetic pencil was filled up to the slightest stroke. One more exemplification of the honour with which Christ treated the ancient word:—On one occasion, when adducing Scripture in confutation of his cavilling adversaries, he said of a single passage—yea, rather, of a single word in a single passage—"The Scripture cannot be broken." Where, then, is the man that presumes to disparage the Old Testament Scriptures, or even to set aside one solitary expression? Let him stand rebuked and confounded as he hears Him who will judge us asseverate—"The Scripture cannot be broken."

Treading in the steps of their Lord, the Apostles ever strove to exalt "the law and the prophets." It was of these spake St. Paul when he said, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, that are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." It was of these he again said, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The Old Testament, even of itself and by itself, was then able to furnish a man thoroughly unto all good works. Who, therefore, dares to speak of it as a dead letter? Who presumes to represent it as a merely temporal and temporary revelation? Who so vain, so blind as to imagine that we can be honouring God by depreciating what Jesus and the Spirit of Jesus have transcendently magnified!

Nor must it be forgotten, that whilst of the vast series of prophecies which the ancient oracles enunciate many have been fulfilled, some are even now fulfilling, and still more are awaiting their fulfilment. If the first link of the chain was riveted in Paradise, the last links stretch into the depths of eternity; so that instead of our concern with them having

ceased, they are still that "more sure word of prophecy"—to which St. Peter declares "we do well to take heed, as to a light shining in a dark place." And who, indeed, can comprehend aught of the present complications and confusions of the world—who can pierce at all into the dark womb of the future — who can discern light rising out of the thickening darkness, order out of the imminent chaos, hope out of the threatening desolation, save he that keeps the prophetic telescope to the eye of faith, and thus brings to view the glory that shall follow? He, and he only, beholds "the king in his beauty" coming, whose right it is to receive the crown. He, and he only, sees that if, meanwhile, God shall "overturn, overturn, overturn," it is but to prepare the highway for his Anointed, that the Prince of Peace may at length take to him his kingdom, and righteousness and peace flourish in his days: days when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Such are the transporting hopes which illumine the latter times, when viewed in the light which Old Testament prophecy casts upon them. Old Testament prophecy—for, however matchless the lamp which the Book of Revelation adds to the cluster which the ancient prophets kindled, still even that wondrous Apocalypse would be comparatively incomplete and unintelligible, but for the kindred disclosures vouchsafed to Isaiah, and Ezekiel, but above all, to Daniel, that "man greatly beloved" of God, and deeply versed in the secrets of heaven. If, then, the prophetic chain of the Old Testament pervades all time, reaching even to the consummation of all things, who can regard the volume that unfolds it, as obsolete, superseded, or of little concernment to the church of God?

But let us contemplate the law and the prophets in another aspect: how surpassing their style of beauty, majesty, and grandeur! If the style of the New Testament

is matchless for its artless simplicity, its ethereal transparency, and touching naturalness, the style of the Old is no less matchless for its sublimity, its power, its magnificence. For what in the whole compass of poetry or eloquence can compare with the seraphic soaring of Isaiah? What in tenderness and pathos with the melting, plaintive strains of Jeremiah? What in impressive imagery with the sublime symbolism of Ezekiel? Or what can compare in mystic majesty with the stupendous prefigurations of Daniel? We may challenge all writings, past and present, to adduce anything that approximates to the style of the prophets. It stands alone; it can no more be confounded with merely human composition, than the sun can be confounded with the lamps which we light to illumine us when his rays are gone. Orators, poets, and philosophers have had recourse to the prophetic page for their noblest exemplifications and purest models of sublimity and pathos; in their finest flights they have but imitated it, and how often have they borrowed from it without acknowledgment.

Nor is the Old Testament more distinguished for its grandeur in some parts, than for its graphic simplicity—its aptitude to touch the heart of a child, in others. Where is the father, where the mother, accustomed to teach the little circle on the Sunday at the family fireside, that has not instinctively turned to the story of the infant Moses shut up in the ark of bulrushes. And has he not seen, how as he read of the mother watching, and the daughter of Pharaoh coming down to bathe, and the ark being opened, and the babe weeping, and the mother receiving her child; has he not seen how, as he pursued the fascinating story, the little ones hung upon his lips, and their hearts were thrilled, and the welling tear filled their eyes? Or who has not led his children to the outer court of the temple to listen to the voice that startles the child Samuel as he sleeps in the twilight of the evening, and calls "Samuel, Samuel;" and the

child runs to Eli and says unto him, "Here am I, for thou didst call me;" till at length the voice of the Lord is made known to the child, and he answers, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" And who has not seen how the family circle has been rapt in sympathy and interest as they accompanied the youthful Joseph, when, clothed in his coat of many colours, and become the object of envy to his brethren, he seeks for them on the plains of Dothan; when, stripped of the envied garment, he is let down into the pit, because Reuben entreats the others not to slay the child, and when afterwards the lad is taken up out of the pit and sold to the Ishmaelites, and carried into Egypt, and there becomes a slave in Potiphar's house, and is first exalted to rule over his master's household, and then cast into prison;—who has not witnessed the spell which that thrilling narrative throws around the hearts of the young—how it wakes all the secret chords of their tender spirits? Is there not a charm, a holy fascination, about these [illegible]less narratives to which no uninspired composition ever approached? Are they not in their simplicity as evidential of the divinity of their authorship, as the most ecstatic prophetic strains are in their matchless majesty? Here there is milk for babes, whilst there is manna for angels; truth level with the mind of a peasant—truth soaring beyond the reach of a seraph.

At the same time it claims special notice, that the stories and histories of the Old Testament derive a peculiar force and interest from the fact that they are full of embodied truth, of experimental godliness; full of precept and promise woven into the details of ordinary life. In this respect it surpasses the New Testament. The latter has less of minute delineation of domestic and social life; far less of the diversified vicissitudes which befal the pilgrims of faith as they pass through this changeful wilderness. Here we find scenes of the most exquisite conjugal endearment, of the most touching parental tenderness, of patience in suffering, of the most affecting, the

most impressive fortitude in danger, the most sublime serenity amid tumult and disaster. Here faith becomes palpable, and grace embodied. And as we accompany the father of the faithful in his journeyings, his trials, and his deliverances; or, as we watch Jacob, hastening from his father's house; or, stretched on the ground, with stones for his pillows, whilst in visions of the night he sees heaven opened; or, on the brook-side as he wrestles with the mysterious and Almighty Stranger; or, as he goes down to Egypt and meets his long-lost son; or, as he meets death, surrounded by his sons, and sons' sons, falling asleep in majestic tranquillity—how are the truth, and the faithfulness, and the wisdom, and the kindness of God our Saviour brought home to our hearts with the most melting force. Where is the devout Christian that cannot set to his seal, that rich is the instruction, and heavenly the consolation, and gracious the admonition which he has often drawn from these divine chronicles? Whatever others may do, he cannot disparage them or forego their treasures; he can witness that they are as applicable and as precious now as they were in the days of the dimmer dispensation; yea, rather, the more glorious dispensation does but make them the more appropriate and the more inestimable, because it makes them more intelligible and more assured.

And need I remind you that the Old Testament is at once the repository of many of the saint's choicest promises, and the manual of some of the saint's richest devotions? However glorious the promises of the New Testament, the promises of the Old are not a whit behind them in glory. Many of them are equally fraught with grace, equally abundant in comfort. The holy mourner often turns instinctively to the law and the prophets for the balm or the cordial he needs. Let us point your attention to a few illustrations:—Is the servant of God plunged in deep tribulation, does deep call to deep, and do the billows threaten to

overwhelm him? To what promise can he most fitly turn? Is there any so appropriate as this?—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Or is the man of God filled with apprehension and dismay, as many a humble soul is at this critical juncture when multitudes of hearts are sad, and multitudes more solicitous,—to what word in season can he have recourse so suited to his need, as this blessed message by the same prophet: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness"? Or is the child of God overcast with spiritual gloom, and tempted to think, "The Lord hath forsaken me; and my Lord hath forgotten me; I walk in darkness, and have no light;"—what precious promise of all others is best adapted to rebuke his mistrust, and put to shame his fear? Is it not, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee"? Or does he labour under the dread that, wearied out with his waywardness and hardness of heart, God may cast him off, and "alter the thing that hath gone out of his mouth"? What can he hear more assuring than that voice from the ancient oracles, which says, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy upon thee." Or has the heavenward pilgrim grown gray in his Master's service, and are the strong men bowed down, and are they that look out at the windows darkened, and does the almond tree flourish, and desire fail? In that season of infirmities, and shadows, and apprehensions, what word can be more a word in season

than—"Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you"? Once more: Is the child of God solicitous about his offspring, anxious that they should be "holiness to the Lord?" how soothing, how sustaining the ancient promise—"I will pour floods upon him that is thirsty, and water upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses."

Are not these pearls of great price? Are they not "exceeding great and precious?" And who, then, would rob the saint of so rich a portion of his heritage of heavenly consolation? Who would make light of that hemisphere of revelation which is thus gemmed with stars that beam so benignly on the dark pathway of the pilgrim of faith as he journeys through this vale of tears? And if the believer finds in the Old Testament some of his choicest cordials, so there, pre-eminently, he finds his manual of devotion. Need I remind you that the Book of Psalms has ever been the store-house of worship to God's children? There they have found prepared heavenly harps, and golden lyres, and silver trumpets, through which to breathe their souls, now in praise—now in prayer—now in confession—now in sorrow—now in intercession. We are hardly aware how much we are indebted to "the sweet singer of Israel" for the fuel and the offerings in our holy sacrifices. If, for instance, we examine the liturgy of the Church of England, we shall find that the Psalms have supplied the largest and richest portion of its thoughts and words. From the same source the faithful everywhere fill their mouths with arguments in pleading for the church of God, the coming of Christ's kingdom, and the salvation of the world. And at the same time, this marvellous manual serves as a mirror to the believer, reflecting all the

secret workings and alternations of his inner life. Therein he discerns how the good Spirit actuates the righteous; why it is that he often wades through deep waters, and travails in distress and agony; what are the hidden struggles of the tempted, and what the dark perplexities of the desponding. Of what light in darkness, of what solace in temptation, of what support in conflict, of what joy in tribulation, would you rob the saint, were you to bereave him of this blessed book! You would take away the harp of revelation, with its thousand varied chords, now sounding in angelic triumph, now breathing softly in tenderness and woe.

There is yet a view of the glory of the ancient Scriptures which, to my mind, is most interesting and momentous, though at the same time shamefully neglected or denied. It ought never to be forgotten that the annals of the Old Testament are not simply authentic records of certain historical events, or faithful narratives of certain sacred and distinguished individuals; they are, at the same time, a kind of divine commentary on the nature of fallen man, on the one hand, and on the moral dealings and dispensations of God towards mankind, on the other hand. What a development of the deep things of man do they furnish! How they lay bare and lay open the shrouded motives, the inmost springs of human conduct! Here we see full proof made of man in every variety of scene and circumstance. Here we see how "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" is the heart. Here we see how no diversity of advantages or redundancy of privileges can of themselves counteract the deadly depravity within us. Here we find living demonstration that a man can have no good thing in him, "except it be given him from above." Here we have practical evidences that the "sin of the sinner" will assuredly find him out—that verily there is a reward for the righteous, and doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth. These hallowed chronicles

of individuals and communities differ from all besides in no respect more than in this—that they do not simply record men's outward actions, but they disclose the inner motives of the mind; they not only pourtray the machinery of external conduct, but they lay bare the secret springs which put it in motion, and the hidden fly-wheels which regulate its play. It is therefore by the Old Testament more especially that we learn to comprehend the complex workings and mysteries of human nature, and are enabled to make some progress in the philosophy of that most inexplicable thing on earth—man's tortuous heart. Here we get an insight into its depths; here we are taught to track its windings; here we detect its incongruities and contradictions; here we are schooled into the knowledge of ourselves; for here, "as face answers to face in water, so does heart to heart," as delineated by Him who says, "I, the Lord, search the heart," and who alone therefore, can lay it open and make it manifest to us. But if the Old Testament furnishes a marvellous commentary upon human nature, it furnishes a still more marvellous commentary on the providential government of God over nations. If the Bible taught us nothing about the duties and responsibilities of communities, if it threw no light on the dealings and dispensations of God towards them, then the word of God would be incomplete as a revelation to direct mankind; for God is as much the God of nations as the God of individuals; and nations are not less bound in their corporate capacity to honour and obey him, than individuals are in their individual capacity. Without the Old Testament, what should we know of the principles on which the Lord acts towards kingdoms? What should we know of the consequences of their faithfulness or unfaithfulness? What of the secret of a country's advancement or decay? But in the glass of the law and the prophets, we see not merely the machinery of national agency and national event, but we see

behind the scenes—we have revealed to us the hidden causes which led and which lead to the downfall or the prosperity of a people—we there discover that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation, whilst sin is the shame and bane "of any people." There we learn the true, the divine philosophy of government. And I do not hesitate to affirm, that no statesman can be a wise and accomplished statesman who has not studied and pondered the principles and precedents of political economy contained in the Old Testament Scriptures. Were our legislators and rulers to analyse the inspired history of nations, and weigh well the laws and institutions which God gave his ancient people—not indeed to imitate all the details and peculiarities of the Jewish polity, for in some respects it was an exempt one; but with a view to the general principles on which it is based, and the broader features by which it is characterised—if they were to make these the paramount subjects of their investigation, they would derive sounder principles of political economy, and weightier maxims of political prudence, from these sources than were eve. gathered from the pages of a Montesquieu or the tomes of a De Lolme. Yes, after all, the truest principles of national as well as personal morality, and the soundest rudiments of polity for a country, no less than for a family, are to be found embodied in the word of the living God. The Holy Scriptures, therefore, constitute the best manual for the statesman as well as for the clergyman; for the cabinet as well as for the closet; for the senate as well as for the sanctuary. Be assured that whatever is contrary to the divine word can no more be politically right than it can be personally right. Neither let it be forgotten that the Old Testament is full of beacons and finger-posts for nations. Nor let it be said that we are unwarranted in applying them for the admonition and instruction of modern communities. Let one passage from the New Testament determine the point. "Now," says the Apostle Paul, when bringing forward

numerous instances of national judgment for national sin, "all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world are come." Instead, therefore, of those ensamples having been recorded for past ages exclusively, we are assured that they were written with a special view to us who live under the dispensation of grace. Consequently, in the conduct of the affairs of the nation, as well as in the regulation of what is private and personal, the appeal should ever be to the Bible.

May I be allowed, then, at this critical juncture,—when every mind is solemnised that has anything like thoughtfulness, and every heart touched that has anything like tenderness, — may I be allowed to indicate from the ancient Scriptures, on the one hand, a precedent, and on the other hand, a model for England in her present dark and direful struggle? I find a precedent to countenance her proceedings in stepping, as it might seem, out of her direct path in order to throw her shield over an outraged people, and to succour them against the oppression of the strong:—I find such a precedent in the book of Joshua. The Gibeonites were an idolatrous people, and they had by stratagem beguiled Israel unwittingly into a compact and alliance with them; yet the people of God held themselves bound to support their artful allies in the day of danger; for when the Gibeonites sent to Joshua, saying, "Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us; for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us;" Joshua did not hesitate to hasten to their aid, nor did the Lord forbid that he should interpose on their behalf, but himself fought for Israel in defence of Gibeon, and cast down great stones from heaven, and discomfited and destroyed their multitudinous enemies. Can it, then, be supposed, that Christian England has been

misguided and unwarranted in lending her aid to withstand a savage and unprovoked aggression on a people with whom she was in close alliance—an alliance necessarily pledging her to sustain her ally against assault and wrong? If nations are bound to act towards each other as individuals are bound to do, then surely we cannot have erred; for were a Mahometan living next door to me, and were he, because sick and weak, to be assaulted by crafty adversaries, who should take advantage of his sickness and weakness to break into his house, to spoil his goods, and, it might be, to murder his family—should I not be unworthy of the name of a man, much more of a Christian, were I not, regardless of peril and of effort, to exert myself even to the utmost, for the purpose of shielding my neighbour from the violence and ruin which threatened him? It would not be for me to say, because he was a Mussulman, or even because he was a stranger, "Who is my neighbour?" It ought to be sufficient for me that he had fallen among thieves, and needed a neighbour's sympathy. Neither was it, then, for England to ask, in relation to the Turk, "Who is my neighbour? Is he not a Mahometan? Is he not a follower of the false prophet, while I am a disciple of the true? Is not *he* rather my neighbour who professedly holds the same faith with myself?" The answer to all this is, The Mahometan is the wayfaring man that has fallen among thieves, and the Russians highwaymen who have waylaid and wounded him; our neighbour, therefore, is the aggrieved, not the aggressor—the injured, not the injurer—the sufferer that needs our help, not the marauder that challenges our resistance.

And if the Old Testament thus supplies us with a pertinent precedent at this solemn crisis, it still more clearly and impressively supplies us with a noble model. How is England, Christian England, to go forth to battle? How is she to fulfil her duty to her outraged ally? How is she to

encounter the mighty hosts which are arrayed against her?—In the spirit of self-confidence?—trusting in her fleets and armies?—looking to an arm of flesh?—vaunting her invincibility?—God forbid! We began in a boastful and vain-glorious spirit, else, peradventure, the horrors of the Crimea would not have been inflicted upon us. God saw that Britain was not prepared to bear success, that she would take the glory to herself, and say "mine own arm and mine own sword have gotten me the victory," and forget that "the battle is the Lord's." Therefore he has kept the balance vibrating, and our hearts trembling as we gaze at it, uncertain what may be the issue. He would teach us to go forth to battle in the spirit in which, thank God, many of our devout seamen and soldiers go—men of whom I have been assured that numbers of them meet night by night in their cheerless quarters, amid the terrors and horrors that surround them, to read God's blessed word and ask his blessing on their arms: whilst of one regiment we read, that even as they were marching to the shock of conflict, their captain stood forth in front of them and kneeled down and prayed to God, and then led them on to the fearful struggle. This is the spirit in which Englishmen, Christian Englishmen, should enter on the dire and horrible scenes of the battle field—not in a spirit of pride and vengeance, not in a spirit of wrath and bitterness—but to fulfil a dread duty to their country and their God. Where then do we find a model for our imitation? We need but turn to the Second Book of Chronicles, and read how Asa the king made preparations in the time of peace, in order to be ready for a time of war; for he did not trust God presumptuously, and look for miracles when he was bound to use means; consequently, he availed himself of the quiet God had given his kingdom to build fenced cities, and to multiply armour, and to increase his forces, until they numbered 500,000 men of valour: yet, when the Ethiopians

came against him with a thousand thousand men, he did not go forth to meet them, confiding in his resources, his fenced cities, or his well-appointed troops; no, he renounced all trust in earthly aid, and lifting up his eyes, his hands, and his heart to heaven, he said, "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude." In that name they conquered, and to that name they gave the glory. Oh! may Britain's brave, incomparably brave warriors, in like manner encounter the multitude that now comes like a surging flood, threatening to overwhelm them! May humility take the place of arrogance, and faith of presumption! Then God will fight for us; then the righteous cause will triumph; and then, when victory shall have crowned our arms, we shall not be intoxicated with success; we shall be secured against a revengeful and grasping spirit; we shall not raven for territory, nor thirst for glory; but simply seek what the great Wellington declared to be "the only legitimate end of war"—"honourable peace." Such are the lessons of heavenly wisdom taught by the ancient oracles of God to our nation at this awful juncture. May they not be taught her in vain!

And now, my young friends, since the Old Testament Scriptures are so essentially one with the New; since both are so compacted that the latter may be said to rest upon the former; since the former are pregnant with types and shadows which find their realisation in the latter; since the Old Testament is rich in promises, and replete with holy records of the heart and lovely exemplifications of grace which continue fresh and fragrant as ever; since it furnishes us with narratives the most touching, and histories the most impressive, fitted to bring truth down to the commonest understanding, as well as to bring it home to the heart of a child; since it presents us with the most instructive and marvellous com-

mentary on the human heart, revealing all its depths, and tracking all its intricacies; since, at the same time, it and it alone discloses the providential rule of God over nations, how he deals with them even as he does with individuals, according to their works, allotting them their retribution in this world, because there can be no national retribution in the world to come;—let me entreat you to regard it with the profoundest reverence and love. What though the New Testament crowns the Old, as the noon-tide crowns the morning, shall we therefore contemn the blessed dawn? Is not the day all one? Is it not throughout an effluence from the Sun of Righteousness? "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." This is the kernel, the marrow, the soul of revelation. No man knows the Bible that does not know it in Christ; that does not know it by discerning, through the Spirit, that Christ is all and in all in it—the beginning, the centre, and the end of Scripture.

Suffer me to add, Guard against favouritism in the word of God. Take the Bible as a whole; reverence every part of it. Study every portion of it. You will find none unprofitable. The more your mind is enlarged to grasp and come in contact with revelation as a whole, the more will your tone of piety be healthy, and the more will your principles be fixed, broad, and firm. Beautiful was the simple sentiment of a plain poor man, who lived down in the far north. A gentleman, a Christian man, called upon him, and asked him, "Shall I read to you a portion of the word of God?" "I shall be thankful to you," said the peasant. "What passage would you like? Have you any favourite part of Scripture I shall read?" "I thank you," said he; "all Scripture is my favourite, for it is all the word of the same God." "Well, then," said the visitor, "don't you understand the New Testament better, and therefore like it better, than the Old?" "No," said the

humble disciple; "to my thinking, the Old Testament is the New Testament concealed, and the New Testament is the Old Testament revealed." There is a depth of wisdom in this remark of the rustic. Flesh and blood had not taught him it, but his Father in heaven.

Let me add a word of caution. Beware, I beseech you, beware of those writers and teachers who would insinuate into your minds misgivings in relation to any part of the Holy Scriptures. He who disparages any portion of the Bible is a dangerous man. He is deceived or deceiving, and in either case he is no guide or companion for you. Let no man induce you to stagger at the mysteries of revelation. If there are dark passages in both the Old and New Testaments, remember that they are dark because of the obtuseness and obscurity of our minds, or because of the fathomlessness of the truths they disclose. They are not dark in themselves. Wait till the coming of the cloudless future; wait till we see no more "through a glass, darkly, but face to face;" wait till we "know even as also we are known." Then you will discover—if I may venture so to speak—that the uncomely parts of revelation had more abundant comeliness, the weaker parts more marvellous strength, and the darker parts more surpassing glory. Rest assured that when the whole shall be lighted up by the uncreated light of heaven, it will be more evident than the sun, that the Divine Word, like its Author, is light, and in it there is no darkness at all,—order, and in it is no confusion at all,—harmony, and in it is no discord at all.

Let me add a word of counsel. Keep closer and yet closer to your bibles. We are entering on perilous days. We have long been forewarned of them. Some were ready to think the forewarning vain. But can any thoughtful man help feeling solemnised now? Can he shut his eyes to the dread signs of the mantling tempest? We are probably

entering upon a sifting and consuming period, when opinions and economics of men—when civil polities and ecclesiastical economies will be shaken, and shattered, and cast into the furnace—when little that is human will abide the terrible ordeal. But there is one thing that will stand, whatever may fall—one thing that will not be consumed, whatever may be burnt up—and that is, the word of the living God. Less and less, therefore, rest your faith on human authority—on creeds, or councils, or hierarchs, or church authority, or anything extraneous to the Bible; but dig deep and build firm on the rock of inspiration, that your faith may not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. There it will stand, fixed and calm, upheld by the Spirit of God; and though divines may contradict one another, and theological theories come into collision, and though men's minds may be driven to and fro, like the leaves of the forest moved by the wind, and though many may be "ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth," you shall know the truth, and of whom you have learned the truth, and on what foundation it reposes, and thus and there a sweet serenity shall pervade your souls. Yes, my young friends, take for your watchword in the things of God; yea, in the guidance of your whole lives—"The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

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BY

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DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, 1854.

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LABOUR, REST, AND RECREATION.

I MUST preface the remarks I have to make by expressions in some degree apologetical. I do really feel ashamed so often to appear before you as a lecturer in connection with your admirable Association. But on this occasion you will do right not to blame me so much as your honorary secretary Mr. Tarlton. He has been so pressing in his applications, so plausible, so inventive of reasons for one lecture more, that I found him irre istible in his appeals, and I was obliged to yield. I did urge, when he made the application, that I had used some efforts through the medium of the public press in behalf of some of the great objects which you have indirectly in view. I did urge, that the continuance of such efforts would be likely to be productive of more good, as addressed to the unconvinced, than any appeal I could make to you in the shape of a lecture, on a subject of the merits of which your hearts and judgments are thoroughly pursuaded. I had a very short time to prepare clothing for thoughts already conceived. I was obliged to break my rules, never to indulge in the long-hour system, by early in the morning and late at night concentrating my thoughts and gathering materials for my address this evening. The subject is so important, that it deserves the study of the lecturer and the earnest attention of the hearers ; an attention which I hope this evening you will

be able to give to what I humbly submit are clear and convincing reasons for those great results that we contemplate.

The three words, Labour, Rest, and Recreation, are the three distinctive headings of the three separate sections of my address. These three touch at all points the health, the comfort, the vital happiness of every individual before me, and, indeed, of the community at large; and they very materially affect in every point of view the safety, the prosperity, and the progress of society. A thorough appreciation of the limits of the three, their claims, and their relative places, is most desirable at the present moment. The displacement or the confusion of the three, as thousands painfully attest, is most injurious. Their harmony is the happy action of our whole social system. Let us try to maintain it. We must do our utmost to prevent the intrusions of the one or the other, or the absorption of either of the two last in the imperious and obtrusive exactions of the first; results that must shorten life, injure the soul, wear out health, and make recreation the reminiscence of days that are gone, instead of the enjoyment of the wiser and the more enlightened times that now are. I may fail to give you sunshine, but I think I shall be able to give you daylight. I may not be able to make the subject fascinating, but I think I shall make it plain, and perhaps, by God's blessing, convince the judgment, and interest in our claims, not only the Christian, but the humane and the patriotic. I have no sentimental notions on this subject. I have no Utopia to build, no prescription against work, no extravagant demands. I am no advocate of indolence, nor an admirer of idlers, whether in the garb of monks and nuns, or others whose mission is *Fruges consumere nati*, and whose just retribution should be, whether monk or nun or idler, "If any man will not work, neither should he eat."

Labour was once the enjoyment of Paradise; it is now a stern necessity outside of it. We must all earn our bread,

either by the sweat of the brow, or of the brain inside of it—either with the hand, or the feet, or the head, on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the press, or on the quarter-deck, or by the trenches of Sebastopol, or behind the counter, or in the counting-house. We must all work; we are all working men. I am a working man—a hard-working man, and so I may claim a patent that entitles me to rank in that most honourable order, the working classes. Labour is necessary to life. Rest, or daily cessation from labour, that the weary frame may be recruited, or weekly respite, that both soul and body be refreshed, is necessary to make us capable of permanent labour. Recreation is the blossom of rest—a new and counteractive excitement—what laughter is to joy. If we do not labour, we shall have no bread; if we do not rest, we shall soon be unable to labour; and if we have no recreation, labour will become slavery, and rest will grow insipid. Labour is good in moderation. It is injurious only in intensity or excess. Too intense or too long it ought not to be. Surely it is monstrous that what was meant to sustain life should ever be desecrated to destroy it—that what was designed to give man by its wages opportunities of enjoyment, leisure, relaxation, should degrade him into a slave. For what is a slave? That young man whose every waking hour is his employer's—whose every sleeping hour is the insensibility of exhaustion—whose Sundays must be spent in compensatory sleep, or are spent in the indulgence of deadly stimulants, generated by excessive toil,—is a slave in the intensest sense of that word. Labour is a means to an end, not an end. It is our payment for living—a tax for life; but the moment that life degenerates into labour, and labour absorbs life, the very law of our being is infringed, and man is degraded from the likeness of God into a beast of burden; and the green earth, that was meant to gladden its children as they wend their way to their everlasting home, is turned into the floor of a workhouse; and human life, which at worst

was meant to be an April day, sunshine and shower, tears and smiles, alternately, is made a ceaseless penance, a daily martyrdom, a funeral procession to the grave. This is too extensively the lot of the nineteenth century.

I do not wish in this lecture to cast blame for the present state of things upon any party whatever. All are implicated, if any. I believe it is the growth of years, of circumstance, of habit. The present generation finds itself in the ruts of its predecessors—the heir of the heritage of the past, with all its burdens. The present system of excessive labour originated very many years ago in making haste to be rich; it continues now, by keeping up the habits and traditions of our fathers. I would fain in this lecture enlighten—not censure; I prefer to argue meekly, rather than to scold. There are employers on all sides, whose minds and hearts and consciences are waiting and yearning to give hospitality to reason, to motives, to duties; and there are a few who may listen to their interests, and find in their ledgers arguments for rest and recreation, as well as toil, on the part of those who are under their authority. I repeat it; it is not work, hard work, that I object to, but slavery. Work is duty; slavery is misfortune in him that is its victim—it is a crime in him that exacts it. Man must be no exception to all things about him in this matter. Creation is in a state of ceaseless action—active labour. The winds blow, the waves roll, the rivers speed their way to the main, but as if labour were even in these to be lightened, they make music as they march, and spread margins of flowers and green leaves as they toil in their journey to the sea. It is of this law of creation that our blessed Lord speaks, when he says—"My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Everything that adds to the comfort and contributes to the existence of man is the product of labour. These palaces, so beautiful on land, these floating ships on the sea, these textile fabrics and exquisite colours in your

warehouses and your shops, which many of you handle, are all the results of labour. Be ashamed of indolence, not of labour.

> "An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest,
> And God Himself inactive were no longer blest."

But, then, labour has its laws, its limits, and its place. And here we shall see evidence of that sympathy with man, that provision for his temporal well-being, which runs through the whole economy of the word of God. The fourth commandment, as you have no doubt observed, is, "Six *days* shalt thou labour." In other words, the day is here fixed by God for labour; the night, by implication, for rest for the body, and one day in seven for rest, restoration, and refreshment to soul and body both. The fourth commandment is as emphatic a prohibition of excessive long hours as it is of Sabbath desecration. There is a divine law as distinctly intended to prevent the night being seized by avarice for labour, as to guard the Sabbath from being seized by irreligion for desecration. "Six days shalt thou labour," is as much a divine law, implying "Six nights shalt thou rest," as "One day in seven shalt thou hallow as the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Your rejection of God's ordaining the Sabbath rest for one day in seven is, be it remembered, your rejection of a divine authority for limiting the week-day, as I shall show, to twelve hours in each of the remaining six. Take care lest, in repealing by your practice the fourth commandment, in order to get rid of the Sabbath-day, you get rid also of the most powerful, because divine, law against long hours and excessive toil upon the week-day. You never can pull down and profane the temple of God, without unroofing man's humblest dwelling. Insurrection against the claims of God, is invasion of the liberties of man. The desecration of the Sabbath, and the slavery—not the work, or the labour, but the slavery—of the shop, are apparently distinct; yet, like

Milton's "Sin and Death," when they come to compare notes, they find that they are most intimately related to and dependent upon each other. It is such thoughts that endear religion. Blessed truth! It is in Christian air that the heart of humanity beats freest. It is near to God that there is felt all the dignity of God's sons and all the freedom of Christ's servants. Humanity commits suicide when it lifts its hand against God. The Bible is the charter of our temporal freedom, as well as the basis of our religious hopes; and, therefore, when man tramples on the holy law that prohibits work upon the Sunday, he treads down no less surely the divine law that prohibits work by night. Avarice can justify its exaction of work from you for sixteen or eighteen hours in the twenty-four, on the very same ground on which irreligion urges work and secular duties on the Sabbath. Necessity and mercy, of course, justify invasions of both; but these are the exceptions. Twelve hours a-day, as I shall show, are the divine maximum amount of stated labour; if less will do, and the work can be finished in ten, this is well. The twelve hours are the limit at which the lawful passes into the unlawful. Justice may fairly exact the twelve; generosity may require eight, or nine, or ten only.

But you ask, "How do you make out the allegation, that twelve hours a-day is by divine sanction the maximum limit of daily labour?" This is a very important question. I answer by asking, How do you make out that *day* means night, or that *night* means day? I take the inspired Word as I find it. A day means a day, and a night means a night; and the definition of either is, "The sun rules the day, and the moon" (not as they make it in London, the gas-lamp) "rules the night."

What is still more emphatic, our Lord—and I wish your attention specially to this—teaches us, that the day is for work, and that the night is not for work, when he gives

utterance to one of those grand aphorisms that mean far beyond what the words sound. For what does he say? "The night cometh, when no man can work." If it be answered, "This is figurative," let it be so; but every figure is based upon fact, and the force and point and expressiveness of the figure depend upon the substratum of fact and truth that underlie it. But, that there may be no misapprehension of our Lord's meaning, he tells us in another place, not only that the day is the time for work, and the night not, but also how long the day lasts. For what does he say? "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Thus you have the day defined as the time for labour; you have the night defined as the time for rest; and you have the day limited to twelve hours, as its legitimate and proper term. The setting sun, as the sign of the departing day, is the signal to men to give up labour. Daylight is divine working light; and pardon me if I venture here to express a strong suspicion—I dare say it may grate upon some—that gas seems to me about as bad as it smells. It tempts avarice to turn night into day, and to try to make the labourer believe that it is duty to toil as long as light of any sort can be supplied to enable him to see. Perhaps it carries with it one correction. It spoils the goods exposed to its action; it blinds the customer, let me remind the ladies who go shopping, to their real quality; and it costs, let me remind the excellent employers around me, a great deal more than sunlight. In fact, gas light is in the shop what tradition is in the church—a distorting, deforming, and injurious attempt to mimic the sunlight, and to supersede the brightness of the meridian day by the costly glare of lamps.

I could almost propose to this Association a vote of thanks to that man, whoever he may be—and I do not know his name—who invented what I see more and more used in London, daylight reflectors. Now, that man must love light. He must be an advocate for short hours. His discovery catches

and economises the least and the last ray of the sun, and thus gives the employer less excuse for gas, and its dreary and destructive progeny, protracted and long hours.

But should you object now, in answer to my inference that the day is to consist only of twelve hours—should you object, that in our latitude and longitude the day is eighteen hours long in midsummer and six hours in midwinter, I reply, —the law of God is not rigid, mechanical, hard. It is the spirit of it, not the letter, that I stand by; and if you object to work eighteen hours in summer, as being too long, and to six in winter as too short, why, that blessed law will authorise and enable you to strike the balance, which is exactly twelve hours a-day all the year round. No doubt men can work by night; this is physically possible; it is, alas! too extensively fact; but it is implied by our Saviour that they cannot do so without injury to their health or their happiness. It matters not what the work may be that is done by night; it is injurious. Whether the work done by night be buying or selling, eating or drinking, dancing or card-playing, at the counting-house, the club, or the casino, if long persisted in, beauty will lose its bloom, youth its vigour, and the country the elements of its defence in time of war, and its prosperity in peace. Now, this is not only a deduction from the law of God, but the product of extensive experience. Long hours carried into night soon tell their tremendous victories in the pale faces, the consumptive looks, and the early graves of their victims. No violation of the grand physical laws under which life lives, can take place without sooner or later inflicting fatal mischief. It is time in this nineteenth century we should learn the lesson. Let master and servant, employer and employed, knowing this law, act in every department of life upon the noble maxim, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." The most eminent judges have given no uncertain sound upon this subject. Sir

James Clarke, physician to the Queen, in writing about the milliners and dressmakers of London, justly observes, "I have found the mode of life of these young persons such as no constitution could long bear; worked from six in the morning till twelve at night, with the exception of the short intervals allowed for their meals, in close rooms, and passing the few hours allowed for rest in still more close and crowded apartments. A mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived, and this at a period of life when exercise in the open air and a due proportion of rest are essential to the development of the system." These remarks are applicable to every long or excessive long-hour labour establishment in London. It is not the strain on the muscles, but the continuous attention, the ceaseless speaking, or writing, or sewing, or selling, or buying, that extends over the twelve hours, leaving in the twelve one hour and a half for meals, that demands a rest at six o'clock in the evening, which, if refused, ultimately brings the victim to his grave, and leaves the employer, who exacts labour from his servants beyond what is right and fair, the barbarous mission of gathering his harvests of gain from the graves of the prematurely dead. The day's work done in twelve hours, and the week's work done in six days, is the law of heaven, the benefit and the blessing of earth. There are and must be exceptions. Those employed in the management and working of the daily press must toil at all hazards by night; the police, too, must take their turn at night duty; so must the soldier in the trenches, and the sailor on his watch; but the results of this are anything but what one could desire. I was told by a superintendent of police, that the recent epidemic generally attacked the constable upon his night beat, not upon the day beat. But if these things do exist, and cannot be avoided, let them be exceptions. We lament their necessity; but we protest against

making the necessity of the few a precedent for the guidance of all; for depend upon it, and disguise it as you like, the excessive long-hour system must in the long run be necessarily a short-life system too. I repeat what I urged before. I neither expect nor desire to see the necessity of hard work superseded while this dispensation lasts. A day comes in the future, anticipated by hope, and held fast by Christian faith, when the fields shall send up their golden harvests without toil, and the earth shall yield her increase, and man be waited upon by universal nature, and himself wait upon none but God. But this day is not yet. The present has its duties; and among these duties is daily work—it may be hard work. I want to see our young men and women independent yet dutiful and laborious members of society—responsible and intelligent, not mere fragments of machinery. I long to see them treated, at a distance from home, as sons, brothers, parents, husbands, not as the mere means of accumulating capital. I want to see, first, live and let live; secondly, rest and let rest; and thirdly, enjoy and let enjoy; and the true way, let me remind you, to still the murmurings of them that serve is to lessen the exactions of those that rule. Let there rest in your warehouses and shops, not the dark shadow of Sinai and the voice of ceaseless exaction, answered by sacrifices grudgingly given, but the bright and warm light of Tabor and of Olivet, the employer ever giving and therefore ever receiving generous and joyous service. We measure, and after ages will measure, the attainments of the present day, not by the speed at which we travel, or the conquests we achieve over space and time and existence, but by the pitch and measure of the elevation, improvement, education, and comfort of the masses of our country. If our discoveries in science, our victories over enemies, our subordination of the elements, instead of ameliorating the physical, moral, intellectual and social condition of our people, reduce them

to greater servitude, we have reached only the means of national greatness—the end is still in the distant future. There is something terribly wrong in that system which indicates advancement in every outward and material aspect, but retrogression in moral, spiritual, and social life. Athens we speak of as noble, illustrious, and great. It was not so; for Athens in the age of Pericles, with its walls twenty-two miles in circumference, with her Acropolis so dear to the Athenian heart, with her Parthenon or Temple of Minerva still so admired in its ruins, embosomed in its meridian grandeur, out of 600,000 inhabitants, had 500,000 abject slaves. Athens had not a people. Philosophy may make a crowd, Christianity alone makes a people. Art, arms, letters, philosophy, science, that excite the admiration of the world, but do not elevate the body of the people, are failures before God and before man.

II.—REST.

Let me now turn your attention to my second division—Rest. I have anticipated all I have to say on the period of rest called night. Eight hours' sleep is essential to the most effective labour, and requisite for daily rest to the muscles, the nerves, and the limbs.

> "Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

is the just description of the poet. Sleep is most restorative by night. Too little exhausts the nervous energy and induces disease; too much debilitates the muscular fibre and weakens the constitution. If you have not sufficient time for sleep once in twenty-four hours, you must take it once a-week, on that holy day which is destined to higher ends. And thus labour, too long protracted during every day of the week, is the secret of very much of Sabbath desecration; and they that pertinaciously adhere to this excessive exaction of labour might, with scarcely more sin—at least with great consistency

—open their shops upon the Sunday. The institution of the Sabbath is one of the most precious and beneficent ordinances of God. And now, as I received in the course of the last three or four days, owing to a letter that appeared in the public press, a great many communications on this subject, and as some of those who wrote them promised to attend this evening, and as this is a point on which they express great difficulty, I ask their attention to the following plain, but I think conclusive, reasons. There are four divine things in the midst of us—the Bible, the Lord's day, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. One is not holier than another. They are sweet springs in the desert, overflowing with refreshment to the children of God, the heirs of glory, on their journey thitherward. The divine sanction of the Sabbath is of course the fourth commandment. It cannot be held to be a ceremony exploded with Judaism. If it be a ceremonial law, I appeal to your common sense, why is it placed in the very core and bosom of the moral law of God? If Jewish—if the Sabbath be a Jewish festival—why was it instituted before the flood, and amid the very glories of Paradise before it fell and faded from our sight? If it be a Jewish ceremony, why is it for the stranger? whereas the ceremonial was not for "the stranger within thy gates." If it was created or instituted on Mount Sinai, why the words, "remember the Sabbath day?" an appeal to *memory*, as of a thing not then instituted but referred to. But all such objections are swept away by one "Thus saith the Lord." "The Sabbath was made for man." Not for Jewish man, but man—not for the muscles, the bones, and the flesh, a part of man, but the soul and body and spirit—the whole man, the mental and moral, as well as the animal part of man. If it be alleged, however, as it very frequently is, and as my correspondents maintain, that Saturday is the proper Sabbath of the fourth commandment, then I ask those gentlemen in whose mouths this objection is most frequent, do you then

keep the Saturday? You say Saturday is the proper Sabbath? I ask, Do you keep the Saturday as Sabbath? As I pass along Oxford Street and Holborn, I see the shutters of every Jewish establishment up; is it so on the Saturday at your establishment? But in truth the fourth commandment fixes one day in seven—not the seventh day in the series. It enjoins six days' labour and one day's rest. Its words are, "The Lord sanctified and hallowed," not the seventh day, but "the Sabbath day." In the next place, what is moral is always and everywhere obligatory. What is ceremonial is not always and everywhere obligatory. But it is absolutely impossible for all nations to observe the Sabbath contemporaneously and at precisely the same moment. Sunday morning dawns at one place just when Sunday evening closes in mid-London. Our Saturday is Sunday in one longitude, and our Monday in another. Night in China is day in England. The moral duty of hallowing the Sabbath is absolute; the time when it is kept is and must be actually varied as the longitude and latitude of the place. Nay, the law was given on Mount Sinai. Now, what is Saturday or the seventh day at Mount Sinai is probably Sunday or the first day in the metropolis of England; and if so, this seventh day, instituted in the desert, would actually be most literally hallowed on the first day that we observe in London at this present moment. Besides, according to the usage of the Hebrew language, there is no definite article invariably meaning *the*, and corresponding to the definite article *the* that we employ. Hence the fourth commandment might read "*a* seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." It is not the seventh day, beginning at our first day and counting on to seven; but *a* seventh day, or seventh portion of thy time. But after all, what is the amount of the transference of the Sabbath? The transference of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day is not dishallowing or desecrating the divine institution,

but merely lifting that institution from one step to a higher, unimpaired in all its original lustre. The seven days of the week are seven candlesticks; the Sabbath is the bright light kindled from heaven. Now, to lift that bright light kindled from heaven from Saturday to Sunday, is not to quench the light, but simply to change the candlestick. It is the alteration of the ceremony—not the repealing of the fourth commandment. If there be reasons and precedents amounting to a divine sanction for this transference, as there are in the practice of the apostles, in the language they use, and in fair inferential reasoning, then we are warranted in adhering to a ceremonial change in connection with a moral obligation now 1700 years old. The apostle seems to allude to this when he says, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." The Greek word there is *sabbatismos*, literally, "a Sabbath keeping for the people of God." And the apostle adds, in very striking language, "He that has entered into rest," that is Christ, "has ceased from his work," that is redemption, "as God did from his work," that is creation. Now, as God ceasing from creation work originated the ancient day of the Sabbath observance, very naturally Christ, ceasing from his work, when he rose from the last act of it, his lying in the grave, originated not another Sabbath, but another and yet more glorious day for the observance of the same original Sabbath. Our observing the first day of the week is thus imitating the example of our Lord. On that day he rose from the dead; on that day he met his apostles. I think you will find in the Gospels that there is no evidence of our Lord meeting the apostles and appearing in the midst of them on any other day than the first day of the week. On that day he confirmed the doubting Thomas; on that day, the first day, the Holy Spirit was poured out on Pentecost; on that day the apostles assembled their flocks for worship. It is assumed by St. Paul as the ordinary day for public worship; it is alluded

to by name in the Book of Revelation as the Lord's day; and though I do not take the fathers as interpreters of the Bible, yet I take the fathers, and the foes of the fathers and of us, as witnesses of facts in their own era. Pliny, a pagan, writing to Trajan, his royal master, says the Christians met on a stated day, and sung a hymn to Christ as God. When we turn to Christian writers, I find Ignatius, who was probably the friend or companion of John, that wrote the Apocalypse, and lived A.D. 106, writing, "The Lord's day festival, namely, the resurrection day, the queen and empress of days." Justin Martyr, who wrote near A.D. 140, about fifty years after the death of John, says, "On the day that we call Sunday there is held a congregation of us all." And Irenæus, writing about seventy years after the death of John, says, "On the Lord's day *we Christians* keep the Sabbath." Now these, I accept, are witnesses to fact, not interpreters of doctrine; and in the former capacity alone I receive them.

But the hallowing of the Sabbath is recognised by every Christian, not as an obligation, but as an enjoyment. I want those who differ from us to notice this. A Christian observes the Sabbath not as a duty, as if it were a hard penance, but as a privilege and an enjoyment for which he longs, and in which he delights; and the real question with him is not *must* we observe the Sabbath, as we Sabbatarians, to use the epithet given us, are charged with; but the language we employ is, *may* we observe the Sabbath? It is our delight, a holy and an honourable day. It is that precious day in the seven on which we lift our hearts above the low levels of time, and hold communion with the bright things, and the glad things, and the dear hopes of eternity. It is the gift, not the demand of God; it is the enjoyment, not the suffering or sacrifice of man. It plays a momentous part in refreshing the life that now is, flowing down from above into the channels of time, like a stream of that river that makes glad the city of our God. It

fulfils a most important office, as a preparation and foretaste of the life that is to come. Recreation on holidays, of which I shall speak by and by, is gathering joys from all that is fair and beautiful, yet spared in this fallen world, and latent or developed in the midst of it, and properly so; but Sabbath day recreation is drawing down on earth from the bright world that is above yet purer joys, to irradiate the dark spots of time with all the splendours of eternity. The Christian Sabbath seems to me an island struck off from the great continent of heaven, lying green, fragrant, beautiful, amid the rushing currents and roaring cataracts of time, standing upon which green and fragrant isle, we can catch from afar the sheen of the heavenly Jerusalem, and hear unspent in their transit the songs and melodies of celestial choirs. A Christian not only refuses on that day to work or to read the newspaper, or to study works of art and science, but he feels he has no spare time and no suitable taste for them; and instead of a Christian feeling it a great grief that he is excluded from the Crystal Palace on a Sunday, he feels, on the contrary, it is a great duty on those who govern it to continue that exclusion. Let me say something of the newspaper on Sunday, not in anger, but in justice and truth. I look upon the Sunday newspaper, assuming it as a political and secular paper, and otherwise unblamable, as utterly unsuitable for that day. I will tell you why. Its title proclaims its mission, its design, its object, to be for Sunday, and therefore to be the reflection of secular subjects on that day. If it be said, "But it is printed and published on the Saturday," then why not christen it a Saturday evening paper; because if it be published on the Saturday, and bear on its very face that it is published on the Sunday, there is something in that not very straightforward. Suppose it be published on the Saturday, why post date it Sunday? My objection to a Sunday paper is, however, that it perpetuates on the Sunday the currents that have run deep in the channels of

the heart for six days, and thus destroys the peculiar rest of Sunday. We want these currents to be arrested, and sweeter and better ones to take their place. The night is the physical sabbath of the day, restoring strength and repairing the waste and the weakness of twelve hours' toil. The Sabbath is the moral as well as physical rest of the week, rectifying, adjusting, making up incidental omissions or inequalities in the previous six days, and in addition refreshing and restoring the whole moral and spiritual economy of man. Sleep is the way of spending the night, and of recovering from the fatigue of the day; but as the day is not meant nor natural for sleep, so sleep cannot be a legitimate way of spending the Sabbath day. The restoration or refreshment of the Sabbath day must arise from withdrawing the mind and thoughts from its week-day subjects, and so securing a total change of association of ideas, currents of fears and hopes, and anxieties and thoughts. The rest of the day-night sleep is shared and enjoyed by the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth; but the distinguishing and peculiar rest of the Sabbath is the glory, and the ornament, and the privilege of man, and the evidence of the greatness of his origin and destiny. Let the same currents of thought flow along the channels of the mind all the seven days of the week, and all the weeks of the year, and what would be the result? You would wear out your minds; you would weaken your health, and destroy the vigour of your body also. But now, on every seventh day, seal up the secular springs in the shop, the counting-house, the bank, the warehouse; and in the dry and deserted channels in which these streams have run during six days, let flow on the seventh streams from the fountain of living waters, and not only will the change refresh you on the Sunday, but, as testified by the experience of all that have studied thoroughly the physiology of the subject, it will strengthen you for the work of the week that is to follow. Night rest is merely sufficient for man as a mere animal;

Sabbath rest is essential for man, not only as a Christian, but as an intellectual being. But let us advance a step further, and ascertain what is the rest of the mind? The rest of the mind and of the heart is not the same as the rest of the animal part. The latter,—that is, the animal part,—is satisfied with mere cessation from active toil; but the former,—that is, the mind,—is incapable of this. It cannot exist *in vacuo.* I have often felt this. When I have taken a holiday, I have said to myself, "Now I will get rid of all thought altogether, and will try to spend two or three days without thought." It was the intensest mental stimulus I ever experienced in my life. You cannot live without thinking, any more than you can live without your lungs playing or your heart beating. The mind cannot exist inert; it must act always and everywhere, and if unprovided with suitable elements of thought, like the mill-stone going round without corn to grind, it will inevitably destroy itself. The mind is refreshed and invigorated—and I wish to impress this especially on the young friends before me—not by the exhaustion of thought, but by a total change of the subject of thought. I do not exclude physical repose from the Sabbath, far from it; I only mean by physical repose such as is compatible with daylight. There must be that total change of subject, that reversal of all the thoughts, and anxieties, and troubles, and gains, and losses of the week, which enables the man to cast off the dusty shoes of this world, and walk with joyous and elastic footsteps the floor of the sanctuary of our God. A very able writer makes the remark, "We never knew a man work seven days in a week, who did not kill himself, or kill his mind." An eminent financier makes the remark, referring to a time of great commercial excitement, "I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obliged to work from morning to night through the whole week, I felt on the Saturday, especially on the

Saturday afternoon, as if I must have rest. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. It was like going into a dense fog. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine. Had it not been for the Sabbath, I should have been in my grave."

But you naturally say, "If change of subject be the mind's refreshment why not study on the Sunday the fine arts, literature, science, &c.?" I answer, with a Christian there is a fatal objection to this. His Father says, "My child, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But to one not a Christian—and such may, peradventure, be present—it may be enough to observe, that the study of science, literature, and secular subjects, is too much a continuance on Sunday of the subjects of the week, in short is too far in the same direction as are the departments of daily and secular life. On the other hand, the subject divinely appropriated to the Sabbath, namely, the Christian religion, is not only a total change, lifting the soul from the low levels of time to the table lands of eternity, but the inspiration of new hopes, new joys, sweet and solemn thoughts, that fall upon the susceptive heart as the dews fell of old upon Mount Hermon. Let me appeal to your own experience. Leave a narrow enclosure—a court-yard, a playground, a warehouse—and go out into a broad country and a wide expanse of sky, and you feel as if some load were taken off you. Or visit the mountains of the North of Scotland, and you will feel that contact with vast and magnificent objects makes the mind uncoil its heretofore compressed powers, widens the mental horizon, expands and smoothes the whole moral and physical nature of man. Now, if contact with the grand scenes of nature thus expands the soul, how much more will communion with those grand things—God, the soul, eternity, heaven—expand and elevate the heart! As long as the subjects of your thoughts are the things, even the ethereal

things of time, on Sunday, you merely make a horizontal change on that day from an inferior to a better place; but when you fix your thoughts on things that are above upon the Sunday, you follow a vertical attraction; you rise above the earth, the scenes, the sorrows, and the trials of the earth, and bask in the sunshine, and breathe the air of the better land, and you come down again from the holy Tabor, into the places of duty on Monday, invigorated, strengthened, and refreshed.

It has been argued in defence of such scientific and literary thought carried on upon the Sunday, as well as upon the week-day, that the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Sunday would not only improve the mind but empty the gin-shop. Well, now, my answer to this is, I do not believe that the class that at present frequent the gin-shop on Sunday is likely to be drawn to the Crystal Palace. What these want first are, homes to live in, which it is their right and ought to be your duty to give, Bibles to read, and education for them and theirs. And in the second place, if the Lord's day is for sacred instruction, spiritual studies, public worship, private devotion, both plans are wrong. We must not make a compromise; we may not get rid of a gross desecration of the Sabbath by what is still a desecration, though much more elegant and refined indeed, but a desecration still. The preferable way is not to open the Crystal Palace in order to shut the gin-shop on the Sunday, but to shut both together. We are warranted only in doing what is right, not in perpetuating a lesser evil to get rid of a greater. Instead of a new Act of Parliament—if you will have Acts of Parliament—to open the Crystal Palace on a Sunday, get rather a new Act of Parliament to shut the gin-shops and public-houses on Sunday.

It is said by others, "Oh! but if we open the Crystal Palace on Sunday we shall have sacred music; how can you in the world object to that? Is not this at least Sabbatarian?" Well, my answer is, I am one of the profoundest admirers of

sacred music; but beautiful as it is, when it rolls from the notes of a Handel, or a Mendelssohn, or a Mozart, unless associated with sacred words and lifted up as adoration, thanksgiving, and praise, it is music — it is not worship. Either the day is holy, spiritual, sacred, for holy, spiritual, and sacred ends, or it is a holiday for amusement, a state convenience, a conventional respite. If you deny its sacred character, why this attempt on your part to compromise the matter by having sacred music, instead of quadrilles, reels, and other music of that stamp? If it be not divine, why talk about the music being sacred, and the last half of the Sunday being kept? No, let the first day of the week be as the Monday of man, or let it be as the Lord's day of the Christian. There is nothing consistent between. If, I may also add, it be a sacred day, what right have you to work musicians, railway clerks, and officials on that day, that you forsooth may get your enjoyment? You make others toil all the days and all the weeks of the year without intermission to give you rest. This is not charity or justice. I rejoice to add, however, that one of my correspondents in the *Times*, whose name is given to me in confidence, and which therefore I am pledged not to utter, has written me, in reply to what I stated in answer to something of his, the following candid admission. I thank him for it. "There can be no question that the half holiday movement," which you propose, "would be" by far "the better; and in fact the opening of the Crystal Palace was only put hypothetically by me, by way of alternative." Now, that is the fact. Do not unfairly rob the Christian of his birthright, but justly deprive exacting Mammon of his unfair spoils. Let the employer give half holidays and holidays, and man will have his day for the Crystal Palace, and the Christian will have his Sunday for solemn service and devout worship.

But on the supposition that I address, what I am warranted

to assume on this platform, Christian young men, you know too well that you need the Sabbath, not for physical and intellectual, but for religious progress. You know, what we all feel too well, that the seeds of life sown in the heart are apt to be choked and overlaid by the rapid growth of the weeds of this world; and if no Sunday arrive, all prospect of a golden harvest and of fruit a hundred fold will be dissipated for ever. The Christian needs his recurring Sabbath to repair not only mental and physical, but spiritual waste. To him the sacred day is as essential, in order to repair spiritual loss, as night is to the working man, in order to repair physical, nervous, and muscular loss. On that day he recovers from the effects of the atmosphere of the counting-house, and lays up spiritual nutriment and strength to enter again on the race set before him. Rest assured, my young friends, the observance of the Sabbath is not the loss of a day per week, but the gain of many years, and a green old age in a lifetime. The excitement of a Sunday excursion train, the worse excitement of drinking at tea-gardens and houses of entertainment, is not the rest of the body on that day, still less the rest of the soul. It is only giving fuel to the fever of the shop, already beating high enough. What is required on that day is the solemnity of a Christian Sabbath, contact and communion with sublime truths, moderate rest and exercise of the body, different from the monotonous rounds of the week, and the entertainment in our hearts of those divine and glorious truths, entertaining which we receive angels unawares. A mind excited Sunday and Saturday with this world's ways will end in a lunatic asylum probably; and a body in ceaseless activity will wear itself out of gear, and into an early grave. Depend upon it, my young friends, it is no obsolete prescription, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added to you." I have argued for the Lord's day on the lowest possible

ground. I can lift it to a higher; and if it be necessary for the safety of the soul, then its value can be meted only by the infinite and the eternal. Better live beggars and die by the way side than perish everlastingly. Calculate, oh, calculate! "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world" — a peradventure — and the certainty be incurred, "lose his own soul?"

Besides, if the Sabbath day be the place and time of holy lessons and of the teaching of a pure morality, and if the morality, and virtue, and integrity of those that serve be the most effective sources of prosperity to those that rule, then, I allege, on moral grounds alone it is the interest of the employer not so to task and weary those in their employ that they shall be driven to neglect or desecrate that holy day, and miss its holy lessons. Next to the Bible I know no fountain of a pure morality so large and exhaustless as the Sabbath, and no speedier way to ruin on one side and loss on the other than its desecration and neglect. Sir Matthew Hale, one of the greatest judges of our country, whose words may be familiar to you all, has said, "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was on the bench, he found few who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath and vicious conduct on that day." And, adds the same enlightened judge, "I have, by long and sound experience, found that the due observance of the Sabbath and the duties of it have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of that day hath ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time." And, if I may add the beautiful words of the poet, I may but deepen the impression. Herbert beautifully writes:—

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, for but thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone,
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having anew at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, in a most admirable treatise sent me by my friend Mr. Tarlton, discusses, and most ably, the physiology of the subject; and he makes this remark in one of his chapters—"Students of every age and kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's day." "He," says this physiologist as well as Christian, "is a fool, physiologically, who studies all night; he is a greater fool, physiologically, who studies secularly on the Sabbath day. He puts his brain to a work for which, at such times and for such a continuance, it was never designed." Now, I am not sure, but it may be discovered, that the Sabbath, at the end of the week, is as great a necessity in our physiological structure as the night rest at the close of every day. Again, this remark of Professor Miller I would follow up by another by a very eminent and competent judge. Speaking entirely as a

physician, Dr. Farr, before a Committee of the House of Commons, makes the following remark:—"As a day of rest I view the Sabbath as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. The Sabbath is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act," &c.

III.—RECREATION.

I now proceed, after these remarks, to make my third series of remarks upon the half-holiday and holiday.

Recreation is almost a necessity of life. Modern life renders it imperative. The occupation of most of the young men that I address makes it their duty to press for, and the employer's duty and interest to give, time, reasonable, fair time, for recreation. The exhausting effects of a heated atmosphere, vitiated by the numbers that breathe it, and the gas lights that consume its vital element and impregnate what remains with poison, are sensibly felt in the very best ventilated shops and warehouses in London; and when one takes into consideration the defective drainage, the scandalously defective drainage of most parts of London, the exhausted air which all under the most favourable circumstances must breathe in this great city, in Manchester, in Liverpool, and Glasgow,—the protracted hours, exceeding what is right, during which our young men must toil, at the desk, behind the counter, and our young women at the needle, and at other forms of indoor employments, it needs no acute foresight to see that mind and body must be exhausted at the close of the week; and it needs no severe estimate of the depravity of man to prophecy in such circumstances the strongest temptation to stimulants of the most destructive and injurious kind; and when we behold how temperate as a body our young men

are, we can only infer how mighty, how triumphant is principle, even in the worst and most unfavourable of circumstances. Exhaustion from excessive labour is the most powerful inducement, next to foul air, bad drainage, and vile houses, to excess in stimulants that I know of. Alcohol would have fewer adherents if the long-hour system had less popularity and power. Nor is one surprised, however pained, at the growing desecration of the Sabbath. Longing for fresh air is an instinct, and especially in the young, and when checked it becomes a powerful passion. In the cases where excessive long hours are most upheld, the employer by that system prevents the possibility of breathing it upon week-days. Human nature, consecrating its sin by the plea of necessity and mercy, seizes the first day physically available, though morally forbidden; and while the sin and the loss are inseparable from the employed who thus act, not a little of the sin lies at the door of those who exact the last minute and exhaust the last muscle, from Monday morning to very, very, very late on Saturday night. How can such who act thus pray, on hearing the fourth commandment, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law!" I do not judge them; but I remind them, that true reformation in everything that is wrong

"Is not to cry, Have mercy on me, and to sit
And droop, and to confess that thou hast failed,
But to bewail the sins thou didst commit
And not commit the sins thou hast bewailed."

Recreation, I say, is essential to health, to spirits, to the vital energy of youth. There is needed not only a break in the current of thought, a cessation of tension to mind and body, but a diversion of the energies of both into new and exhilarating channels. It is as natural for the young to play as it is for the old to eat and to drink. You need recreation in the green fields, and breathing fresh air, in order to per-

fect the restoration of the balance of life. It is a deep instinct you may stifle, but only at terrible expense. And no young man, let me say, with the deepest demand for labour—fair labour, and, if you like, hard labour—is warranted to sell his life absolutely to a shop; and no employer is warranted in urging or exacting the same. "Live and let live," is an admirable maxim; "play and give a little play," is no less useful to the young. Our young men and young women, let me add, are not cranks and axles and ratchets and joints in shop mechanism, just oiled enough to keep them going; or like beasts of burden, loaded till an additional ounce must crush them to the earth; or fed in order to do greater work; but men and women, it may be young, but possessed of intellects and feelings and hearts and consciences, and a soul that seeks its rest in the Eternal and the Infinite. What I propose, therefore, as reasonable on both sides, is a half-holiday on every Saturday—business to close not later than three in winter, and not later than four in summer, and as much earlier as generosity can give; and, lastly, not less than six whole holidays,—the first day of each of the months of April, May, June, July, August, and September, to be whole holidays, till the national holidays I have elsewhere proposed come into operation. This is the least, I say, you can ask, and I hold it is reasonable for employers to grant it. It would not be loss to the one class, and it would be immense gain to the other. The effects of such holidays and half-holidays on the working men of our country would be, increase of health and vigour and length of days. Why, I can testify to myself. Before I used to go to the country—as I do always now, when I can possibly spare a single day, even—I used to be now and then consulting the doctor for prescriptions. I want very few prescriptions now. I find, I can assure you, better physic in air and exercise on a heather common than all the druggists' shops in London con-

tain. Depend upon it, if there were such holidays, there would be less food for cholera; the victims of consumption would be fewer; satisfaction with our constitution and our country would be greater; for, disguise it as you like, indigestion and insurrection have a very near and intimate affinity. Young men, exhausted and used up, who are made to feel that they have nothing to forfeit, and a possibility of something to gain, by a revolution, are not the likeliest to be the champions of the throne in peace, or the valiant and illustrious heroes of Alma and Sebastopol in time of war. It is of unspeakable importance to let our young men feel and know that we have a country which has time and space to spare for enjoyment, as well as demands for labour—a country which, if not all sunshine, is, at worst, not all shadow. We shall thus have young men who, when the Czar shall threaten its white shores with the shadows of his fleets, shall feel within their bosoms the beat of a patriotism that never flinched from the field of battle, and never wavered in the hour of peril. I believe the day is approaching when the inmates of your shops may yet be called upon to defend them. Make them feel that your shops are worth defending. Help them to see that if scenes of hard and inevitable toil, which they must be, they have been springs also of many enjoyments. Facilitate among them, by your kindness and fair remuneration, those ties which sweeten and cement social life. I am told that too many young men in shops and warehouses can never dream of being married. This is a great error. Who were the bravest soldiers among the Greeks and Romans? Married men. This is implied by what they fought for. *Pro aris et focis.* The men that triumphed were the men who fought for their altars and firesides. They were men who had firesides to keep bright and altars to keep holy; and depend upon it, that system that screws out the maximum of labour at the minimum of wages all the year round, and gives

the servant scarcely enough for himself and nothing for a wife, is, in the long run, a most suicidal one.

I implore the young men whom I address not to take the Sabbath for recreation. This is vital. By so doing you give up your just rights, which are, to have the Sunday for Sunday's privileges, and the Saturday afternoon for Saturday afternoon's recreation. If you accept the Sunday for recreation, employers very naturally will not give you or offer you the Saturday. The observance of Sunday as a holy-day is the surest and speediest plan to have Saturday as a half-holiday. Tell your employers you will not make the work days you owe them, nor the Sabbath days you owe to God, days of pleasure; tell them you will be just to them and dutiful to God; and they must be generous to you. They will not lose, but vastly gain by it.

I have proposed six whole holidays in summer, and a Saturday half-holiday all the year. Now, you naturally ask, "How are we to spend those days?" The prophets of evil say you will be ure to get drunk, every one of you. Now, I do not believe it; at all events, if you have a tendency to it, the long-hour system is the very thing to stimulate it. I will give you advice for the summer; and I see by the cordial smiles of that esteemed employer behind me from St. Paul's Churchyard that he is sympathising deeply with my sentiments. First of all, then, I will give you advice for the six summer holidays. You see, I am assuming they will be granted. I am full of hope; I have not the least doubt they will be granted. Railroads have introduced a revolution. Take a ride in an open third-class, thirty, sixty, or seventy miles from London. Take a stroll on a common—a walk by the sea-side—or make a visit to a distant family whose sons are intelligent, whose daughters are musical. The breathing of fresh county air, even for twelve hours, is most invigorating and cheering to one whose days and nights are spent

amid the heavy fogs or on the burning pavements of London. The desire of seeing green things and sweet flowers, heath and fern, is an irrepressible instinct; and those consumptive plants and pale flowers on London sills always look to me like flags of distress, to indicate the anxious petition of the inmates to have a holiday. Changes of scene, the exercise of muscles never called into play in the warehouse, the breathing of fresh air, are all, I maintain, essential to health, as incidental restoratives. One day spent at the sea-side, or amid the heather, will wind up your energies for six weeks. To hear for one day the lark in the sky, the linnet in the furze, and if you will allow a Scotchman to use a Scottish epithet, the merle and the mavis in the hedge, creates a true and lasting enjoyment. I tell you, young men, you have no idea of the prodigious difference between the chirp of a canary in a cage and the song of a blackbird or a thrush in a hawthorn hedge. The first, the canary in the cage, is London all over, from west to east—the other is the evidence and the suggestion of green fields and brown heath and shaggy wood. The member of Parliament toils to excess, I admit, during the first six months of the year, but during the other six months he is making neat speeches at literary institutions, or lecturing farmers upon grass, tiles, draining, or mangold wurtzel, or he is shooting or hunting, or at any rate at play. Our legislation in the spring of 1855 will not be less clear, beneficent, and effective because our legislators have had a holiday in the autumn of 1854. Every clergyman takes a holiday; as I have told you, I cannot get on so well without it. I return to my work refreshed and invigorated. In most banking houses, I understand, there is now a holiday given of two or three weeks. In some I know it is the case. I am certain that these incidental holidays are as profitable to the heads of those houses as to the subjects of them. In the case of the M.P., the

clergyman, the banker, we find their work rendered more efficient by occasional respite; and I submit, if you were to extend the same reasonable indulgence to the shop or the warehouse, you would see that the real efficiency and success of all parties would be most materially increased. But I appeal to the employers before me: were your profits less, which is possible, though I think not probable, and longer in accumulating, which may be, would it be no satisfaction to reflect, that not a pound in your bank, not a penny in your cash-box, shall appear at the last day a witness against you as the results of oppression and injury to the humblest? Were you, my dear friends, to die poor, instead of dying rich, I say this inscription upon your tombstone, "Here lies the man who preferred poverty to oppression and wrong-doing," would be a better hope for you in life and a brighter epitaph in death, than if you founded, by bequeathing property you could no longer grasp, an hospital or an asylum for the poor. I do not find fault with employers for seeking profits, large profits, honourable profits; I rejoice to hear of your prosperity and success; I am only anxious to add to your happiness, and to increase a hundredfold the enjoyment of your gain by preventing any interposing shadow or torturing reminiscence in old age, when memory turns over its leaves and translates the deeds of the past into the bitter or pleasant experience of the present; and whether your labours increase your capital or not, "by doing justly, loving mercy," you accumulate in the depth of the heart an inner capital of true happiness. Give me within a capital of peace, and joy, and hope, and I can give up without a murmur the largest capital of material prosperity outside.

The six summer holidays, I have said, ought to be spent in the open air, in the country or at the sea-side. You thus combine the greatest amusement with the best restoratives; the bracing air to be the only smoke that comes near your lips,

and the public-house—excepting the place where you have your mutton-chop and a glass of bitter ale, if my teetotal friends will allow me to go even thus far—to be as sacredly abjured on those days as the warehouse or the shop. A visit to the Crystal Palace, either on the summer holiday or on the Saturday half holiday, will combine the pleasure of a country promenade and the advantage of a museum, both lightened by the best military music in England. I look upon the Crystal Palace as a noble monument of genius, a magnificent school for study, a rich enjoyment to men that have taste, and a means of æsthetic education to those who have none; and most earnestly do I wish it great prosperity. I look at that most magnificent provision in the neighbourhood of London as one of the most eloquent calls to the long-hour system to repent of its past iniquity, and to relax into a new and nobler and more philanthropic career. It is calculated, I said, to create a purer taste, to improve the social habits, and, in its place, to contribute to the outward enjoyment and refinement of young and old. But if its doors are to be thrown open on the Sunday, not only will it—and on all hands I have heard it in the Christian community—suffer grievous injury and loss, but it would be a most disastrous blow to our hopes of whole and half holidays. The Christian employer would deplore it; the mere worldly employer would feel he need not allow you any part of his time, as, right or wrong, you avail yourself of the time God allows you for other purposes. Your persistent and indomitable sanctifying of the Lord's day lies at the very root of your hopes of having whole and half holidays. Take God's time for recreation, in spite of God's law, and you will never get man's time with man's consent.

There are also the Zoological Gardens—a very interesting and instructive resort. A little acquaintance with botany or mineralogy will give an interest in collecting plants. A fern, or, as it is called in the North, a bracken, the heath-bell, the

weed on a common, the shell by the sea-shore, or the pebble on the beach, are full of interest. I have exhausted many a holiday with intense delight in tending and watching the habits of bees and the architecture of bee-hives, and many an agreeable hour have I spent in apiarian company and fellowship. The minutest creature that God has made overflows with wisdom and instruction.

During the winter months your half-holidays too often in this latitude must be spent in indoor studies and amusements. The whole holidays I restrict to summer; the half Saturday holidays to be all the year round. Now in presenting for winter amusements I do not dictate; I submit to you opinions, and I ask simply your consideration. I speak as to reasonable men; judge ye.

First, then, I have great objections to the play-house—not on the ground that the dramatic personation of a character is wrong, but for reasons I see no prospect of doing away with. As matters are and have been, the theatre is practically the attractive centre of groups and haunts and temptations it is most expedient that young men should not be unnecessarily brought into contact with. But if one of you should say, "I have Christian principle in my heart to avoid these temptations," I answer, your principle is strong as adamant in the way of duty; it is weak as water outside of it. But if your principle, so strong—and "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall"—if your principle, so strong, carry you through triumphantly, a brother, a sister, a friend, will plead and imitate your example, and while destitute of your strong principle will give way, and so end in ruin. Besides this, late hours, against which we are protesting, and which are peculiar to the play-house, are the sisters of long hours, which are the monopoly of the shops; and we want the whole family of late hours and long hours to be banished to the dominions of the Emperor of all the Russias.

Secondly, novel and romance reading is just the play-house in print; not so perilous in one respect, but equally so in another. It weakens the mind, gives false, distorted, and exaggerated views of life, contradicts the true perspective of history, and acts on the mind precisely as dram-drinking does on the body, disqualifying it for true, sober, and useful nutriment. All the interest of romance, with ten-fold its splendour and twenty times its profit, may be found in Alison, Macaulay, Grote, Arnold, and other historians whose names may be familiar to you all.

In the next place, on your appointed holidays, I have also to dissuade you from card-playing—a scandalous waste of time—the source of excitement, and often the parent of suicide and plunder, and all uncharitableness.

Now, you must bear with me while I express my opinions—I have no less objection to dances, balls, and those new exhalations from below, casinos. I admit at once, there is no more sin in shaking one's heels, than there is in shaking one's hands, and therefore in that respect I have no objection to dancing; but I submit that you have had enough of vitiated air and gas lights in the shops, and if you are fond of dancing, why, let the wide common be your floor, and the open sky your ball-room, and the sunshine your lamp. I might adduce more weighty objections; but I forbear.

For your winter Saturday half-holiday you have an hour's lecture at the Polytechnic, the Panopticon, a visit to the British Museum, or a visit to your own excellent resort in Aldersgate-street. If, from the state of the weather, you must stay at home, let every proprietor provide you, as I think he ought, with an interesting and useful library, consisting not of theological works, but of books interesting and instructive in every department of literature, science, and thought. And if this be not provided, owing to the poverty

of the employer or his want of sympathy with you, then by a joint subscription to an excellent circulating library you may get what will do you good; and remember, that one good book thoroughly mastered is worth more than half a dozen skimmed over. And let me not omit the morning newspaper—altogether a wonderful creation. Take the morning newspaper of to-day, and read the account of the sad, the solemn, and yet in one sense the glorious engagement in the Crimea, and you will be struck with the vigour, the graphic power, the immense information of a London daily newspaper.

In trying to achieve our end, let me add, we are bound to display a temperate but unyielding perseverance. If you begin, you must make up your minds to continue and to maintain your object, by fair reasoning, by temperate speech, by Christian charity.

First of all, then, I earnestly exhort and entreat the purchasing public to abjure making purchases at night. It seems to you, the purchasing public, a very trivial thing; in its effects it inflicts wide-spread and lasting mischief. At the same time, I am against exclusive dealing; and if any tradesman were to put on his shop, "I shut at six, and my next neighbour shuts at eight," I would not go and deal with that man who put on his shop, "I shut at six" because he is making what he does as his duty a capital with which he hopes to do more business. It is enough that I press on the public that they risk their health in frequenting shops full of deleterious air from gas; and I might add, that pickpockets, according to the Lord Mayor's statement, are more active and successful after six at night than before; and the chance of a bad bargain at gaslight, with all its unpleasant results, is then and there at its very maximum.

In the next place, let me say a word to employers. I speak to you as to reasonable men, many of you Christian men—most of you weighty and influential men. Let a dozen

leading firms meet together; let them weigh and discuss the subject in all its bearings; let them make the nearest approximation to what I have asked, if they cannot give the full tale. A few taking the lead will impress the many. I have often blamed the purchasing public, I have said, for purchasing after six o'clock, or at night. Pardon me if, with all submission, humility, and respect, I give a share of the blame to you. It is the splendour of your shops at night that attracts the evening purchaser. You create, or at least you increase, the habit which you and I deplore. I was told by a publisher in Paternoster Row, that since they closed in the Row much earlier every Saturday, their customers have fallen into the habit of making all their applications before two or three o'clock on that day. We have to create the habit of early purchases; and very possibly--I cannot disguise it—some heads of houses may have to sacrifice a little. But the health, the intellectual improvement—it may be the salvation—of thousands will be advanced by your efforts. Your generous decision would destroy the last efforts of the advocates of Sabbath desecration. You give up money like princes to every patriotic and Christian object. Add one more gift. Surrender for the health, the instruction, the amusement of the young, not a portion of your money directly, but a portion of the time you may legally claim, that there may remain no pretext for absorbing for secular amusement that day which is emphatically the Lord's; and let me tell employers, that the time is likely soon to overtake us, when a physically vigorous, as well as morally magnanimous people will be required for the defence of our land. Your young men may then have to leave the counters for the tented field. And let me add what I have witnessed. Our highland glens, the birth places of those who form the Highland Brigade and who have covered themselves and their country with imperishable renown in the trenches of Sebas-

topol and at Balaklava, are almost depopulated by emigration. Our towns must soon supply what the country, and the glens and the hills no longer can. Now, whatever enfeebles the physical health of a nation prepares it for defeat. When the ambitious Czar sent into the field battalions of serfs, not only long-hour, but all-hour, all-life drudges, they were scattered like chaff before the whirlwind of fire and steel of our British infantry. A slave never can be a brave man. Besides, when our young men find a country is not all drudgery, but interspersed with light and joy and liberty, you give them a stake in it, and they will feel it is worth defending. I appeal not to the selfishness that seeks its own, but to the patriotism that loves its country, the humanity that loves its kind, the religion that seeks to give the greatest honour to our God, and the largest blessings to all mankind.

And finally, to the young men in houses of business I speak Do you not now think that the proposals I have made are at least reasonable? Do you not unanimously desire the privileges I have indicated? Do not give up your efforts. We have already attained partial success. The justice of your claims is more and more felt. The Saturday half-holiday is spreading. I regard it as an earnest, an instalment, and a prophecy. Do not give up the hope or pursuit of it. And, above all, show by such crowded assemblies as the present, by your sacredly consistent use of every hour you gain, that you know how to use your privileges. The long-hour system, depend upon it, is doomed as is Sebastopol. Keep up the siege; be patient; only "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty." And now suppose you attain what I have urged, I ask you, each and all of you, this evening, will you not leave the withdrawal or the perpetuity of the privilege to depend on the use you make of it? I appeal to all. Set employers an example of a righteous use of the week day and a holy use of the Lord's day. Do not drive those in your employment to seize

the Sunday for amusements, by overworking them for your profit. Do not indicate what is so erroneous—the idea that the Sunday is a day of gloom. It is a festival, not a fast; it is an interlude of bright sunshine, not a day of thick darkness. Let me remind you, the provinces are looking to London. A blow struck here will reverberate through the length and breadth of our land. And I earnestly pray to God, that you all may have, while you live, a fair day's work and a fair day's pay; and yet more earnestly do I pray, that you may have a Sabbath day's rest and a Sabbath day's spirit upon earth, and a Sabbath day glory and refreshment where things seen and temporal are merged in things unseen and eternal!

PETTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE-YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

Popular Fallacies.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM LANDELS.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

If I mistake not the temper of this audience I may commence my lecture without apologising for its title. Although, having no prophetic insight, I cannot speak with a prophet's certainty of the different subjects which may be passed in review; and although, being the junior of many of you, I cannot bring to their consideration the wisdom which experience has matured, but must view them from a stand-point common to you all, as a brother among brethren, you will no doubt have the courtesy to listen to the expression of a brother's thought, and the candour to consider his estimate of prevailing customs and opinions, though differing somewhat from your own. I should not have been honoured with your invitation had you not intended that I should give utterance to my own convictions, fearlessly, as if matured experience had contributed to their formation, or prophetic endowments ensured their infallibility.

The course which I intend to pursue in the treatment of the subject is not such as some of you might anticipate; nor is it such as I might have preferred had my object been other than it is. Had I been more concerned about the æsthetic than the practical, and aimed at your pleasure rather than your profit, I might have attempted to discuss the history and the philosophy of popular fallacies, have traced them to their origin, accounted for their existence, described their

influence, and suggested means for their overthrow. But feeling that they concern us too deeply to be regarded with a merely speculative eye, or treated simply as subjects of criticism, I have thought it better to lay hold on and expose some of those which observant minds can now perceive circulating in society, and by which, as they relate to the daily duties of life, you are most likely to be influenced. And though they are so numerous that only *some* of them can be noticed, yet if these can be so thoroughly exploded as to free any mind from the thraldom which they impose, my labour will not be in vain.

Permit me to add, before proceeding to their consideration, that some of the fallacies of which I shall speak are simply mistakes of judgment, in entertaining which a man may not be guilty of anything morally wrong; but being, nevertheless, injurious in their consequences, all who wish your welfare must desire to see you preserved from their influence.

It is my wish at the outset to disabuse every mind of the impression—if, indeed, there be any present by whom it is entertained—*that Christianity requires men to relinquish every pleasure.* Many, I fear, have imbibed the notion that religion is a melancholy thing—a thing which frowns on the most innocent recreations—a thing which, chasing away all joy from one's life, would convert it into a prolonged season of unvarying sadness. And perhaps this notion has received some countenance from the conduct of its professed friends. There are popular representations of religion which invest it with an air of gloom. A tone of sadness, rather than of joy, pervades many of our sermons. Asceticism is frequently confounded with piety. The religion of the hearty and the healthy is suspected by many. The more a man denies himself the innocent pleasures of life, and shuns everything fitted to improve the taste or regale the imagination, the more religious, in certain circles, he

is thought to be. All this we are constrained to admit. But we contend that such conduct is not Christianity, but a gross caricature of Christianity. *Its* object is not to lessen, but to increase, our pleasures. It would deprive us of no enjoyment which is not succeeded by sorrow—no pleasure which does not end in pain. Men have yet to discover the Christian precept which frowns on the pleasures of friendship, or even of innocent conviviality—conviviality, that is to say, which is not injurious to your physical or mental or moral nature. It is no enemy to such recreation as becomes a man. The family does not exist which has had its enjoyments diminished, or deteriorated, by the enthronement of Christian principle, or the awakening of Christian feeling in the hearts of its members. Your mutual attachments it would sanctify without spoiling them of their charms. It places no interdict on the gratification to be derived from the exercise of your intellectual powers, but leaves you at perfect liberty to investigate every source of knowledge. And whether you wish to improve your leisure hours in following astronomy along her star-paved way; or in reading the wondrous history which geology has inscribed on her rocky records; or in gazing with curious and gratified eye on the profusion of beauty which botany spreads at your feet; or wish poetry to bear you on the wing of its lofty thought, or to charm you with its harmonious numbers, as you peruse the books which are "the precious life-blood of master spirits embalmed and treasured up in order to a life beyond life;" or whatever other field of knowledge you may wish to explore, Christianity not only grants you full permission, but accompanies you in your course, cheering you by her countenance, and assisting you with her light, plying you with motives to diligence, under the influence of which, other things being equal, you will outstrip all your competitors in the pursuit of knowledge. And thus does it afford scope for all the energies

of your nature, bringing them all into play, and, by providing for, and inciting to, their vigorous and harmonious exercise, rendering them sources of pleasure in themselves, and channels through which the mind drinks in the enjoyment which surrounding objects afford.

We talk of the restraints of religion, but I know of no restraint of which the judgment, when calmly exercised, does not approve. The infidel may have more liberty than I have; but his is a liberty which I would not and dare not covet. He has liberty to degrade and destroy his own nature,—liberty to sink himself into a mere brute,—liberty to blast his intellect, and wither his affections, and make his reputation bankrupt. He has liberty to gratify his bestial appetites without fear of retribution, to let his passions run riot in unholy indulgence, sacrificing to their gratification the most sacred ties which unite man to man, until, the marriage relation dissolved, the endeared name of family forgotten, men herd together like beasts of the field, and the ruin of society becomes as complete as the wreck he has made of himself. Such liberty he has. His principles present no obstacle to the pursuit of such a course. He may do all that, and more than that, and be a consistent infidel. In this respect he has the most perfect freedom,—a freedom which I cannot claim, and a freedom, let me say, which I am content to want,—a freedom with which, as I would not ask it for myself, I would not curse another. And if this be all of which Christianity deprives me, if it imposes no restraint except that it says, "Do thyself and others no harm," (and I know of no other,) it is a slanderous falsehood to represent it as requiring men to forego, in any degree, the innocent pleasures of life.

We may reasonably hope that few of you are in danger of yielding to the impression, which is, nevertheless, too prevalent and too pernicious in its influence to be allowed to pass

without notice, *that the young have licence to pursue a course which would be deemed not only unwise, but sinful, in those of more advanced age.* How many young men are in the habit of doing what they know to be wrong, and pleading their youth in vindication. And how many, who have long since ceased to be young, endorse the plea, by speaking of youth as the season when a man may be expected to "sow his wild oats," as if there were a time in every man's life when he may, with comparative innocence, if not without blame, violate the law of God.

Now, I do not expect that a man in youth will manifest the gravity of age, or be distinguished by the wisdom which experience alone can teach. When I look around me I see that all young things are glad, and I believe their gladness is not unpleasing to the Divine Being. The contemplation of happiness cannot be ungrateful to that God who is love, and whose love, embracing the universe, and diffusing its blessings throughout all ranks of his creatures, from the greatest to the least, is the source of all its joy. He were a churl, as ungodlike as he is misanthropic, who would frown on youthful pleasures—croaking because others rejoice—looking sour on scenes of gladness—and, by his prognostications of evil, leading them to anticipate, in life's most joyous season, its corroding cares and anxieties. Most sacred, in my estimation, are the pleasures of the young. They are to me relics of Eden's joy. Their peals of laughter move me as if, in a region of labour and sorrow, I heard, borne on the evening air, sounds of rejoicing from distant scenes of innocence and peace. And though they contrast with much that surrounds me, I would no more dispense with them, on that account, than I would with an oasis in the desert, or with the star that relieves the darkness of the midnight sky. I would guard them as a holy thing. I would say, profane be the hand that would prematurely write one wrinkle on the

youthful brow, or repress the feelings of gladness that gush from the buoyant heart, or darken with the shadow of a doubt their bright and pleasing visions. What though they can give no reason for their gladness—though it be only the exuberance of life causing them instinctively to rejoice—though it have no more meaning than the frisking of the lamb, or the cooing of the dove, or the carol of the soaring lark—is not that enough? What though the fancy freely disports itself, and the imagination paints in too glowing colours the representations of the future—why should you mar the picture?—why should you dispel the vision? Time will supply the corrective soon enough! Soon enough will the heart feel the pressure of its stern realities. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Nor are the blunders of the young to be too severely censured. While they are sometimes worthy of blame, they are often the indication and result of most valuable qualities. They are the consequence of the courage which dares, when it lacks the guidance of the judgment which experience has matured. You wonder at their mistakes; but remember, they have not had your experience. And you would do well to restrain, or at least to temper your rebuke, lest you check that spirit of manly endeavour which, though not guided wisely, is aiming well. It seems a strange thing to say, but I do say it notwithstanding, that you had better blunder occasionally than attempt nothing. It is a poor, paltry virtue—if virtue it can be called—that prudence which never goes wrong because it always stands still, which avoids mistake through remaining always inactive. My judicious friend, who never errs, may share in my respect, but I can hardly tender him my admiration, if I find that his freedom from error is owing to his having always lagged in the rear, never once taken his place in the van of the world's march. He who guides others through the trackless snow, though he sometimes miss his way, may be worthy of greater

praise than he, who, without mistake, pursues the beaten track. When the vessel, in the absence of her crew, is drifting before the fury of the storm, toward the rocky coast or dangerous shoal, he who, in the emergency, manfully grasps the helm, and does what he can for the common safety, though his pilotage be none of the best, is more to be honoured than the immaculate man who folds his hands and will do nothing, lest, by a mistake, he should compromise his reputation. You praise the judicious youth whom no one censures;—but what has he done? He has scarcely broken loose, perhaps, from his leading strings yet. Though a man in years, he is a mere child in endeavour. The world has never felt the strength of his arm or the vigour of his will. He is still in the position in which he was placed by mamma's management or papa's influence. Immaculate, praiseworthy youth! But that young man whom you censure so freely;—perhaps he is dependent on his own resources. He has been cast into the world, and left there all alone to fight his own way. He has no mamma to manage for him, no papa to act as his patron. His own head must shape his plans, and his own right arm execute them. He may blunder sometimes—no great marvel though he should—but then he does something. He is a power among men while he lives, and at his departure the world will feel that he has been here. Whereas your immaculate hero is a mere cipher in his generation. Exerting no influence on the world, his departure from it occasions no blank. The epitaph on his tombstone, the obituary notice which the hand of friendship has penned, are the only traces of his existence. Thus there is a prudence which merits censure or contempt; and there are blunders closely allied to those qualities of character which command our admiration.

But while I can thus sympathise with the cheerfulness, and look leniently on the blunders, of the young, he were a traitor to your best interests, who, on the ground of your

youth, would attempt to apologise for, or to palliate, that which is morally wrong. Youth can never justify a man in doing what the law of God forbids, or his own conscience condemns. He can never place himself beyond the jurisdiction of God above, or of his vicegerent within. If conscience says, it is wrong—if God's law condemns it—it is to no purpose that you can plead, "I am young." Youth and inexperience will not make wrong right. God, on such grounds, will not hold you guiltless. Of the youngest in this assembly it is true, that your present actions are the seeds from which the harvest of the future springs. Every sinful act you now commit will exert a baleful influence on your future destiny, even though, by grace, you should be exempt from its penal results. You can no more escape from its influence than you can live in the sunshine and escape from your own shadow. It will be a dark spot in the memory of the past, embittering your future years. You will be weaker, if not worse, men for it throughout all coming time. The remembrance of it, haunting you, will detract from your moral strength. It will make you hang your head when you might otherwise have stood erect; and cause your voice to falter when, with the boldness of an Apostle, you might have rebuked the sin of others. Though you know that you have God's forgiveness, you will not be able to forgive yourselves. There will be a part of your life to which you are compelled to look back with shame and remorse. Every recollection of it will be a fresh wound to your self-respect; and, with bitterness of heart, you will, many a time, wish the evil deed undone. Oh, young men, be wise in time, and as you would not prepare for yourselves a harvest of shame and sorrow, beware—beware of indulging in the vices and follies of youth!

Much more prevalent among the young, and, unhappily, not confined to them, but obtaining among those to whom

experience might long ago have demonstrated its folly, is the fancy that *men may depend on patronage for success in life.*

This notion deceives all the more readily that it is not altogether false. Because patronage is sometimes of advantage to the meritorious, and, within certain limits, is fitted to prove so always; and because there are men incapable of sustaining themselves by their own efforts, who are borne upwards, for a time, by the countenance and support of others, many receive the impression that the friendship of their superiors will compensate for their own deficiencies; and hence, instead of manfully exerting themselves to procure the object of their desires, they trust to the favour of others for all they hope to acquire; and sometimes, in the pursuit of others' favour, expend an amount of energy which, if properly directed, would secure the attainment of their end.

How often have we met with men who appeared to place their reliance, mainly, on recommendations. Instead of exerting their own arm, and exercising their own brain, and depending on these for success, they wrote to one and another for testimonials, hoping to rise to an improved position, not by merit, but by what they called interest. I have seen men commence life on this principle with the most sanguine hopes of success; and I have met with others, of the same class, who at fifty years of age and upwards, had as much confidence in it as ever; and I could not but blush and lament to think, that men whom God had gifted with physical and mental powers, should so waste their time and blight their prospects, by hanging helplessly on the good will or the good word of another.

Far be it from me to convey the impression that patronage is always to be rejected and despised. By all means receive it, and welcome it, if frankly and generously given. But it were unmanly to stoop to the degradation of soliciting it, as if it were your sole or chief dependence. No man should seek

the recommendation of a stranger; and, if given unsought, it would produce a false impression, of which it were dishonourable to take advantage; and where he is known, he will scarcely need to seek the patronage which he deserves. Merit may sometimes solicit testimonials with propriety; and, in rare instances, it might otherwise remain unnoticed; but, as a rule, men, without solicitation, will testify to its existence. There may be a little delay perhaps—promotion may not come so speedily as you could wish—but nature's compensating process is going on, and before long the meritorious will rise to his proper level. And if the promotion should be unreasonably long delayed, the way to hasten it is not to force your good qualities on the notice of others, but to render yourselves more deserving. It is all very well for you to soothe yourselves by quoting the beautiful words of the poet:—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is doomed to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But after all men pluck the flower when they find it, and snatch at the gem when it is seen. Mingling with men as you do, you are neither in the desert nor in the dark unfathomed cave of ocean. You are in a position where your good qualities, if they exist, cannot remain unnoticed, and where they can scarcely be noticed without being properly appreciated. The state of society must be greatly altered before you can bring real merit to a market glutted with that commodity. The difficulty, as yet, is not to find spheres adapted to men of character and capability, but to find such men for the spheres which they alone are qualified to fill. The world is far less able to overlook the truly deserving than they are to dispense with its favours. It needs a larger supply of such than it has yet received; and has sufficient regard for its

own interests to bring them out of their obscurity, and place them where they will be of greatest service to themselves and others. Only prove that you can dispense with its patronage, and its patronage will soon come. You may seek it in vain if your need of it be too manifest; but if you can show that you need no recommendation all will recommend you. Your history will verify the proverb, "The gods help them that help themselves."

Nor is there any other way in which you can succeed. The cases are very exceptional in which men attain permanently to wealth or station, simply by the influence or recommendation of others. By such means they may be sustained, for a time, in an elevated position, but before long they must rest on their own merits, and if incompetent, or unworthy, their downfall is the result. And how often have we seen men placed by injudicious friends above their proper sphere, acting a part disgraceful to themselves and mortifying to their patrons, until ejected from their temporary elevation, to sink into the obscurity from which they should never have been raised. Their friends could not render them efficient help, because they could not, or would not, help themselves. Lacking the qualities by which success is achieved, patronage raised them for a little only to render their downfall more conspicuous and shameful. And, in nine cases out of ten, patronage can do no more. I have frequently heard it asserted of ministers of the gospel, and others occupying prominent positions, that adventitious circumstances placed and kept them where they were. But I do not believe it. I protest against the statement as a libel on society, most pernicious in its influence on the minds of the young, leading them to trust in what can hardly fail to disappoint. On inquiry into the cases in question, I have found that, in every instance, the qualities of the men accounted for their success. In some things their inferiority to others may have been manifest;

but taking them all in all, viewing them as men adapted for their work, they were superior to those of inferior position. And thus it will be in every pursuit. The competent man is the man who succeeds. He who would attain to eminence must carve his way to it. Not by patronage, but by patient industry—by honest self-denying toil—is that acquired. God-made and self-made, but never man-made, are the nobles of nature who occupy the high places of society with advantage to themselves and others. You must work if you would rise, young men. By sweat of brain and brow you must purchase your elevation. To ordinary mortals there is no royal road to success—no such thing as being borne to eminence by laying hold of another's skirt. It is reached by an upward path which each must traverse for himself; and, as a rule, the bravest climber will make the most rapid progress, and attain to the greatest height. And though you may not snatch the golden prize which many seek—for success in this respect, though generally, is not invariably proportionate to merit—your labour will not be in vain. Exercise will tend to develop your manhood, invigorating and strengthening its various faculties; and the bracing influence of that higher region will give buoyancy to your spirits. All the racers in the Olympic games did not obtain the prize, but they all had the well-developed form, the deeper chest, and stronger limb, which exercise produced. So there is a reward of faithful labour more immediate than the pecuniary and social results to which it often leads—a reward which cannot be missed—in the strengthening and development of the various faculties of the man.

You can hardly have failed to notice how much the conduct of men is influenced by the fallacy that *public opinion determines what is right.* Let a man, whether young or old, it matters not, venture to act an unusual part, and immediately

his friends, of whom better things might be expected, express their disapprobation, and even withdraw their countenance, not because they have tried his conduct by the standard of eternal right, and deem it at variance with God's word, but, though they dare not question its propriety, simply because the world frowns on the course which he pursues. It is sad to think how much this hampers the movements and hinders the usefulness of many a manly youth, exciting in those who are naturally both true and brave a slavish fear of incurring the censure of the world, and an impression that that cannot be right which public opinion pronounces wrong.

Now, it is possible that public opinion may be right; and ne were a fool, unworthy of our respect, who would refuse to believe what others believe, and to do what others do, for the mere love of singularity. But then it is just as possible that public opinion may be wrong; and the coward would have as little claim to our sympathy, who, from the fear of singularity, would not venture to think or act differently from his neighbours. On all abstract questions, where intuition is its guide, public opinion is generally right. It acknowledges that truth and justice and righteousness are good. But in the application of these principles to the transactions, in which passion and interest come into play, it is very frequently at fault. It can never be trusted to determine whether prevailing customs and maxims are right or wrong. Or we may put the case thus:—There is an underground current of public opinion which is generally right—it is what we may call the prevailing sentiment of humanity. And could you reach that, you might, in many things, safely follow its guidance. But the way to reach it is not to listen to the voices of public opinion without. You are more likely to find it in the depths of your own soul. What it utters in its innermost recesses—that is the utterance in which humanity joins—the prevailing sentiment of humanity. That sentiment, however, is not generally

expressed in public opinion, so called. That is produced by a few of the more clamorous who are influenced by passion and prejudice, and have some selfish interest to serve. It is frequently at variance with the inner conviction of the public —with what we have called its prevailing sentiment. Men feel it to be wrong, and yet they bow to it from the fear of encountering the hostility of the clamorous few—bow to it, just as men do to a government which they abhor, because each one shrinks from the risk of rebellion, and fears lest he should become its first victim.

Public opinion being of such a nature, I must scorn the prudence which dares not act until it asks, "What will others say?—what will others think?" If the action be right, what does it matter what others say or think? I will tell you what they will say. Some of them, in all probability, will try to crush you with ridicule; and others, whose interests you touch, will curse you in their hearts; and the more prudent, who would never have dared to blame you but for the pressure from without, with characteristic prudence and characteristic selfishness, will shrink from you as from a loathsome thing. That is the way in which public opinion will probably serve you. But you are no man if the fear of ridicule, or curses, or desertion, can turn you from the course which you believe to be right. The world will never be much the better for you. You must learn to resist them as the rock the dashing wave. You must learn to stand like a lion at bay, not fiercely, but firmly defying the curs that snarl at your heels. Or rather, you must hold on your course calmly, like the eagle when he fixes his eye on the sun and soars towards heaven, shaking detraction from you as he shakes from his feathers the sleet which cannot ruffle them; and like him, you will surmount the storm and bask in the golden sunshine. Not that I would have you scorn others, or treat their opinions with contempt; but only that, looking at the work to be done, you

should lose sight of personal consequences. You may honour man while you prove faithful to truth. You may look lovingly on others while you cleave to the right. With the highest regard for their interests, and the truest conception of their grandeur, you may resolve to act without regard to their displeasure, adopting as your motto the words of a youthful poet:

> "I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
> But in the armour of a pure intent.
> Great duties are before me, and great *aims;*
> And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
> It matters not, so that God's work is done.
> I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
> Not the applauding thunder at its heels
> Which men call fame."

I attach but little importance to, and dismiss with the briefest notice, the fallacy, now so clamorously asserted, *that religion is unfavourable to industrial pursuits.* You are aware that our secularist friends, who form themselves into societies, to secure the good of the present life by excluding all thought of another, assert that religion is inimical to industry. You hear the same thing said by some who are not secularists in name, and more often assumed than said. Among many the statement passes current for truth; and the consequence is, that Christianity is regarded with suspicion, as the enemy of the industrial classes. Now, it is surely a sufficient reply to this notion, that we can challenge men to point to any age or country which has attained to such a degree of industrial prosperity as Christianity has produced. Is it not a marvellous thing, if this system be the enemy of progress, that progress should be almost confined to the nations in which it obtains, and that the rate and extent of progress should correspond so closely to the influence which it exerts?—being

invariably greatest where Christianity has risen to the most commanding position, and its influence is most extensively and powerfully felt. The tribes that inhabit the continent of Africa have had no reason to complain of Christianity obstructing their progress; and yet we are not aware that their secular condition is greatly superior to ours. And should it be objected that these are not fair specimens of unchristianised nations, we take the most civilised that can be found, the Chinese, or the Hindoo, or the Mahomedan; and again we say, we have yet to learn that their secular affairs are more prosperous than our own. It is not among them, so far as we are aware, that art culminates in perfection, or science multiplies its discoveries, or industry erects its monuments, or commerce amasses its wealth. It is not there that men build their tubular bridges of enormous magnitude; or construct the railroad to bind together, as in a network of iron, the inhabitants of distant provinces; or make a pathway for the lightning, and send it forth to execute their errands; or collect exhibitions of the industry of all nations. And though such structures as the pyramids of Egypt may excite the wonder of the traveller, they are not the products of willing industry, but of toil wrung by oppression from the bones and sinews of slaves; and, existing for no useful purpose, they are monuments to the degradation of the many and the tyranny of the few; nor are they worthy to be compared with the wonderful productions of uncompulsory labour which are the glory of our country and of our age.

It is a spurious Christianity which is inimical to industry. Popery, with its monastic orders and priestly power, and its various holy days, is undeniably so; and there may be forms of Protestantism which are not altogether free from the charge; but it can never be fairly brought against a system which contains such a collection of industrial maxims as the book of Proverbs—a system which tells its friends that "if a

man will not work neither should he eat;" that "he who provides not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." In accordance with these maxims, Christianity makes men "diligent in business," while they are "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It does not teach that piety is to be fostered by shrinking from the engagements of life. It frowns on the cowardice which skulks into solitude. It cannot tolerate idleness. Even though the salvation of the soul be the object, it will not permit men selfishly to confine their attention to themselves, while they depend for subsistence on the industry of others. It is not the religion of the sighing sentimentalist, nor of the lazy idler, but of the manly worker. It does not teach a man to shirk duty that he may escape danger; but sends him forth into the front of the hottest battle of life, where the shafts fly thickest, and the onset is most furious, that he may fight manfully and well, with stout heart and strong arm cleave his way through difficulties, and even from the point of the sword, and from the mouth of the cannon, snatch the crown of victory. It does not say, "Flee and escape danger, shun your foes;" but, "Do, and conquer them." Of all men it commends itself most to the brave hearted and the manly—men who habitually gird themselves for the fight, and march to the arena of conflict, breathing the spirit of the poet's lines,—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present;
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

More popular than any of the foregoing, is the fallacy *that wealth is the standard of respectability*. I have no wish indiscriminately to censure the deferential treatment which wealthy men receive. I am prepared to admit that, in numerous instances, it may be well deserved. Wealth sometimes betokens the existence of meritorious qualities. It has been acquired by patient industry, or attracted by those traits of character which constitute commercial integrity; whereas poverty is, too frequently, the consequence of idleness, or extravagance, or dissipation—the man having become bankrupt in character before he became bankrupt in fortune. And we ought not to complain, but be thankful, rather, if the world has good sense enough to regard such wealth with respect, and to look with contempt, and with feelings stronger than contempt—with absolute abhorrence—on such poverty.

Nor would I complain were this all. But, alas! the world is not so discriminating in its approval. It bows down to the golden calf, no matter whose hand has moulded it, or what power has set it up. It honours wealth by whatever means acquired, and by whatever hands held, whether clean or unclean. The multitude make no inquiry into his character before they do homage to its possessor; and there are many obsequious enough to flatter him, though his conduct may deserve universal execration. You remember what honours were paid a few years ago to an adventurer who enriched himself by dishonourable practices, and what a shout of execration was raised by thousands of his dupes when the tide of fortune had turned. Almost the only favourable feature which society at that time presented, was in the merited rebuke which a por-

tion of the public press ministered to the sufferers, telling them that while the man "was accounted rich, he was flattered by all classes with an adulation the most disgusting, and all for his wealth alone; inasmuch as his admirers could not point to any noble quality of his soul, or any noble deed of his life. They did not begin to bespatter their idol until themselves and he had fallen together in the mire."*

I deem it a sure indication of the existence, in society, of a wrong state of feeling, that a degree of disgrace is attached to poverty. Wealth, we know, does not always betoken merit. In some circumstances to remain poor is a proof of integrity. And were not wealth preferred to character, a man would no more feel ashamed when he had to acknowledge his poverty, than in producing the proofs of his wealth. Until this is the case, money is overvalued; nor can I feel satisfied with the state of society until, in all our public places of resort, in all our social relations, in all our intercourse with each other, the poor shall be as much respected as the rich, and a man shall feel that his poverty is no disgrace—I do not say in reality, but in the estimation of others—that it does not lower his social *status* one iota, but that, in any company, he may stand up, and boldly, proudly as the rich, face the heavens while, with unfaltering voice, and without a blush mantling on his cheek, he fearlessly, frankly, honestly avows "I AM POOR."

I pass from this, however, to what I conceive to be the great fallacy of modern times, viz. *That to become rich is the proper object of life.*

There are comparatively few, perhaps, who would avow that this is the deliberate conviction of their judgments; but multitudes who are ashamed to acknowledge it as their belief,

* Arnot.

do, nevertheless, allow it to regulate their practice. Of how many is it true that the quality of their actions is determined by the question, How will it pay? How to become rich suddenly—is the problem which engrosses their attention; and in attempting its solution they waste their time and exhaust their energies, tax to the utmost their powers of body and mind, sacrifice health, dissolve friendships, neglect the improvement of their mental and moral nature, risk the loss of their undying souls. It is a rare thing for men to ask, on entering a business, or making choice of a profession, What opportunities shall I have of becoming wiser and better—of glorifying God and doing good to man? To the majority of mankind, such questions either do not present themselves, or they are summarily dismissed, and the preference unhesitatingly given to the pursuit which promises to conduct most suddenly and most certainly to wealth. And what an indication it is of the extent to which society is pervaded with this feeling, that we so frequently hear, without questioning the propriety of their application, the terms success or failure applied to a man's life, according as he does or does not become rich.

I am aware, that this fallacy requires delicate treatment. To indulge in undiscriminating depreciation of wealth, though easy, would not be wise. Such depreciation would only serve to elicit your merited scorn, being generally at variance with the practice of those who utter it most loudly. After all is said, we know that property is a power, and if it resemble every other in its liability to perversion, it resembles them not less in its capability of being usefully employed. Its command over the good things of this life is all but unlimited, while to every useful or godlike enterprise it is a most important auxiliary. And while earthly good so ministers to human comfort, the man is not to be censured who desires wealth for its sake; and worthy of honour is he who seeks it

for higher purposes—as a means of promoting the good of men and the glory of God.

But while admitting its utility, we protest against its being regarded as the end of life. Nay, there is a protest involved in the very terms of our admission. We speak of wealth as a means of promoting both temporal and spiritual good; and it were a sad perversion, surely, to convert a means into an end. That which is designed to minister to the comfort, and to further the purpose of your life, should never become the object to which your life is devoted. The servant of the soul must not be allowed to press the soul into its service. Good in itself, it ceases to be a good—becomes a positive curse, when, instead of serving, it assumes the mastery. Its usurpation inflicts a degradation on the soul, from which it indignantly recoils, and to which it cannot be compelled to submit without violence which proves fatal to its peace. Take the eagle which soars far above your ken and gazes with unfaltering eye on the sun's unclouded glory, and chain it to the clod; take the wild roe that bounds so gracefully over the mountains, rejoicing in its native freedom, and compel it to drag your plough,—that you may complete their happiness, by giving perfect scope to their instincts, and perfect development to their natural faculties, and the part you act is wise, and the injury you inflict not to be named, in comparison with the violence done to your heaven-born, heaven-aspiring soul, when you confine its aspirations to the acquisition of wealth, and direct to pursuits so unworthy of its nature the exercise of its wonderful powers.

We speak of the depravity of man; we laboriously attempt to prove it; and after all our attempts, it is questioned by some. I sometimes wonder if there can be a more convincing evidence of depravity than the contrast which his conduct, in this respect, presents to his capability. For, what, as one asks, is that being who toils thus incessantly and laboriously

for wealth—who makes that the end of life—who deems life a failure if that be not gained? He is an immortal being. He might aspire after an ever-enduring, ever-expanding good. His nature is allied to the nature of angels. He has a soul whose wing is scarcely inferior in strength to the seraph's, and might yet prove capable of a flight as high. The boundless universe is his proper field of discovery, nor does it afford too ample scope for the exercise of his powers. He could soar in thought above the highest world, and take his stand on the pinnacle of the universe, and while suns and systems roll in grandeur at his feet, he could levy tribute from them all. And that being, so endless in duration, so infinite in capacity, to what is he looking—what is the object of his desires and aspirations? To the starry heavens, where shine the suburban lamps of his Father's palace? To the boundless domain of this beautiful world, which is his Father's footstool? Ah! no. Not even that! It is to a handful of dust he is looking! That is the portion which he seeks! That is the object of his desires and aspirations! That seraph-like soul, like a blinded, fettered Samson, is kept grinding at Mammon's wheel? And he is an immortal being! Thought cannot set a bound to his future existence. We think of the time when the world with which he is now so much engrossed shall have become hoary with age—when its framework shall be broken, and its elements dissolved—when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise—when the last sun in the existing universe shall have set in the darkness of eternal night:—he will be living then! he will be only in the infancy of his being then! he will be looking forward to numberless ages then! And throughout that interminable existence he is capable of improvement. He might become ceaselessly wiser, nobler, better, as the ages roll. *Excelsior* might be his constant motto, and describe his eternal course. He might rise to an equality with angels, and for aught that we can tell, might far surpass them all, until in

the boundless universe he had no superior save the Infinite One. Such is the prospect which might excite his hopes,—and on what are they fixed? "Upon the molehill beneath his feet! That is his end. Everything is nought if that be gone." In that handful of earthly dust, is his soul absorbed and bound up, "so that the irretrievable loss of it, the doom of poverty, is death to him; nay, to his sober and deliberate judgment—for I have known such instances—is worse than death! And yet he is an immortal being, I repeat, and he is sent into this world on an errand. What errand? What is the great mission on which the Master of Life hath sent him here? To get riches? To amass gold coins and bank-notes? To scrape together a little of the dust of the earth, and then to lie down upon it and embrace it in the indolence of enjoyment, or the rapture of possession? O heavens! I had always thought that wealth was a means, and not an end—an instrument which a noble human being might handle, and not a heap of shining dust in which to bury himself; something that a man could drop from his hands, and still be a man—be all that ever he was, and compass all the ends that pertain to a human being."* I had thought that the noblest men had possessed but little of it, that some of them flung it away when it impeded their onward movements, trampled on and despised it. I know that some of the world's greatest benefactors—its hero reformers, who patiently toiled to discover, and bravely sought to publish, unwelcome truths—men who tower above their fellows like monuments seen from afar—the mountain peaks of humanity, whose summits first catching the sunlight of heaven, they become to the dwellers in the darkness heralds of the day—I know that some of them received but scanty wages from a world which they served so well, and that in the land which was hallowed by their tread, and blessed by their

* Dewey.

toil, they had not the breadth of a footprint which they could call their own. And I tell you, young men—prevalent Mammon-worship notwithstanding—that if you can but live as they did, though you should breathe your last on a pallet of straw, and have the prospect of your withered remains being borne to a pauper's grave, and of men sighing as they pass the spot where your ashes repose, "Poor man, his life was a failure;" if you can but live as they did, with an endeavour as earnest, and an aim as high, you will have to soothe your dying hours the noble consciousness that you have not lived in vain. Wealth has escaped you; but wealth would be worthless now. Men have been made happier and better, and their blessings will crown your memory. God has been glorified, and from thy lowly bed he beckons thee to a throne among the hierarchies of heaven, while words of approval greet thee,—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In a contemplative mind it must needs excite feelings of peculiar sadness, when, looking round on society, it perceives how, under the influence of this fallacy, *health is destroyed, and life abbreviated and rendered wretched by the too eager pursuit of riches.* I do not censure, but greatly honour the man who, to support a numerous family, without being indebted to the charity of others, to keep himself out of debt, or to meet the liabilities which he has necessarily and reluctantly incurred, will toil diligently and incessantly—work his fingers to the bone, if need be—work until his frame is prematurely bent, and toil and care anticipate time in writing wrinkles on his brow; and I can even make allowance for him, if, being more zealous than wise, his efforts overtax his strength, and his health suffer from his laudable desire to maintain his honesty and independence. There is a right brave soul in such a man which I cannot but admire—thus manfully contending with difficulties—bending his head to the storm, but

breasting it still—struggling for honour as for dear life, and risking life rather than hold it on terms which involve disgrace—content with the scantiest fare, however hardly earned, that he may be able to say, "The little that I have is my own. These hands ministered to my necessities, and to those that are with me!" All honour to that man! I would that we had millions such in this commonwealth of ours, to put to shame those beggarly poltroons, who, with strength enough to work, are content to live on alms; or, dissatisfied with the just reward of their labour, try to extort from generosity what they cannot claim from justice, foregoing their independence, and making themselves beggars for a few pence or a glass of ale! Shame upon them! They have my most unqualified and intense detestation! I had rather see a friend or son of mine starving for want, or proudly digging his own grave, than see him stooping to such mean and beggarly supplications.

But while I honour the man who toils thus that he may render to every man his due, and keep himself and family from pauperism, the case is widely different when the object of his toil is the speedy acquisition of riches. In the first case, he commands my admiration by his nobleness; in the second, I can only pity or censure him for his folly.

Try to shake off the blinding influence of custom. Leave this London, in thought, for a time, and place yourselves in some other sphere where you may survey, and, with the calmness of disinterested spectators, judge of the events which are transpiring here. Then think of the spectacle which is so frequently witnessed, of a man burdened with cares; feverish with anxiety; involving himself in engagements, the discharge of which taxes his powers to the utmost, and which, after he has done his best, are still augmenting; his mind so absorbed in business that other things cannot share his attention for an hour; labouring with body and mind until his racked brain

and shattered health demand repose; recruiting his strength only to return to the pursuits by which it is exhausted, and going on thus month after month and year after year, and not unfrequently until, the constitution sinking beneath the incessant wear and tear, death puts an end to his toil. "He is compelled to do so," you say, "to procure the means of subsistence." No. There is no necessity. It is matter of choice with him. He has, for all the wants of life, enough and to spare; but he wishes to become suddenly or immensely rich. Think of his conduct in the light of eternity—think of it in view of his nature and capabilities—think of it in the light of common sense; and does he not deserve—I say it though it must reflect on many who are accounted wise—does he not deserve to be branded as a fool? "But his object is to retire from business as soon as possible." Of course it is. "He toils thus intensely that he may the sooner enjoy ease and comfort." Yes. But how often is that intention frustrated by growing habit, or unexpected occurrences? And when he does retire, how often does shattered health disqualify him for the enjoyment of his leisure? Besides, after such an active life, inactivity is intolerable. By what means is he to relieve and enliven his retirement? "By engaging in acts of benevolence," did you say? Pshaw! he has no sympathy with them. He can deal with men on commercial principles; not otherwise. Business has long since dried up all the benevolent feeling he ever had. "Well, there are books to peruse and the works of nature to study." But then he has had no time for such pursuits hitherto; and it is too late to make a commencement now. Poor fool! I care not though he die worth a million sterling, his life is a failure. He has converted into a curse that labour which, if properly regulated, would have proved throughout life a source of enjoyment, and a discipline for the higher duties and privileges of the life that is to come.

But melancholy as it is to see health destroyed in the

pursuit of riches, it is still more melancholy, and excites in me a deeper sadness, when I think how *noble intellects are sacrificed at Mammon's shrine.* You have seen a young mother gazing with all a mother's fondness on the babe lying in placid slumber on her knee. It is her own babe —her first child—the first in which she has seen blended with her own the features of its father. No child in the world is so lovely or so dear. Richer she, as she presses it to her breast, than misers with all their gold or kings upon their thrones. You have seen how eagerly she gazed into its eyes for some signs of dawning intelligence, and observed her pleasure when she caught the first glance of recognition, when the soft smile told her that her loving look was perceived and understood, and that the tones of her voice had power to soothe or to charm—told her, in fact, that there was intellect budding in that tiny form, that those eyes would sparkle with intelligence yet, and those lips utter wisdom. But perhaps you have not seen, and cannot imagine her troubled and anxious expression when those signs of intelligence did not appear—how eagerly she scanned those features, and watched the lights and shades that were passing there—how she hoped against hope as long as she might—how she put the best construction on the most dubious symptoms, and then feared that her maternal affection had made her too sanguine, while the truth which she suspected, but yet dared not acknowledge, calling into exercise the mother's pity as well as the mother's fondness, rendered the little one almost doubly dear. And when at length the truth could no longer be questioned, when there were unmistakable symptoms of idiocy, when the lack-lustre eye, and the blank expression, and the drooping lip, told her that her child would never pronounce its mother's name—that she would never be amused by its prattle and its play—that it would continue throughout life little better than a thing—that the soul had no means of

communication with the external world, but must remain entombed in the body as in a living grave,—ah! when that truth was forced upon her mind, what fond hopes were crushed and blasted!—how desolate she felt under her irreparable loss! What would she not give to awaken that dormant intellect! Were the wealth of the Indies laid at her feet, were the treasures of the world hers, she would give them all to kindle a spark of intelligence in her child. And you think her right. There is no mother, among the small proportion of females which I see in this audience, who thinks otherwise. Every one of you, if placed in her position, would feel and act just like her. You would think no price too great to be paid—all the world, and worlds upon worlds, would you throw into the scale, only let that child look on you with an intelligent eye, and address you with an intelligent voice—only let it appear not a thing simply, but a man, a budding, developing man, with reason in its seat, and a heart capable of all the sympathies and emotions of humanity;—you would give all the world, worlds upon worlds would you give for that.

Society, when its sounder judgment is appealed to, and when its voice can be heard above the clamour of the arena on which men contend for riches, confirms the mother's natural and instinctive preference of intellect to wealth. While in the intercourse of daily life, on the exchange, among the obsequious and the mean, by the slaves of conventionalism, money is more respected than intelligence; and while even in the church of Christ the power of the purse is sometimes permitted to lord it over thought, and Mammon, in the persons of those who have no other qualification than their property, is sometimes requested to occupy the seat of honour,—there are great principles operating in the heart of society, notwithstanding, and gradually avenging themselves for their temporary dethronement. The well-filled purse may for a

time occupy a higher place than the well-stored mind; but their positions are being surely though slowly reversed. Milton and Shakespeare, I apprehend, were not the lions of their day. They produced but little sensation, and received but little flattery, compared with the millionaires of their time. But who knows the names of those millionaires now? It is the poet's statue that now fills the place of honour; his is the bust around which the nation twines its laurels, and his the name that thrills the nation's heart. And notwithstanding the too great neglect of intelligence in our day, when an intellect is sufficiently commanding to make its voice heard above its fellows, and, speaking in tones of human sympathy, as well as giving utterance to great thoughts, stirs other hearts, and quickens other minds, immediately every voice sounds its praise, and the most inveterate worshippers of Mammon are constrained to do it honour. As—

"When the great Corsican from Elba came,
The soldiers sent to take him bound or dead,
Were struck to statues by his kingly eyes:
He spoke—They broke their ranks, they clasped his knees,
With tears, along a cheering road of triumph,
They bore him to a throne;—"

so when a man of commanding intellect speaks, though he make war on their prejudices, tell them of their duties, and rebuke them for their faults, even the most worldly are constrained to acknowledge his kingliness, and bear him in triumph to a throne—a recognition, as I take it, of the immeasurable superiority of intellect over wealth, and an earnest of the high estimation in which it shall ultimately be held.

But while this is the case, it is all the more lamentable to see men pursuing wealth so eagerly, that the cultivation of their intellect is necessarily, and except for the purposes of business, altogether neglected; commencing life with a

determination to become rich, to acquire as much wealth as they can, but with no resolution to become wise, to acquire as much knowledge as they can; as if they were not superior to the things which they handle—the man to the matter of the earth. They pursue their course, they gain their object, they rise to affluence perhaps; but the mind, the thinking principle, the glory of man, that which the mother would purchase at such a price for her imbecile child, that which in its highest form commands the homage of mankind, is starved and wrapped in darkness. Except for the purposes of business, they might as well have no mind, for it is never exercised. For them there might as well be no universe to investigate, no sources of knowledge to explore, for they excite no inquiry. There might as well be no beauty in the flower, for they perceive it not; no majesty in the waves of ocean, no sublimity in the glorious aspects of nature, no grandeur in the starry heavens, for they admire them not. There might as well be no skill displayed in the processes of nature, for they do not study them; no lessons in the history of states and empires, for they do not understand them. Thinkers might as well never have placed their thoughts on record, or poets published their glorious conceptions, for they do not appreciate them. They might as well have no Bible, for they never read it. For them, in so far as the exercise of the mind is concerned, there might as well be no God, for they have no desire to know him. Oh, would it not be better, than thus to toil for a fortune—would it not be better to improve one's own nature? Instead of exhausting your energies for the little property you are able to acquire, would it not be better so to improve your mind as to make all nature your tributary—to feel that you have dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and over all material things, because they all minister to your instruction and profit? Instead of making it the object of your ambition to say of a

few thousand pounds, "These are mine;" would it not be better to fit yourselves for soaring to the heavens, and sweeping in thought over all the worlds that the eye can see, or the telescope discover, or far as the imagination of man can go, and feeling that in the highest sense—as regards the lofty thought and the profound emotion which they excite—These are yours? To be the virtual heir of the universe—to investigate and enjoy, though you do not possess it; or to be the reputed, though not the real heir, of a few thousand pounds—to possess though you do not enjoy them;—which is to be preferred? I do not say that the two are incompatible; I believe that a man may improve his mind while he provides things honest for himself and his household; but if we must decide between the two, I do not hesitate to say, that the student who spends his days in poverty, that he may exercise his mental powers in investigating the wonderful works of God, acts an infinitely wiser part than he who neglects the cultivation of his intellect for the purpose of augmenting his earthly possessions.

But it is most deplorable of all to see men, under the influence of this fallacy, pursuing wealth at the risk, and almost with the certainty, of incurring all that suffering which is involved in the loss of the soul. I say nothing at present of the manner in which character is sometimes bartered for gain, nor of the folly which such barter displays, since character, far more than circumstances, determines whether we shall be happy or miserable. I speak only of what must necessarily flow from an exclusive pursuit of the world, on the principle that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Even though honesty and integrity are maintained, this principle renders the loss of the soul certain, when men live only for this world. Acting only with reference to it, making it the object of all their desires and aspirations, they can no more hope for an inheritance in the world to come, than

they can hope to reap a harvest where they have sown no seed, or to receive wages where they have performed no labour.

But that world concerns them most; the period of their sojourn here is but a small space on the scale of their existence. It is there they must find their home. This life is but the first step in their course through endless ages. Though prolonged to the greatest age allotted to man, how short it is compared with the coming eternity! Think how many generations, all as eager and as busy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and think how soon the present generation must follow. To the departed what a small matter it is now how they fared, or what they possessed here; and what a small matter it will be to those who are now living, a hundred years hence! When that aching head and those toiling hands are mouldering in the dust, with what feeling will they look back on their present life? Many are gone, and many are going, to whom it will appear, in the retrospect, as a feverish dream of which they cannot think but with horror: alas! not a dream, but a dreadful reality, as regards its painful results; but a dream—a dream of madness, as regards the erroneous estimate which was formed of the world, and the eagerness with which it was pursued—a wilful waking dream—a dream in which the man thought himself safe though treading the verge of a precipice, and from which he was only roused by his fall—a dream in which he followed the guidance of a disordered fancy, when his position required the most deliberate exercise of the judgment—a dream in which he snatched at a worthless bauble which perished in his grasp, and then awoke to discover that he had lost the opportunity of securing an inestimable treasure! Deplorable is his condition who is the subject of such reflections. And desirous as I am that they should never be yours, so earnestly would

I pray that, in the morning of your life, you may have grace to spurn and detest a fallacy productive of such deplorable results.

There are other fallacies which I might have noticed, but as they are of such importance that a separate lecture would be necessary for their proper treatment, and as the evening is so far advanced, I shall not encroach farther on your time. Permit me to close by expressing the hope that though mine has been a humble, it may not prove a profitless task. I have not attempted to discuss a subject, nor to describe a character, nor even to construct an essay for your entertainment, but to give utterance, with brotherly frankness, to a few cautions, which I thank you for having received with more than brotherly candour and cordiality. Like a small pilot boat I have gone before you to take soundings, planting here a buoy and there a beacon light, to warn you off the sunken rock or the treacherous shoal, that your nobler barques may proceed with greater safety on the voyage of life. My aim has been the useful, and happy shall I be should the issue prove that I have been, even in the smallest degree, successful in its promotion. This I know, that whether or not the lecture has tended to your profit, it has been greatly conducive to my pleasure. I cannot but feel it a happiness and an honour to have an opportunity of rendering even the humblest service to such an assembly as this. Noble vessels are ye all, laden with a precious freight; some of finer build than others, and bearing a loftier sail; capable of outliving a fiercer storm, and of sailing with greater speed; but noble vessels all of you. Ye are God's workmanship; and if ye have but God's Spirit for your pilot, God's word for your chart, God's truth for your compass, and the shores of immortality for your goal, the voyage of your life will have a glorious termination. It may be a stormy voyage to some of you. With rent sail and broken spars ye may enter the haven. But the storm will only waft you more swiftly on your way, and render more delightful, by

contrast, the calm that succeeds. God speed you, my brothers, and bear you safely onward, until your "prow shall grate the golden isles," and your anchor shall be cast in some fair haven of the better land. There faithful labour shall reap an abundant reward :

"There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care ;
The victors there shall share the spoil,
They reign and triumph there."

Ragged Schools.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

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RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In the providence of God a man's destiny—his path in life, like the course of a river—may be determined by very trivial circumstances; of which, so far as he has pled and served the cause of Ragged Schools, he who has the honour to address this assembly is an example. My first interest in that subject was awakened by a picture in an old, obscure, decayed burgh, that stands on the shores of the Firth of Forth. Some years ago, accompanied by a friend, I had made a pilgrimage to the place, not certainly attracted to it by its beauty, for it has none. It has little trade. In a deserted harbour, and silent streets, and old houses, some of them nodding to their fall, it bears all the marks of decay. But more fortunate than some other towns along that shore, from whose harbours commerce has ebbed since our union with England, one circumstance has redeemed it from obscurity, and will embalm its name to latest ages: it was the birth-place of the greatest, and wisest, Scotchman of our age —Thomas Chalmers.

In the parlour of an inn there, the walls of which were adorned with shepherdesses in their bloom, and sailors in their holiday attire, we found a subject more interesting than these in the picture I have referred to. Some skipper, the captain of one of the few barques which still trade be-

tween that once busy port and England, had probably brought it to the town. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself; spectacles on nose; an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth, indicating great determination of character; and, from beneath his bushy eyebrows, benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around the busy cobbler. Interested by this scene, we turned from the picture to the inscription below, and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin, on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts; how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge; and how, looking for no fame, no recompense, no reward from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin, and saved to society, no fewer than *five hundred* children.

I confess that I felt humbled; I felt ashamed of myself. I, and so might others, stood reproved for the little I had done, and astonished at this man's achievement. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it—"That man is an honour to humanity: has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!" His history, which I happened afterwards to see, I found animated by the spirit of Him who, "when he saw the multitude, had compassion on them." Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at any rate, he was ingenious; and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged

urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato. He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato; and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot, and a coat as ragged as his own. When the day arrives which shall give "honour to whom honour is due," I can in fancy see the crowd of those whose fame the Muse has sung, and to whose memory monuments of marble have been raised, dividing like a mighty wave, and, as he passes the great ones of the earth, this poor, obscure, old man stepping out before them all, to receive a crown from Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." I hold it a blessed providence that this cause was neither cradled in palace nor lordly mansion, but began with a man so poor as this humble cobbler; because, I think that the higher classes of society have their full share of honours, and I like to see the common people, in such noble causes, rising to divide these honours with them. I like to see such illustrations of what I know to be the fact, that "the poor are often the poor's best friends;" and to any one who loves mankind, and honours worth in whomsoever it is found, it is refreshing to see our princes, prelates, dukes, earls, and ladies and gentlemen proud, in such a cause, to walk at the old cobbler's heels, while the five hundred whom he saved sing the brave words of Burns,

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp;"
> "The *Man's* the gowd for a' that."

But I have another and a better reason for rejoicing that, in God's providence, this cause began with such a man as John Pounds. Thousands have time, talent, money; he had not. "Though dead, he yet speaketh;" and who shall gainsay the speech I put in that old, dead, cobbler's mouth? "If

I, without name, without influence, without wealth, with the sweat of labour standing on my brow, earning by these hands my daily bread,—if I could do, and by God's help have done this, you can do as much. Go, then, and do likewise."

This man, John Pounds, whom we now leave in his humble, but honoured grave, has won for England one of the brightest gems in her crown. To her—at least to an Englishman—belongs the honour of having headed this noble enterprise; and to Scotland—a circumstance, you may be sure, a Scotchman won't forget—belongs the honour of plucking the standard from that dead man's hand, and planting it, and unfurling it, before the broad eye of humanity. When John Pounds found no successor in England, there rose up one north of the Border, in the form of my friend Sheriff Watson. He established, in the city of Aberdeen, the first public Ragged School. This cause,—like a handful of corn on the top of the mountains, that, shaken and scattered by the winds of heaven, spreads from valley to valley, and hill to hill,—has, within a few years, so extended itself, that Ragged Schools are springing up in every town, and now London, in one shape or other, boasts no less than one hundred and thirty of them.

Having given honour to whom honour is due, let us now, as if our subject were some bodily malady, attend first to the features of the disease, and then to the character of the cure: the one will demonstrate the need of Ragged Schools, the other their efficacy.

Reasoning from statistics which I have collected, it could be shown—indeed it could be demonstrated—that there is not a town within our shores, with a population of five or six thousand people, but the elements of a Ragged School are there—lying away back, behind, in closes, courts, lanes, alleys, to be dug up from beneath the stratum of its decent society, in the children of the debased and drunkards. Beer-shops

and gin-palaces are manufactories of rags; not where rags are taken in to be converted into a snow-white fabric on which you may write letters of God's love and truth; but where the good broad cloth of humanity is taken in to be torn into shreds. The reason is obvious. Gentlemen may, but working men cannot, support both their vices and their families; they are like one who swims for life with the cup in this hand and a child in that. If he would keep his head above water, one or other he must drop, one or other must go to the bottom; and we know too well how, instead of casting from him that accursed cup, it can so poison his nature, so petrify his heart, make such a monster of him of whom God made a man, that the tears, and pleading looks, and drowning cries of his own flesh and blood neither melt nor move him. And thus, wherever you have dram-shops, you have drunkenness; wherever you have drunkenness, you have destitution; wherever you have destitution, the materials of a Ragged School are to be found for the seeking.

Leaving small towns for large ones, I might show you by statistics how we have arrived at the conclusion that, in these, there are many thousands whose case can only be met by Ragged Schools,—untold multitudes of innocent, ignorant, suffering, starving children, who are doomed to ruin, whose presence among us is a daily pain, and a burning shame, and whose existence in this world of misery and mystery is, to use the words of Foster, "a calamity most deeply to be deplored." Death is their best and kindest friend. Terrible as it is to say so, I have looked with unmingled satisfaction on the emaciated form, at rest in its rude and humble coffin, and thought of the touching words of Burns:—

> "There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
> There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
> The day is aye fair, Jean,
> In the land o' the leal."

The winter wind blew chill through the broken panes: it feels no cold now. Done with cold, done with hunger, it shall tremble no more at a father's step; a mother's cruelty shall never hang another tear on the lashes of those closed eyes. In Death, grim and ghastly as he looks to others, God has sent an angel to take away that child from an evil world, and lay it in Jesus' bosom: it has escaped as a bird from the fowler's snare; and we could fancy we heard it singing as it soared away through the skies to heaven.

I could give you statistics to prove that this is no exaggeration; but, instead of serving up a dish of dry facts and figures, which, like one of bones, it were hard to chew, and still more difficult to digest, let me conduct you up the High-street of Edinburgh into our own School. It stands close under the guns of the castle—not an inappropriate locality, since we think it a better defence against internal, than our own romantic castle would now prove against Russian or other foes—above its low-browed iron gateway, and on the half-moon battery, that has its flag-staff and banner. Ours is above the doorway—it is a trophy we won in a battle waged with the Papists and their allies. They sought to restrain the unfettered use of God's word. We believed that to be vital to its success, that it was—and was, therefore, to be defended as—the key, the Hougomont of our position. In the city where John Knox had preached; close by the spot where the heroes of the covenant had sung their last psalm, and on the scaffold, as on the battle field, quitted them like men; but separated by a narrow valley from the churchyard, where out of their graves they seemed to cheer on to the fight, and call us to be sons worthy of our sires—on that which I call consecrated ground, it was not likely that we would own the power of priests, or bend to Rome. We won a glorious victory; and as well to celebrate that as to announce the principles on which our schools were to be con-

ducted, we have set an open Bible above our doorway, with the motto carved on its stony leaves, "Search the Scriptures." In this school we have about three hundred children; they come to us in the morning and remain with us till night; they receive three meals a-day; they are instructed in the word of God; they are educated in the ordinary branches of knowledge; they are trained to industrial occupations; and these wild elements are subdued, turned into most docile pupils, by an instrument far more potent than a rod,—the gentle, but omnipotent, power of kindness.

Having spent some seven years of my life among the poorest of the poor and the worst of the bad, and having explored the homes and histories of such unhappy children, when I see them in our school, I know better than many why they might sing, "Thou hast brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and hast set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." And it may awaken your interest in these schools, as it must convince you of the need of them, to read this table, which describes the parentage of these children, the rock out of which they were hewn, and the hole of the pit out of which they were dug:—

	Boys.	Girls.	Infants.	Total.
Children—				
With both parents dead	4	4	1	9
With only the father dead . . .	44	33	36	113
With only the mother dead . . .	16	9	14	39
Deserted by parents	5	6	9	20
With one or both parents transported	3	1	4	8
Fatherless, with drunken mother .	11	7	12	30
Motherless, with drunken father .	9	3	3	15
With both parents worthless . .	34	7	24	65
Who have been beggars	56	18	30	104
Who have been in the police office	40	8	4	52
Who have been in jail	8	...	...	8
Known as children of thieves . .	18	10	34	62
Believed to be children of thieves	10	5	6	21
Average number lodged	...	...	...	40

There is a prophet's roll written without and within, with lamentation, mourning, and woe. But let us draw a little nearer and examine the subject in some of its details. Take this case for example as illustrating the state of those deserted by parents. Many years ago, having heard of the scenes which the police office presented by night, I went there with one of my elders, who was a Commissioner of Police. In a room, hung with bunches of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, and other implements of housebreaking, sat the lieutenant of the watch, who, seeing me handed in at the midnight hour, by a police officer and a police commissioner, looked much surprised. Satisfying him that there was no misdemeanor, we proceeded to visit the wards, and among other sad and miserable objects, saw a number of children, houseless and homeless, who sought, and found, a shelter there for the night; in this respect like Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"—they "had no where to lay their head." Cast out in the morning, and living as they best could during the day, this wreck of society, like the *wrack* of the shore, came drifting in again at evening tide. On looking down from a gallery upon an open space, where five or six human beings were stretched on the stone pavement buried in slumber, and right before the stove, its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child. He attracted my particular attention. He was thinly, miserably clad; he seemed about eight years old; he had the sweetest face I ever saw; his bed was the pavement, his pillow was a brick; and as he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrows, he might have served a painter for a picture of injured innocence. His story was sad, not singular. He knew neither father nor mother, brother nor friend in the wide world; his only friends were the police, his only home, their office. How he lived they did not know; but there he was at night; the stone by the stove was a better bed than the steps of a cold stair. There were no Ragged Schools then;

and ere any such harbours of refuge had been opened on this stormy shore, that boy, tossed on the tumultuous sea of human passions and temptations, without any strong, kind, hand to guide the helm, had too probably become a miserable and melancholy wreck; left by a society more criminal than he, to become a criminal, and then punished for his fate, not his fault.

There is another class in that table who are entered as fatherless with a drunken mother. Let me lift the curtain from their condition, and leave you to judge what instrumentality can reach and save them but a Ragged School. Let me now conduct you to the Horse Wynd, a steep narrow street; once, when Edinburgh was a walled city, the principal thoroughfare from the south; and where, in the days of our grandfathers, the great, if not the noble, resided. They tell of a lady, once a resident in the Horse Wynd, so punctilious in matters of etiquette, that she must ride out to dinner in her chariot, although the horses' heads, when she entered the carriage, were at the door of the house where she was to dine. These dwellings still stand, with their grand and ample staircases, up which you might march a troop of soldiers; with heavy solid marble flanking the handful of cinders over which poverty now sits shivering; with angels and heathen gods looking grimly down from the ceiling on a wretched group stretched beneath their rags on a corner of the floor, that once shook to dances and dancers that have all passed away. These dwellings are now the homes of the poorest of the poor. In one we found a mother with some half naked children around her, and in her arms a yellow, sallow, sickly, skeleton infant. Engaged in pastoral visits from house to house, we spoke to this woman of her soul, and warned her against the vice to which we knew she was addicted: and doing so, were often interrupted by the infant in her arms, looking in its mother's face and pulling her dishevelled hair. It was ever

addressing her with a pitiful moan and wail, and we at length asked what it said. That woman was a drunkard; yet, like wall flowers clinging to a ruin and breathing fragrance on it, some of her better nature still survived. She burst into tears, and said — "It is asking for bread, and I have none to give it." I had often seen death, but never famine before; and now, shocked to read it in the emaciated forms and hollow cheeks of those children, one of them was despatched for a loaf of bread. Now, I have been in a menagerie when the wild beasts were fed; I have seen the lion, the tiger, the lank and hungry wolf fall fiercely on their evening meal; but never more keenly, with more voracity and avidity, than these human creatures on that bread. These are the homes out of which we draft our recruits: these are the children whom we embrace; and few things are more pleasant than to see how soon, amid the light, and love, and knowledge of our Asylum, they lose that sad and suffering look; they grow merry as crickets, sharp as needles, playful as kittens, cheerful as larks; and how the porridge lights the dull eye, fills up the hollow cheek, and rounds off the angles of starvation into plumpness and flowing lines of grace and beauty.

One other class only we would select, and lift for an instant the veil from their sorrows and misery. You will observe we have in the table, sixty-five with both parents worthless; and although I could furnish you cases, not one iota in some respects behind the following, let me for variety's sake give you a case as related by Mr. Clay, a most distinguished philanthropist, and chaplain to the Preston jail. The boy, whose case he tells, was eleven years of age; and while he had been three times in jail, he had a brother, who, but ten years old, had been four times there, and on the last of these occasions was committed to seven days' imprisonment for the very heinous offence of sleeping out. Poor fellow!

No wonder that he slept out—the winter night was less cold, the frozen ground less hard, than the hearts at home. "My father," said the boy to Mr. Clay, "kept a jerry shop; he was drunk nearly every night. My mother died through his beating her. It was not long before he got wed again; the woman's name was Aggy Stevenson. My father then gave over drinking a bit, but soon began again. He was a porter at a railway station, and came home drunk when he got paid on Friday night; and then he took James and me, and said he would take us to the canal and drown us." He attempted it: with these two trembling boys, one in each hand, that monster walked out beneath God's blessed sky to perpetrate this horrid crime, and but for a woman whom God had sent there to fish them out, he had done the deed. And where was the woman, that she, although a step-mother, did not step between him and this deed, dare the savage to do his worst, and tell him that over her mangled, murdered body he must drag these victims to their death? Was she dead? No; for the sake of humanity, not even dead drunk; but cool and calm, with a heart within her that had rung to the stroke like a nether millstone, had we tried it on that table. If, since the days demons first looked out of human eyes, and expressed the thoughts of hell in human speech, there was ever one whom devil's hand might have baptised by the name of Legion, it was she. She stirred not; lifting neither her head nor hand, she looked on these two trembling children in the grasp of that drunken savage, and with a cool, calm, calculating, matchless malignity, but said, "If you are going to drown them, you may as well leave their shoes for Johnny." To such mothers, unless you help us, you leave these children.

Now, without extending our illustrations of the misery which these children are doomed to suffer, I will first say, that the old system which regarded them as subjects of punishment instead of objects of pity, was an outrage as

great on justice as humanity. No doubt, where crime is committed, there must always be a criminal—and I am not here objecting to punishment, although I believe that whatever terror it may strike into others, mere merciless punishment neither does, nor can do, good to the party punished. Unless they are convinced that the rod is wielded by the hand of love, men are not to be beaten into virtue. Man's heart is like a bar of iron; the fire must go before the hammer. Bury it in the glowing coal, penetrate it with the softening elements of love, it bends to the blow, and receives its shape at your hand. Not so the cold iron; no, nor the cold hearts—the more they are hammered, the more they are hardened. It is not to the punishment of crime I object, but to the punishment of another than the veritable criminal. And when a poor, shoeless, shirtless, starved, untaught, and uncared for creature, whose head hardly reaches the bar, and who has to be set upon it that the twelve grave jurymen may see the object of legal vengeance, is tried and condemned according to forms of law, the whole scene revolts us. Do men ask, is crime to go unpunished? I say, no. But produce me the real criminal, and if you do not find the offender in court among the audience, in that hard and scowling ruffian,—in that woman who sits with bloated face watching the proceedings,—in the father or mother who compelled their child to steal, then, perhaps, you may find him in more respectable society. Among the guardians of the poor, the priests of religion, the ministers of state, your senators, your fat and well-fed citizens, your ladies and gentlemen, who saw that child lying in the gutter, perishing before their eyes, nor made one effort to save him. In the sight of God and man, these, not he, are amenable, and must answer for it at the bar when the question shall be asked, "Where is thy brother Abel?"

Nor is there one here, let me add, who knows these things,

and does nought to help them, who can raise his hands and say, "These hands are clean." If that poor child who stares like a wild beast at all that array of justice, who cannot read a letter of your laws, does not know the name of the reigning Sovereign, does not know the name even of a Saviour, never heard but in a curse the name of God, and who has yet within him undeveloped an intellect as divine and a heart as kindly as your own, knew his rights and wrongs enough, he would turn round on the hounds of justice, and stand at bay like a hunted deer; the assailed would become the assailant, the accused start up into the accuser; and, raising his emaciated arm in an appeal to high heaven, he would summon that court to the bar of God's righteous judgment, and, standing both on his wrongs and his rights, he would fling back your mercy, and demand justice at your hands. Jeremy Bentham says truly, that the poor would need less charity if they got more justice. In times gone by, what iniquities have been perpetrated in our courts of justice; and on other days as well as that when, in your merry England some hundred years ago, they led out a boy and girl, the one ten, the other twelve years of age, and hung these infants up in the face of the sun, what crimes have, not been expiated, but perpetrated on our scaffolds!

Those days are happily gone by; ragged schoolmen are conducting the nation on a better, cheaper, kinder, holier course. We have entered on a career which, however, will never be followed out to all its ultimate and blessed consequences till the State take the matter up, and over-riding those passions and prejudices which both in ecclesiastical bodies and political factions now obstruct the progress of universal knowledge, charge itself with the duty of seeing that no child within its borders be allowed to grow into a man without having received the benefits of education. We are the pioneers of this great movement, and our success warrants us to insist on this demand. As Chalmers used to say, our

scheme is not now a matter of experiment, but experience. Our vocation has been to pull the oars, to ascend the river, to take soundings, to lay down the buoys, to mark out the channel, and now we signal the ship which lies in the offing to weigh her anchor and follow in our wake. We have proved that these rags may be converted into the finest paper; and imitating nature, which forms marble out of broken shells, diamonds from the material of coal, the finest perfume of flowers from rottenness and decay—we have taken the refuse sweepings and offscourings of our streets, and a little skill and much kindness have converted them into good Christians, honest and useful members of society. In proof of this, let me read the following table:—

	1847	1848	1849	1850	1851	1852	1853	1854	Total.
Numbers sent to situations......	35	45	50	50	36	26	39	48	329

I will not trespass further on your time than to observe that we have found fully as great a proportion of these children conduct themselves well and honestly and virtuously, as you will find in any other class of society. We have, by our own efforts, and God's blessing, turned into useful citizens more than three hundred children, at an expense of £6,000, who would, as criminals, when the State was done with them, have cost her nearly £100,000. Even on the low ground of pounds, shillings, and pence, these schools claim the public support; but when you think of the vices and miseries from which these children are rescued, the virtues and blessings, present and future, temporal and eternal, to which our schools are their introduction, their value is beyond figures to calculate, or language to express.

If the tree be known by its fruit, there are no institu-

tions in our country that can bear the palm from these Ragged Schools. These, and the corresponding tables of other schools, demonstrate their success; but leave these children in the miserable condition in which we find them, and we may ask with your English poet,—

"'Can hope look forward to a manhood rais'd
On such foundations?'
'Hope is none for him,'
The pale recluse indignantly exclaim'd;
'And tens of thousands suffer wrongs as deep.
At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts,
And tottering hovels, whence do issue forth
A ragged offspring, with their upright hair
Crowned like the image of fantastic Fear;
Or wearing—shall we say?—in that white growth,
An ill adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sunburnt brows
By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their lips;
Naked and coloured like the soil, the feet
On which they stand, as if thereby they drew
Some nourishment, as trees do by their roots,
From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay;
But outstretched hand
And whining voice denote them suppliants
For the least boon that pity can bestow.'"

Notwithstanding the amazing success with which God has crowned our efforts, the claims which these children have on our pity, the danger to which the State is exposed by having such elements of vice, and ignorance, and confusion within its bosom, and the clamant necessity not only of maintaining our ground, but of pushing forward and advancing this cause, till, as the governor of our prison in Edinburgh said, a Ragged School is established in almost

every street of the lower districts of our cities,—I have serious fears that in the present state of the nation this cause may be lost sight of; and that in fighting with foes without, we may forget that in ignorance and intemperance we have far more formidable foes within our walls.

I have always thought that the miserable state in which we found society was due, not so much to the culpable negligence of preceding generations as to the circumstance that for a long period of years the interests of the country, its money, its means, were absorbed in war. The voice of suffering humanity was drowned by the roar of cannon; and the experience of the past has always led me to fear that such causes as those of Temperance, Education, and Ragged Schools, would not grow green and vigorous amid the smoke of battle—would wither, when watered by tears and blood. I dread, therefore, the prolongation of this war; not that I have any fears for the issue, or that either French or English shall ever fail to earn the fame won by my own countrymen on the field of Balaklava, when, tried as troops had never been before, the thin red line of tartan stood unbroken, and the despatch of our gallant allies proclaimed to the world that "the Scotch stood firm." God send a safe, speedy, honourable peace, and may he scatter the nations that delight in war! And, any way, let it be our resolution, while we back our gallant men who are fighting on that foreign field the grand battle of the world's liberty, that we shall not relax our efforts, but tax them to the utmost to deliver many at home from a dominion worse than that of Russian despotism, from an ignorance deep and degrading as that of Russian serfs, and, I will add, after reading the harrowing and heart-rending details of the trenches and tented fields, from sufferings as bitter as any which war entails.

One turns with horror from that cottage by the Danube where the Cossack has left the bloody traces of his savage

cruelty, and to which God led the steps of some of our countrymen. The unoffending peasant lies dead, struck dead on his own floor; beside him, a woman, his wife, in a pool of blood; by her, a living boy of some five years old, stands petrified with terror; and on her bosom, seeking life at that broken cistern, an infant is suckling, with its little arm pierced by the bullet that has passed through its mother's throat. Such is war: there are things at home, to humanity, to religion, still more repulsive. I have seen them. For myself, I would sooner see a mother dead, and the living babe trying to draw nourishment from her cold breast, than a living mother who trains her boy for the gallows, her daughter to a life of infamy, as dead to the sufferings, the best interests, the eternal welfare of her own flesh and blood as that poor dead mother on the Danube to the wail of her orphan infant; or a living father, who, so he got his damning drink, cared no more for what befell his children than the murdered peasant who died as a man should die in defending his hearth and home. I know, because I have seen it, that our soldiers are suffering nothing worse before Sebastopol than poor, helpless, innocent children have to endure day by day, and night by night, close by our own doors, in your St. Giles', and our Cowgate and Grassmarket.

Now, if, by a lamentable necessity, we are compelled to inflict the horrors of war upon others abroad, we should be all the more anxious to relieve our unoffending and innocent sufferers at home. And if we must cut down a man made in God's image with one hand, all the more reason for us to employ the other in works of highest and holiest humanity; and amid the fierce excitement of these days, to emulate the philanthropy of a nobleman, a son of Scotland, who proved on earlier battlefields that a gallant soldier could be a generous man, and that beneath a red coat, as much as beneath a black coat, a heart might beat and glow with the warmest kindness. The illustration I refer to happened in the Peninsula. A

division of our army, compelled to retire before superior forces, hastened to place a river between them and the enemy: the last troop had swam the stream; the bugles were sounding; and they were about to press over the high ground, when, looking across to the bank which they had left, and which was already occupied by the French sharpshooter, they saw a woman.* In the confusion she had been left behind. And there she stood, stretching out her arms in dumb appeal; for her cries were lost in the roar of the flood, and the louder roar of rattling musketry. What was to be done? Who will venture his life for that woman's? Suddenly the ranks opened, and out sprang an officer; he spurred his horse into the tide, and, many a rifle levelled at his gallant breast, stemming the flood, he made his way across under a shower of bullets. God was his buckler on that mission of humanity. He reaches the shore, swung the woman on his saddle-bow, and turning his horse's head, plunges again into the flood, not now, however, to ride that road of death. The French, then our enemies, now our gallant allies, having seen his object, dropped the musket to echo the cheers that rose from the British lines as he bore back that living trophy of his noble gallantry. And if that man, noble by title, and nobler still by nature, did not forget, even in such an hour, that while there to slay, he was also there to save, shall we not hear, amid the distant roar of battle, the cries of those that are perishing at our feet? While Britain rises in her colossal might, to stretch one arm across the Atlantic, that she may break the chain of the slave, and another across Europe, that she may break the yoke of the despot, let us reclaim our outcasts at home, no longer give the slaveholders of the West and the tyrant of the East occasion to sneer at our inconsistency, to sting us with the speech, "Physician, heal thyself."

* She was the wife of a common soldier.

I am persuaded that much of men and women's indifference to this cause arises, not so much from want of humanity as want of thought; and if I have succeeded in awakening your interest, and interesting your exertions in a cause so worthy of them, I shall have blessed others, and you also, in saving you from reflections and a remorse thus powerfully expressed by the author of the "Song of the Shirt":—

"Alas! I have walked through life,
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts,
And ate whatever is good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood:
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I drest as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold:
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold!

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

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Man and his Masters.

A LECTURE

BY

JOHN B. GOUGH, ESQ.,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, 1854.

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MAN AND HIS MASTERS.

THE subject that has been appointed for me to speak upon is one that is very, very suggestive. It seems as if a mine of thought was opened before us; and I hardly know where to begin, or what to say. I have not come before you to give you a literary entertainment or an intellectual feast. I have come before you, young men, to say something, if I may be able, God helping me, to inspire you with some higher idea of the dignity of your manhood than you had when you came into the house.

"Man and his masters!" What is man as God has made him—the Triune God—giving him a body fearfully and wonderfully made, and which he alone can purify, till it shall be the fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; a mind capable of appreciating the greatness of the infinite God in the atoms through the microscope, and in the rolling worlds through the telescope; and a soul capable of loving him, "and with the strong wings of faith and love building its nest under the very eaves of heaven!" Man, standing up in the godlike attitude of a man, lifting his forehead to the stars—to whom power and dominion have been given—who has been crowned nature's king; man, with the faculty of looking right up into the heavens; man, with a destiny set before him vast as eternity and large as infinity; man, glorious in the image

of God, what is he, fallen and debased as he is by sin? As he stands upright in the freedom and the dignity of his manhood, he is a glorious being, but "little lower than the angels;" but, in the weakness of his humanity, he is exposed to influences which may debase him below the level of the brute creation. The very gifts and endowments which dignify his nature may be the sources of his degradation. Man, glorious man, may live only as a minister of evil. Man born for immortality, may find his end in "the blackness of darkness for ever."

Then we contemplate, if you please, man and his masters. And in the whole history of the world, how have we seen man, glorious man, debasing himself to servitude! What servitude! We pity the abject beings who are reduced to slavery by the power of a master: oh! how we pity them! How the flood of our sympathy seems to pour forth in behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed! I remember how my heart ached, in going down the James River, and seeing a company of men—yes, but made chattels by man's agency—as they clustered together on the forward deck of the canal boat. They were singing in a low tone, and I came up near them. It was one of those Negro refrains. One of them said, "Whar we going? Whar we going?" The other said, "Ah! we're sold, we're sold, and we're going away to Alabama;" and my eyes filled with tears as I looked upon them, debased and degraded by slavery, ay, the slavery of a master. And when you hear of the wild free spirit that will not be tamed,—when you hear of the man bursting his shackles, and through trial and misfortune, and pain, and anguish, hunted, bayed at, persecuted, peeled, standing up again free from the fetters which have galled him, when he once reaches a free shore—how your heart exults with gladness, and how you are ready to clap your hands with the true and rare enjoyment you feel in seeing a man lifting himself up from

the degradation of the foot that has pressed him in the earth, and standing up as God made him, a free man! Ah! yes, physical slavery is something to be dreaded. The children of Israel in the land of Egypt were slaves; in Babylon they were slaves; but there was a vast difference,—in Egypt they were sold, in Babylon they had sold themselves, and there is a vast difference in the two. The man may be bought and sold in the market by his brother man, and reduced to abject bondage, even having no will of his own; but he who is bound by the cords of his sins, he who has sold himself for nought, is in a more pitiable condition far; and it is this slavery that I would speak upon to-night.

And how many, many masters has man made for himself! and to how many masters has he subjected himself, bowing down before them and worshipping them! Oh! the slavery of the man who has lifted up his hands that the wreath might be entwined round his wrists, and the band of flowers round his brow, and who has, by and by, found these flowers twined round rusty iron bands, that have eaten into the marrow and burnt out his brain, till his wreath of honour has become a band of everlasting infamy, and he lifts up his galled, shackled hands to heaven, and cries, "Who shall deliver me from this horrible slavery."

Oh! the slavery of evil passion. What is it? Go, if you please, into a lunatic asylum, and see one man picking an imaginary thing from the sleeve of his coat, hour after hour; another gazing listlessly upon nothing; another, with lack-lustre eye and retreating brow, telling the story of complete idiotcy. If you have witnessed such a sight as that, you feel, if you are in the habit of thanking God for his mercies night and morning, the first thought that rises in the heart and finds utterance upon the tongue to be, "I thank thee, O my Father, that thou hast made me a man with reasoning powers, that thou hast given me an intellect, that thou hast given me

reason, that thou hast given me light, that thou hast made me what I am." You walk over God's beautiful earth, and feel it is a magnificent thing to "look through nature up to nature's God;" and you look at the idiot, you look at the insane, and feel as if it was a terrible fact that the light of reason was extinguished, and a crushing power seems to rest upon the intellect—paralysing it. And what is it the mother speaks of when she speaks of her boy? Does she speak of his bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and pearly teeth, and ruby lips, and rounded limb? No. If she is an intelligent mother she will tell you what the boy knows, how he imitates, how he understands. It is the budding of the mind she loves to discover in the child, scintillations which tell that intellect is being developed. What if she were to dream her child in his cradle were to be an idiot, would it be any compensation, think you, to know that he would grow up in all the wondrous beauty of an Antinous, or the glorious proportions of an Apollo? What is it that makes the man? The mind! And when the man brings that mind down into abject slavery and bondage to an evil passion, how much more pitiable is he, than him upon whose head God has laid his hand, and in his providence deprived of the wonderful power that you possess?

In the short space of time allotted to this evening's address, it will be impossible to speak of the many, many masters that men make for themselves; but I know very well it is expected by many that I shall speak of the one terrific influence in this land that holds more men in bondage, and a more abject bondage, physically, morally, intellectually, and, I was going to say, religiously, than any other influence in the land. The monster vice, the Goliath of Gath among the tyrants, is the fearful, terrible evil of intemperance. Oh! the slaves of this fearful habit! When we sing in America—

"Hail, Columbia! happy land;
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,"

you cry out, "Freedom? With three million slaves in hopeless bondage? A fig for your freedom!" And so say I; and I would say but little for the boasted freedom of any land which by its laws enabled a man to hold property in his fellow-man. But you sing in Great Britain—

"Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves;"

and yet in Great Britain you have miserable, abject, creeping slaves, under a bondage more terrible than the bondage of Egypt, or the ten-fold worse chattel slavery of the South in America. At a meeting held by slaves in Virginia, one man stood up before his brethren, and said this: "Bredren, dis poor old body of mine, de bone, and de blood, and de sinews, and de muscles, they belong to my massa; my massa bought 'em in the market, and he paid a price for 'em, and my poor old body is de slave of Massa Carr; but, thank God, my soul is de free-man of the Lord Jesus." There is not a slave to vice, there is not a slave to intemperance on God's footstool can say that. Body and soul, intellect, reason, will, imagination, everything that God has given us of glorious qualities, stand in positive subjection.

Oh! it is pitiful, it is pitiful, the appetite for intoxicating liquor, when it becomes a master-passion; one of the most fearful that man was ever subject to. And not only is it amongst the low, as we call them, and the illiterate, those born in the bubbling pool of fœtid degradation—not only among those whose first words they heard were words of blasphemy, whose first words they uttered were words of cursing; not only does it hold the man a slave who stands

in front of the counter, and pleads for drink:—"Give me drink! I will give you my hard earnings for it. Give me drink! I will pay for it. I will give you more than that. I married a wife; I took her from her girlhood's home, and promised to love her, and cherish her, and protect her—ah! ah! and I have driven her out to work for me, and I have stolen her wages, and I have brought them to you—give me drink, and I will give you them. More yet: I have snatched the bit of bread from the white lips of my famished child—I will give you that if you will give me drink. More yet: I will give you my health. More yet: I will give you my manliness. More yet: I will give you my hopes of heaven—body and soul; I will barter jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth—for 'what will a man give in exchange for his soul?'—for a dram. Give it me!" As one man said to me, not a week ago: "I feel under the power of the appetite, as Dives must have felt when he longed for the drop of water; I longed for the stimulating influences upon my system, until I shrieked in my agony." Not only among these, but among others. Oh! what a pitiful sight it is to see men who have fallen from positions of respectability into this fearful debasing habit! Have you ever seen them? I have—clinging, as with a death-grip, to the last remnants of their respectability. You see them, perhaps, going through your streets in the faded black coat, well inked at the seams, buttoned up close in the neck, to hide the paucity of the nether-garment—with perhaps an old rusty pair of gloves, and a couple of inches of wrist between the tops of the glove and the cuffs of the once fashionable coat—the trowsers positively shining with old age—the last penny that can be spared from the drink expended in blacking for the miserable boots—the hat so dilapidated, broken, and greasy, that they go into mock-mourning, and hide it with crape, and walk through the streets miserable slaves to a habit

which has stripped them of everything worth having under heaven. The livery of their master has become to them like a garment of burning poison, eating up all that is bright, and green, and beautiful about them. And when we consider what slaves to this appetite have been called upon, and are called upon, continually to endure, we shall have some idea of the mighty power of its influence. The intemperate man, above all others, it seems to me, is a suffering man: cramps and pains rack his bones; his physical suffering you can scarcely comprehend—it cannot even be described; and yet, with his eyes wide open—knowing the cause that produces the effect—he will clutch his bloated fingers round the cup, and raise it to his blistered lips, and drink it, though he knows that every drop of it is like another nail driven and clinched in his coffin. The physical suffering of the intemperate man—you must excuse me, young men, if I speak of it. My life has been spent for many years in visiting homes of wretchedness, and talking with victims of vice. I have held the swollen, hot, smooth hand of the intemperate man in mine; I have looked him in his face; I have pled with him to give up the drink; I have stood by the dying bed-side of him who has wrecked all the hopes of his friends, who died in agony, and who knew, every step of his way down to his death, that he was taking rapid strides to a fearful eternity. It is pitiful when we look upon him; and you must excuse me, then, I say, if I speak of such sufferings, to show you the terrible power of the master-passion, when it reduces the man to abject slavery. Did you ever see any man in that most fearful of all diseases, *delirium tremens?* Did you ever see him beat his clenched fists, and bite his lips? Did you ever see him with his eyes as if they would start from the socket; with the beaded drops standing out upon his brow, rolling, and shrieking, and cursing in his agony? What is that?

Is it caused by physical pain? Is it caused by the cramps that rack the bones? No; it is caused by the terrific disease that only intemperance will produce upon a man—*delirium tremens,* trembling madness, *mania è potu;* and, God pity them, there are men dying from the age of twenty up to fifty to-day, raving mad under its influence. And when I look upon it in the light of another world, and when I look upon it in my retrospective view of the past, I feel as if I could prostrate myself before God, and pray that he would give me a voice like thunder, that I might ring it in the ears of the young men of this city and everywhere, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And yet, to show the power of this passion, what does all this suffering avail? You see a man enduring all this agony;—and that I may, if possible, give you some idea of it, I would say, it is a species of insanity, and there are peculiarities about it. I conversed with an individual who had been confined in a lunatic asylum for two years. I asked him what he remembered. "Nothing but an indistinct recollection of something, I hardly knew what." And when he was released he was astonished to find he had been there two years. Now, let a man endure this disease, and it is burnt into his brain, stamped upon his memory—he will never forget it—never, long as he may live. And there is another peculiarity. You see that man startled at visions that seem to rise up before him. There is the terrible agony! He pleads with you:—"Wipe out that face; drive away that horrible thing that sits grinning in mockery at my agony!" There is nothing there: you know it, and (horrible thought!) he knows it too. If it was a palpable object before him he could battle it. If in your room at night, with heavy foot-fall, some fearful thing should come into that apartment,

you see it, you feel its hot breath, you know there is a living thing there—something you can fight; you arm yourself, and into the struggle you walk, and every blow you strike it does you good, you feel as if you had something to strike, something to battle with. But suppose that fearful thing, with heavy tread, comes into your apartment, with maliciously gleaming eyes fixed upon you; you look upon it, and the terrible conviction fills your whole frame with horror—there is nothing there! You go to it to wipe it away; your hand goes through it, and it is there again, gibing, mowing, gibbering. Then it assumes the appearance of a man's face, with such a diabolical expression that you never dreamed you could have looked upon it and lived. There it is before you; you cannot fight that, you cannot struggle with that; it is a phantom of your imagination there, as if in palpable reality. I knew a man who was startled with a face peering out at him from the wall; he went to it and wiped it out, and stood back again, and still it was there; he went up to it again and wiped it out, and stood back—it was there yet. His very hair seemed to stand with horror as he went up to it, and with a terrible blow of his fist struck the wall and left the mark with blood. He stood back again—it was there; he went and beat, and beat, and beat, till he had broken the bones of his hand with beating out that which was palpable to him; and yet he was conscious, and the consciousness thrilled through his frame with horror, that it was but a phantom of his imagination. Let a man suffer that six days and six nights, let the physician sit by his side, and tell him, "Now, sir, if you drink again you will suffer it again." "But, doctor, I will never drink again; doctor, the thought is too horrible, I shall never suffer it, for I will never take drink again." And once more healthy blood courses in that man's veins, and in the emphatic language of scripture he "seeks it yet again;" and again he is

brought down, again he endures it all, again the physician sits by his side. "You remember that which I told you." "Yes." "If you drink again you will have it again, and do not send for me, for you will die; your constitution will never endure another such struggle; you will die." "Doctor, I will never drink it again." And yet he rises from his couch of agony, "seeks it yet again," and again he is brought down; and his poor shrieking spirit flies into eternity in disgust from the loathsome carcase that he has made of the glorious body "so fearfully and wonderfully made" by his God. He knew all the way along it must be so. Such is the terrible slavery of intemperance.

And in addition to this the intemperate man endures more than physical suffering. He has to endure the scorn and contempt of his fellow-men. Ah! the slow moving finger of scorn stings the heart sometimes like a burning brand pressed into the quivering flesh; the scorn and contempt of your fellows is hard to bear. You find it so. It is very pleasant, to be respected; it is very pleasant, for a young man especially, to walk through the streets and meet those who recognise him as an acquaintance. One of you young gentlemen meets a lady in the street; she receives your salutation with a very polite bow. Why, some of you walk about two inches taller than you did before. There is something pleasant in being respected. Now, the very loss of that respect is a bitter thing; and the result of it upon a man that is unrenewed and unsanctified by the grace of God, is to induce him to lift up his hand against others, because he believes that the hand of others is lifted against him.

But the slave to intemperance has more yet to endure. The scorn and contempt of your fellows is easy to bear, compared with the load of scorn and contempt you seem to be burdened with for yourself. When a man disgusts himself, when a man loathes himself, when a man feels a creeping of abhorrence

for himself, when it seems as if he had bound a livid corpse to his breathing body, face to face, foot to foot, hand to hand, heart to heart, one beating with life, and the other rotting with putrefaction, but face to face with him always—it is a horrible thing: and there is not an intemperate man in the land, except when soul and senses are steeped in the drink, but whose better nature revolts at the fearful degradation he has brought upon himself.

And then again, the slave to intemperance seems as if he had thwarted all the designs of the Almighty. What is his memory? Memory to us is pleasant; the remembrance of the past is pleasant, ah! yes, though it may be a remembrance connected with sorrow, and suffering, and pain, and anguish; though it may be the remembrance of a fearful contest; yet now the remembrance of that conflict and that triumph is pleasant; as the shipwrecked mariner, seated by his own hearth, recounts his toils and trials, tells of the wreck at sea, tells of his clinging to the spar, tells of the gnawing of hunger and the fearful fever of thirst, he tells it all with satisfaction, for it is a trial passed away, it is a recounting of a conflict that is ended. Memory, unconnected with sin, is like the painter's studio—the light shining into it from above—full of pleasant pictures. But the memory of the slave to intemperance, what is it? what is it? He is like an instrument all out of tune; every string when touched jars through every nerve in his system—and with a love for purest harmony he would fain stand so alone that not the very winds of the morning should touch those chords, lest they should vibrate with horrible discord. And by his side stands a performer; she is a weird sister, her name is memory, and she strikes every chord with her fingers, and she knows how to strike, jarring through him with horrible discord, and making him mad; and he hates to remember, because the past is pleasant, while the present is a fearful settling down under a storm of curse that

his own evil passions have brewed for him. Oh! let me recount to you one day in my own life—just but one day; it was a bitter day to me—the most miserable day I ever witnessed; and God in his mercy save me from such another! It was the 4th of July, 1842, in the city of Worcester, in the state of Massachusetts. I was then working at my trade as a bookbinder, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful, and others were enjoying themselves. I had no friend. I had plenty of acquaintances, but not a friend. Acquaintances are not always friends. It is easy to say "no friends"—it is hard to feel it—like a waif upon life's wave, like a bubble upon the breaker—no man caring for your soul. And therefore I worked at my trade, for I cared not to enjoy all that was to be enjoyed by others that day. I was hammering away at my books, and I heard music. I am passionately fond of music; I heard it, and I started. It came nearer and nearer, and I took off my apron, and put on my jacket, and said, "I'll go and hear the music at any rate." I went to the door, and some one said, "A very beautiful sight! beautiful sight! "Yes," said a gentleman, "it is; what is it?" "Oh! it is the Temperance Society that is going forth at the back of the hospital to a sort of pic-nic there; some ministers are to speak to them." The moment I heard the word temperance I said to myself—"Temperance Society! oh! I have got nothing to do with them:" and off went my coat, and on went my apron, and I hammered away again. But the music came nearer, and nearer, and nearer; and the beating of the drum and the sounds of the instruments came full upon my ear; and I said to myself, "I don't care whether it is a temperance band or not—I'll go and hear the music." Off went my apron again, and on went my jacket, and I went and leaned against the post of the hotel; and I looked as a great many affect to look at the temperance movement. I put a sneer on my lip, as much as to say, "Oh! a parcel of old women and children! a lot of people

that can't take care of themselves! ah! ah!" I intended that those who passed should see and admire my utter contempt of the whole movement. I looked at them—the sneer on my lip, bad thoughts in my heart; and when the last little boy had turned the corner, it seemed as if a beautiful picture had been hidden from me suddenly, and I straitened myself up to go back again. But I wiped away the tears; I struggled to keep down the sobs that seemed as if they would choke me. Why? I had been, in spite of the sneer, involuntarily thinking—thinking of what? Thinking of happy care-free days—thinking of the time when I was a boy—thinking of that bright Sabbath of the year when I stood up in the Sunday-school, and repeated two lines of a hymn for the children to sing; thinking too of another time, when William Wilberforce, in the village of Sandgate, my native village, gave me a prayer-book, on my reading to him while I sat upon his knee, and wrote his own name in it with mine. I remembered that; and every pleasant thought and every pleasant reminiscence were there—all distinct, but distant—all clear, but very, very cold; and I contrasted all that with the horrible present, and it seemed as if my heart would break. I bowed my head when I went back to my place of business, and wept like a broken-hearted child. Oh! the memory of a man that is a slave to sin—a slave to any sin; his memory is not pleasant. The memory of the past, unconnected with sin, is; but contrasted with the terrible present, in a state of bondage to an evil passion, oh! it is terrible suffering; and yet, in spite of all this, men go on, and on, and on. And not only is this a bondage that brings these qualities down into subjection, but seems to dry up all the freshness of feeling, and whilst it wipes from a man's face the last lingering trace of human beauty, it seems to dry up the fountain of his affection, and make him a pitiful and a selfish being. We often look upon the drunkard as a being altogether naturally

our inferior. We hear of brutal deeds committed by men under its influence; and we look at them and we say, "Oh! the brutes!" So I say; and yet sometimes I am sorry when I say it. When I hear of men dashing the fist into the face of the woman they have sworn to love, cherish, and protect, I feel the blood tingle at the tips of my fingers. I believe a man that will strike a woman is a coward—a coward whether drunk or sober; whether it is the long-fingered soft-handed gentleman of the south, who lays the lash by proxy on the back of his black sister, or the man who strikes his wife in the face—he is a coward,—a poor, miserable, pitiful, contemptible coward; and no matter what the provocation may be either—how long her tongue may be or how fast she may talk; it makes no difference at all how aggravating she may be—if a wife should make a man's home a perfect pandemonium for him, until the cloud blows off, let him act like a man and run away. If I should see a man running through the streets to-morrow with a woman after him, I should say, "You are a brave fellow!" the very moment he turned and knocked her down I should say, "Ah! you coward!"

But now let us look at the matter for a moment. I do not wish to thrust these opinions upon you; but I wish simply and briefly to bring before you the temperance enterprise. We have in our ranks thousands of reformed drunkards—bright and beautiful pearls some of them—washed by the foul tide of drunkenness under the black rocks of oblivion, and we have been sending divers after them, and bringing some of them up, flashing forth the fire of intellect to-day, and some of them radiant and glowing with the hues of the Christian graces; and among the number of our reformed men you cannot find me a man that is a brute, in this sense of the word, to his family. There is no power on earth will make a man a fiend like the power of the drink. One circumstance in my

own reminiscences I will give to you. I was asked by an individual to go and see the hardest case there was in the town. I said, "I have no right to go and see him; he will say to me, who sent you to me; who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your business and I will mind mine; you wait until you are sent for; and when I want you I will send for you. I have no right," I said, "to go to him." "Well," said he, "he is a hard case; he beat a daughter of his, fourteen years of age, with a shoemaker's strap, so that she will carry the marks to the grave." Said I, "He's a brute." "His wife is very ill now with a bilious fever, and the doctor says he thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you can get at him now, I think you might do him good." I thought I would go. I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been to one or two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me. Said he, "Mr. Gough, I believe." "Yes, that is my name: would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?" "Certainly," said he; "come in." So I got in. I sat on one side of the table, and he sat the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half-way open that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked with him about everything I could think of but *the* subject; I talked of trade, and crops, and railroads, and money matters; and then I got on to public-houses, and then drinking, and he headed me off in a moment. I began again; talked of the rising of the river, and the badness of the roads, and then drinking, and he headed me off again. I looked, and I thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet." I was about to give it up; but, I think providentially, I saw the children. I said to him, "You've got two bright-looking children there, sir." "Oh! yes, yes, bright little things!" Said I, "You love your chil-

dren, don't you?" "Bless the children, to be sure I love them." Said I, "Wouldn't you do anything to benefit your children?" He looked at me, as if he thought something else was coming after that. "Well, to be sure, sir," said he, "a man ought to do everything to benefit his children." Then I stood up, so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said, "Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore you won't be angry. Suppose you never used any more intoxicating liquor, don't you think those children would be better off?" "Well, well," said he, "you have got me this time." Said I, "You have got a good wife, haven't you?" "Yes, sir, as good a woman as ever a man had for a wife!" "And you love your wife?" "To be sure I do; it is natural that a man should love his wife." "And you would do anything you could to please your wife?" "Well, I ought to." "Suppose you were to sign a temperance pledge, would that please her?" "By thunder, I rather think it would; I could not do a thing that would please my wife like that. If I was to put my name down there, why, the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks, sick as she is now." Said I, "Then you will do it?" "Yes, I guess I will do it." And he at once opened a closet, took out pen and ink, and I spread out the pledge, and he wrote his name. The children had been listening with eyes, ears, and mouth wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what a drunken father was; they knew what the principle of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed one said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge!" "Oh! my!" said the other; "now I'll go and tell my mother;" and away she ran into the other room. But the mother had heard it; and I listened to her calling, "Luke! Luke come in here a moment." Said he, "Come in here along with me; come in and see my wife." I went and stood by her bedside. The

face was ghastly pale, the eye large and sunk deep in the socket; and with her long, thin, bony fingers, she gripped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began to tell me what a good husband she had. "Luke," said she, "is a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the children and is very kind to them; but the drink, oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty." That difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know anything about it. The man shook like a leaf; he snatched his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night-dress from her shoulder, and said, "Look at that!" and on her white, thin neck, close to the shoulder, was a bad mark. Said he, "Look at that!" and when I saw the mark of a bruise, I felt my flesh creep. Said he, "Look at that, sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon the bed; and she has told you she has a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he bowed over that woman and wept like a child, gripped the bed-clothes in his hand, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said, "Don't cry, Luke; don't, please don't; you wouldn't have struck me if it had not been for the drink. Mr. Gough, don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived. Don't cry, Luke!"

These are the men we call brutes and fiends; strip them from the accursed power of the drink, and they are men, with hearts as warm, and feelings as tender, and sensibilities as keen as yours. Oh! the terrific power of this fearful habit, in enslaving the man, in reducing him below the level of the brutes that perish. Oh! when I think of intemperance, the curse of the land; intemperance, that wipes out God's image, and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil; intemperance, that smites a healthy body with disease from head to heel, and makes it more loathsome than the leprosy of Naaman, or the sores of Lazarus; intemperance,

that dethrones man's reason, and hides her bright beams in the mystic clouds that roll round the shattered temple of the human soul, curtained with midnight; intemperance, that has sent its thousands and tens of thousands into the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's eternity; intemperance, filling your jails, and your almshouses, and your lunatic asylums;—oh! we might ask the very dead, the drunken dead, to lift the turf above their mouldering bones, and stalk forth, in tattered shrouds and bony whiteness, to testify against the sin of intemperance! Come down from the gallows, you spirit-maddened man-slayer; grip your bloody knife and stalk forth to testify against the sin of drunkenness! Crawl from the slimy ooze, ye drowned drunkards, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips testify against the sin of intemperance! Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come forth sheeted in fire, and testify, testify against the deep damnation of the sin of intemperance! It is pitiful—God forgive us! It is rolling over the land like a burning tide of desolation; and we plead with young men that they may never subject themselves to this bondage, and that they may do what in them lies to build the wall of prevention between their fellows.

Every man is in a degree a slave, who is not in entire and constant subjection to righteous law. Every man, I say, is a free man, in the highest and truest sense of that term, who renders swift, stedfast, constant obedience to righteous law. "This is the first and the great commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, might, mind, soul, and strength; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; on these two"—not on one or the other—"hang all the law and the prophets." My professions of love to God are utterly worthless unless they beget in me love to my neighbour; and while we would ask young men especially to see to

it that they themselves are free, we would ask them, in love and benevolence, in the spirit of sympathy for their brother, to help in freeing him. And remember, young men, that when you stoop to help a weak brother, you do not make yourselves partakers of his weakness, but you impart to him a portion of your own strength. God supplies to you a double quantity for every portion that you give to a falling, a weak, an erring brother; and therefore we consider the highest position of freedom a man can occupy is not only to be free from vices and evil passions himself, but free to help the oppressed. Ah! the very names you love are the names of those who laboured for others; and were it not that the gentleman who occupies your chair to-night* might feel, and some others might feel, that I was personal, I would speak of one whose name is as familiar as household words—one of whom many said, I was sick, and in prison, and she ministered unto me—one who went to lift up the oppressed—one whom we loved in our heart of hearts, and pray God to raise up others like unto her—a true mother in Israel. Yes, we speak of those who have laboured for others; and young men, young men of the Christian Association, those of you who profess to be, those of you who desire to be, followers of Christ, remember, Christ pleased not himself; and we must be prepared, if we would labour for others, and follow him, and enjoy that true, that perfect liberty which every man may enjoy, we must come in the spirit of self-denial, and with some degree of moral courage, to help our falling and our erring brother. How many are there that need your aid, and need your assistance? Oh! if every one in this assembly could but put his arms round one other one, and save him from perdition, it would be worth a lifetime—a lifetime of exertion. If you can lie down upon the bed of death, and ask, Of what avail is my living?

* Samuel Gurney, Esq.

and only one redeemed by your agency, only one could stand before you—only one that, with your dying eyes fixed upon him, you might feel, "God has given me that as a seal to my ministry:" feeble though it may be, it should be enough. It should be enough—for the redemption of one man, when we consider what man is,—worth all God's material universe, is worth a lifetime of toil and self-denial to accomplish; and in this we ask you to help your neighbour. Who is your neighbour? Ah! go with me, into the lowest dens of vice in this city; go with me, into yon garret; go into that damp, filthy cellar, and see a man upon a heap of rotting rags, and his head pillowed with a bundle of mouldering straw, covered, perhaps, as one I knew of was, with an old soldier's coat, and clasping his fingers, that look like the claws of an unclean bird; with his thin lips drawn tight across his teeth, the rattle in the throat telling that the cold fingers of death were feeling for his heart-strings! That debased, degraded, miserable, filthy, pitiful, dying man is your brother—is your neighbour. God has made him, and in one sense he is as much an own child of God Almighty then, as on the day when he was carried to be baptised. Oh! we look at man as he has made himself, and we say, with reference to the debased and the degraded, "They have brought it upon themselves, they are unworthy of sympathy," and we pass them by. Oh! how often have we passed them by for fear of contamination. I remember reading that in mid-ocean a ship was ploughing her way through the sea, and a vessel was spied in the distance, appearing to be in distress; they made all sail to come up to her, and there they saw some miserable, haggard, emaciated, tattered wretches, clinging to the shrouds, with scarce strength enough to hold themselves in the position to look over the bulwarks, and they let down the boat, and manned it to go to the rescue of their brethren. When within a boat's length they discovered that

the plague was on board; "hard up the helm, hoist the sail!" and they speed away, to leave their plague-stricken brethren to die in mid-ocean. So have we left the scenes of degradation; so have we left the poor creatures who are slaves to a fearful habit; and excused ourselves by the thought, "They have brought it all on themselves." Young men of the Christian Association, if He who "spake as never man spake"—if He who loved his erring creatures with an unbounded love, had said thus of us, where should we be to-day?—if He had said, "Let them alone, shut them up in the prison house of dark despair; let them alone, they have brought it on themselves!" But was it so? Oh! no. See Him toiling at the foot of yon hill, with the cross upon his shoulder: see the blood standing upon his forehead; see him bowed down under the weight of his own cross; see him again suspended between the heavens and the earth, a malefactor on either side of him; see him there; not a groan, not one word of agony, until in the moment when he "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," he cried out, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabbacthani!" for you, for me, to redeem us from the terrible curse we had brought upon ourselves. He did it: and if we are followers of him, let us stoop to lift the debased, and the degraded, and the low, though we put our hands down deep to our elbows in the slime in which they lie fermenting, and bring each face to look up to us, and it is a man, who was made in God's image. We may be instrumental in saving our brother, by exercising the self-denial which is required, and the moral courage which every man should have, who goes out to do good to his neighbour, to his brother, to his friend.

I say that it requires self-denial; and not only that, but it requires moral courage. And let me say to you, young men, that we are waging war against a tyrant of this country, a fearful tyrant—we, I mean, who are engaged as

I am in the temperance movement—and that tyrant is *custom.* We wage war against the drinking customs of society, as well as other customs that are pernicious in their tendency. The drinking usages of society, we maintain, are not only useless, but are productive of a positive amount of evil. I believe that this warfare is but just commenced, and will go on to its final consummation. Victory will perch upon our banner; we shall yet stand upon the mountain-top, to plant the flag-staff that shall bear aloft the banner of our triumph, because we believe that in thus waging war against those customs, we are waging war in a righteous enterprise. We believe the cause in which we are engaged in this field of mighty moral conflict, to be a good cause. It needs, I know, some self-denial and some moral courage. There are a great many persons who say, "Well, but you know, I do not see why I should be called upon to give up that which is a gratification to me, because other people are foolish enough to make a bad use of it; I do not see that I should be called upon to give up that which is lawful to me, simply because other people cannot govern themselves, or will not govern themselves. 'Every body for himself;' that is my motto. I can take care of myself." Now, that is not a Christian spirit; it is the pure spirit of selfishness; and this is opposed directly to everything that is benevolent; selfishness is altogether opposed to the spirit of the gospel; and when a man wraps himself up in the cloak of his selfishness, such a man as that can be of no benefit in any good enterprise. And shall we appeal to young men to practice self-denial, and shall we appeal to them in vain? Oh! young men, you that have hearts to feel, with heads to plan and hands to work for the good of your fellows—shall we appeal to you in vain? There is not one of you here, not one, but if there was a fire in this city to-night, and you should be standing in the crowd, and you should see on looking up at that window something that you thought was

a child, but would say, "What is that?" "It is a boy—a boy in the fire." "So it is; it is a child there." Now, will you hesitate? will you ask questions concerning the parentage of that child? Will you ask if he belongs to your class in society? Will you talk of the parents being so injudicious as to leave a child there exposed? No! if that was the child of the meanest thief that ever cursed this metropolis, there are very few young men here who would wait a moment. A ladder would be raised; there would be a rivalry; "hand over hand, hand over hand." Some noble fellow would climb. He reaches the threshold. The child is gone. Does he stop? No, he plunges through the window, and the shower of cinders, and the cloud of smoke, and the sheet of flame, tell he is taking a leap. Every eye is fixed on the window; your tongue grows stiff; your lips grow dry; you cling to your next neighbour for support; the crackling of the timbers, and the falling of the beams, and the roaring of the flames, only conveyed to your minds the horrible idea, "There is a child in that fire!" and you stand looking, and some one cries, "He is coming!" "No, no, it is not him, it is but a cloud of smoke;" and your heart sinks within you, and you feel as if you should faint; and some one cries out again, "He is coming now!" "Yes, I see him; he has got the boy with him." "So he has, so he has! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! he has got the boy; he has saved the boy!" That is glorious. Next morning in the newspapers—"Heroic daring of a noble fellow, who at the peril of his own life plunged into the fire to save a child." All this is right. And let me tell you, young men, that if you exert an influence to save one man only from the slavery and bondage of evil passion, that is as much more than the other, as the soul is worth more than the body. But all this is before the eyes of your fellow men, and it does not require quite so much moral courage to save a child from the fire as it does quietly and unostentatiously to deny self on all occasions for the good

of others, having faith that the Father that seeth in secret shall reward you openly, and you must wait for your reward till then. There is not one of those young men but would do to-night some great thing. If he could hear that the missing boats of the ill-fated arctic expedition had landed on some shore with every passenger saved, he would be perfectly ready to do some great thing to accomplish that result. Oh! yes. And you would rejoice with exceeding joy could you receive news of the rescue of those for whom you are looking with so much sympathy—those who have gone into the sea on board of ships that have never, never been heard from. Ah! it is terrible—terrible to the desolate, terrible to the bereaved; you have nothing to do with it personally, but you would do something to relieve others.

I remember being in the city of New York at the time the steam ship Atlantic was missing. She was due some days, and people began to despair. "The Atlantic has not been heard of yet. What news of the Atlantic on exchange?" "None." Telegraphic despatches came in from all quarters. "Any news of the Atlantic?" and the word thrilled along the wires into the hearts of those who had friends on board. "No!" Day after day passed, and people began to be excited; when the booming of the guns told that a ship was passing up the narrows. People went out upon the battery, upon the Castle Gardens, and on the tops of houses, with their spy glasses; but it was a British ship, the Union Jack was flying. They watched her till she came across to her moorings and their hearts sank within them. They sent hastily across, "Any news of the Atlantic? Hasn't the Atlantic arrived?" "No; she sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing of her." And then people said, "She has gone after the President." Those who had friends on board began to make up their mourning; day after day passed, and the captain's wife was so ill that the doctor said she must

die, if her suspense was not removed. Day after day passed, and men looked at one another and said, "A sad thing about the Atlantic, isn't it?" At last, one bright and beautiful morning, the guns boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming up the narrows. Down went the people to the battery, and on the Castle Gardens, with their spy-glasses. They saw it was a British ship again, and their hearts seemed to sink within them. But up she came, making a ridge of foam before her, and got to her moorings. And then you could hear the heavy sigh, as if it was the last hope dying out in that sigh; and men looked at each other blankly; and men who had never wept wiped away the tears; and by and by some one cried out, "She is past her moorings, she is steaming up the river." "So she is." Then they wiped away the dimness of grief. They watched the vessel; round she steamed most gallantly; and as she came by the immense mass of spectators on the wharfs, and the gardens, and the battery, the crew hoisted flags from trucks to the mainchains; and an officer jumped upon the paddle-box, put the trumpet to his lips, and called out, "The Atlantic is safe; she has put into Cork for repairs." And such a shout! Oh, how they shouted! Shout, shout, shout! hundreds of thousands shouted; transparencies were hung up in front of the hotels: "The Atlantic is safe!" Bands of music paraded through the streets, and telegraphic wires worked all night long—"The Atlantic is safe, safe, safe!"—carrying joy to millions of hearts. And not one in a hundred thousand who rejoiced had a friend or a relative on board that steamer. It was sympathy for the sorrows of others, with whom they had no tie save the tie that God has made, when he "made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and permitted us as brethren to call him the common Father of us all.

Now, young men, we appeal to you—I appeal to you, allow me to say, in reference to this question—for I have

borne more particularly upon it, and I could not help it. Recollect for eleven years I have been speaking on this one subject; I have been making whatever I could gather to bear upon it in the way of illustration; and I have not had time to sit down and collect my thoughts in another line. I came here, trusting and believing that I came in the right spirit to address you, and that what I said, although perhaps altogether foreign from the subjects of the more instructive addresses that you receive here from time to time, might nevertheless be useful to you. I came not in the spirit of dictation, not as a teacher or instructor, but simply—perhaps you may say I have taken advantage of it — but simply for the cause I love, for the cause which I believe to be a good one, for the cause which I maintain to be the cause of him who loveth the creatures he hath made. Not, oh! not as putting my cause before the Gospel. Oh! no! The Bible, the blessed Bible, first always, and everything else in subservience to it. That is my doctrine—the Bible first. Yes, the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," and the principles I advocate are but mere human principles, mere human agencies, to do a certain work; and every child in this assembly will know, that if intemperance is produced by the use of an article, the disuse of that article cures intemperance, though it may not cure a man of any other sin under heaven; and if your son adopts the principle of total abstinence he cannot be a drunkard, though he may be a thief, a liar, a Sabbath-breaker, or a profane swearer.

But I will tell you, young men of the Christian Association, when I consider this movement—and I am not going to speak in a spirit of egotism; I wish to speak familiarly to you; but when I recollect all that I, as an individual, am giving up,—all domestic comfort—all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of domestic life that I am torn from—a sojourner, a wayfarer, a traveller, restless,

moving up and down; and then—what is worse than all, that sometimes, were it not for the abounding grace and mercy of God, I believe, shut out from my religious privileges, I should spiritually starve to death—away from the Christian brethren I love, away from the church in which I have sat as a humble member, and adored the goodness of God that had mercy upon me in the days of my darkness and degradation; —when I think of all this, young men, I do not think that if my movement was only calculated simply to lift the drunkard up from the ditch, and leave him there, it would be worth all the labour expended upon it. But when I look upon it as in so many cases removing the hindrance to a man's reception of religious truth—when I feel that in bringing him up from the ditch, and drawing him by a pure human agency to the threshold of the church, he is better prepared to understand and appreciate religious truth than when he is a drunkard, and I can ask God to sanctify my cause to a higher end than the mere lifting a man from the ditch, then I am ready to work; and I pray God that when I die I may die right in the harness, battling against the instrumentalities that have tended so much to keep young men out of the Church of God, to build a barrier between them and the sanctuary, and a hindrance between them and the religious truth which they must receive through the understanding that is darkened by the power of this fearful habit. And I then say to the young men of the Christian Association, I believe our movement has claims upon your sympathy, upon your co-operation,—at any rate upon your careful, prayerful investigation. I know very well that the movement I advocate is in advance of public sentiment; and the truest men, the freest men that ever lived, men that were their own masters, that were serving God and rendering him swift obedience—these have been men who have been in advance of the public sentiment of their age, and have laboured for others. Count me

over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men who stood alone—who came out like glorious iconoclasts, to beat down the Dagon worshipped by their fathers. They were persecuted, they were hooted, they were maltreated; but they stood firm. They looked into the future, and they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; they believed in the future; they had faith in God, and they worked, and this generation is rejoicing in the fruits of their labours, and is honouring the men that were despised, because they were in advance of the public sentiment of the age. And this movement is in advance of the public sentiment; but I thank God it is a progressive movement. Yes, I remember reading the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in America. This movement was born in the Church of Christ, and that which is born there will never die—never. They were men of God that first raised the barrier. It was very feeble. I read one of the bye-laws. What was it? "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined two shillings, unless such act of intoxication shall take place on the 4th of July, or on any regularly appointed military muster." Now, the very opponents of this movement will laugh at that. Oh! but it was a pretty serious business then; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age, and the very men that just adopted that constitution were persecuted; their cattle were mutilated; their fruit-trees were injured, their houses were blackened; they were hooted and pelted through the streets; strings were passed across the pavement, and when they came by, the strings were stretched, and they were thrown down. They suffered, and suffered what no man suffers to-day, for this cause at any rate. But it was like removing the first turf, to prepare a bed on which to lay the corner-stone; and it was laid by men of faith and prayer, and the building has been in progress till now, each stone being cemented to its fellow by love, and truth, and sympathy,

and goodwill. Ah! it is a glorious superstructure to-day. Pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with emblems of love, truth, sympathy, goodwill to man. It rises before us. Old men gaze upon it; their hearts swell in anticipation of the day when the cap-stone shall be set upon it, though they will not live to see it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers, and bind wreathes around their brows. We do not see its beauty, we do not see its magnificence yet. Why? Because it is in course of erection; the scaffolding is all around it; ropes, and poles, and ladders, and workmen, ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the superstructure;—but, by and by, the heads of those who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never to be crushed in the accursed distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never to be pressed into that which shall debase a man—shall come up through orchards under trees, hanging thick with their golden pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and degrade humanity—shall come to the last fire in the last distillery and put it out; to the last stream of liquid death, and seal it up for ever; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where the Creator meant he should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst his burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains:—Then, then, the cap-stone will be set upon the building; the pale horse, with death for his rider, shall receive a check upon his bridle that shall bring him back on his haunches; the last shout shall be heard; the last drunkard shall go into the building, leaving his broken fetters behind him; and rejoicing shall be heard in heaven, when the triumphs

of this and every great moral enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it, on my soul I believe it. For this I am labouring. Will you, young men, individually give your influence to this movement, in the spirit of self-denial, showing yourselves to be true men, who seek others' and not your own good altogether? And remember that in this fleeting world of change, with its fashion passing away, you may be privileged to exert an influence that can never die. In the language of Thomas Knox, of Edinburgh,

"Though scoffers ask, where is your gain?
And mocking say your work is vain,
Such scoffers die, and are forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not.

"Press on! press on! nor doubt, nor fear,
From age to age this voice shall cheer,
Whate'er may die and be forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not."

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Philosophy of the Atonement.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. THOMAS ARCHER, D.D.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE ATONEMENT.

Could I entertain the unfeigned belief that the topic of this evening was realised in all its solemn momentousness by my audience, I could calculate at once on the most breathless attention. The relations of the Atonement are so vast, so enduring, and so incomprehensible, as almost to prostrate with awe the mind that ventures to treat it. Its influences touch even the moral character of the throne of the Eternal, and thus affect its stability; while its relations to us stretch into the undefined, ineffable realities of eternity. The results of the atonement are such as no imagination has ever been able to describe, not even to grasp. I will not stop for a single moment to divert the attention of my hearers from my subject, by any reference to the speculations which are now afloat as to its influence on other planets than our own; nor occupy your attention by discussing the question whether those planets are inhabited by intelligent and moral and responsible agents like ourselves, or whether the light of "the Sun of Righteousness," that shone over Calvary, has ever cast a solitary beam into those remote parts of the universe. These speculations of the present may become the certainties of the future, and in heaven shall undoubtedly be solved. It is enough for us now to fall back upon the great ascertained and practical facts, which are sufficient to swell the

soul with admiration of the atonement, and the Book that reveals it. I am aware that my theme is old, and possesses none of the crispness and freshness of novelty. Nor am I to appeal to any of the passing events which thrill men's hearts, and almost monopolise their thoughts. I will endeavour to keep close to my subject; and if I draw more upon your patience than perhaps you are inclined to give, I trust you will find a recompense for it in the result of our present examination. May I express my hope, that the object of what I shall now state may be realised, and that this night some young man, who has never embraced the atonement of Christ, may be led to accept it, and that all who have embraced it hitherto, may be induced the more firmly and determinedly to cling to it?

I have referred to the grandeur of the topic before us. No more striking proof of that could be furnished than by the attempts to undermine and to destroy it. The value and the strength of a citadel are proved by the fierceness and number of the attacks made upon it, by the blood shed in assailing it, and by the resources of skill, and sagacity, and money applied to achieve a perfect and lasting triumph over it. Let us take this test now, and apply it to the subject of my present reflections, and ascertain in what way the subject of the argument this evening has been assailed, and how especially it is assailed now. I admit, in the remarks which I have to meet, and in the manner in which I meet them, there is nothing whatever new. The character of heresy is old and unchanging; and the modes of defence against it are just as old in form as of assault. We admit, nay, rejoice in the antiquity of our doctrine. Hoary and venerable in years, it has all the vigour of youth. Its antagonists affect novelty in their onslaught, yet after all only repair and refurbish weapons which have been broken against the shield of truth, ages before the present combatants were born. It is well, however, to

glance at the modes in which the doctrine of Atonement is attacked.

First and foremost, of course, is direct assault. Its form is that of open, avowed Socinianism. Its denials are absolute and dogmatical. It ridicules the idea of an atonement; it scorns the fact. No one acquainted with the literature of that system for the last fifty years, but must be familiar with instances of that to which I now refer. On the one hand, we have had coarse invective; on the other, more modest and refined language; but, in both cases, the point of attack has been the same—the authority and ascendancy of the cross of the Redeemer. It is in modern times described as it was years ago. It is ranged among the "tricks of fancy;" it is an "ancient superstition;" it is a "superstitious mystery, into which Jesus was forced contrary to his intentions, to uphold his sinking cause." Why, one's blood boils with abhorrence at the thought suggested by these words of Strauss. The thought of our blessed Redeemer conducting a falling cause is contrary to all fact; but there is something abhorrent to the manhood of Christianity in the charge that our Lord had recourse to subterfuge and untruth to prop up his system! Abhorrence, however, is mitigated by another feeling; and when we read and quote such words we must remember that these are the words of the Strausses and the Mackays of the nineteenth century—men distinguished by intellectual and moral dwarfishness, compared with the Pauls and the Johns of the first—giants in mental stature, and angels in hearts of love.

Another mode is far more dangerous, because far more insidious, and which has many advocates—may I be allowed to say, sir?—in certain quarters of your own church. Some, indeed, of the parties to whom I allude have left the Church of England; and perhaps I may be allowed to hint—and brethren and friends in this meeting belonging to the Church of England may perhaps agree with me in the hint—that it

would be no great loss if those they have left behind would follow their predecessors in their pilgrimage to Rome. Their doctrine is what is called the doctrine of reserve. They love the atonement so much that they like to keep it to themselves! It is something so peculiar, so commanding, that no neophyte is to be introduced to the knowledge of it. It is not to be openly and indiscriminately broached. Its very grandeur is the reason for its concealment. It is not fit for the uninitiated. It is to be the possession of the serious and the practised alone. "The prevailing notions of bringing forward the atonement explicitly and prominently on all occasions is evidently quite opposed to what we consider the teaching of scripture, nor do we find any sanction for it in the gospels; *if* the epistles of Paul appear in favour of it, it is only at first sight." Hence the senses are to be regaled. The eye, the ear, are to be appealed to. The homage of faith in the cross is cast into the shade. Religion becomes histrionic, consisting in ceremonies and genuflections. The priest is exalted; the church is everything. They reverse, if I understand it aright, the ecclesiasticism of the New Testament. Its policy was this—"The road to the church is the cross." Their principle is this—"The road to the cross is the church." The way in which a sinner is to enter the Church of Christ, according to the Evangelical principles of the Anglican Church, is the atonement of the Saviour of the world. Their principle is this: it is through the door and the pathway of the church that sinners are to approach the atonement. Who could fail to anticipate the results of this principle? or be astonished that from the one starting point the roads should diverge in opposite directions—the one leading to the bogs and swamps of Rome, the other to the mists of Germany—and somewhat farther?

Again: another and third form of attack is equally indirect and perilous. Books are written possessing a degree

of sparkling, attractive beauty. Their authors belong to a school which I may be allowed to say, without feeling anything like cynical contempt or professional jealousy, is perhaps the most pedantic and canting of all schools of modern times—the intense school of writing. Something striking is presented to the imaginations and feelings of the readers. Certain compliments are kindly paid to Christ. The writers speak of the benevolence of the man; they describe his wisdom as being something very extraordinary; they admire, whether really or not I cannot say, the character of Christ. But the God, the cross, the atonement, all are lost behind. Let me repeat, this policy is insidious and perilous in the highest degree. Downright atheism is bad, but it revolts; it keeps the soul wakefully on its guard. Pantheism is more dangerous. It makes everything God, and therefore God nothing. It deifies nature—it undeifies the Creator; and, by apparent reverence to nature, steals over the lulled, unthinking soul. It is exactly so here; for mark how the writers to whom I allude speak: "Jesus Christ is the greatest person of the ages;" "he belongs to the true race of prophets,"—of which, I suppose, Theodore Parker reckons himself one; "he is the proudest achievement of the human race." Not one word of sacrifice—not a word of atonement—not a word of bloodshed—of sacrificial martyrdom. It is on the mere externalities, the mere humanities of the Son of God, that the mind is fixed, and by which it is diverted from the interior and sublimer truths. The rock they feel they cannot blast; it has stood too many tempests and assaults for that. But they veil it; they throw over it a mist-cloud, fringed with the golden beauty of genius and poetry. The mind of the young man is fascinated; the moral chloroform is administered and acts. He awakes in broken sleep from his cloud-land, and awakes on the confines of eternity, only to exclaim in the anguish of despair: "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?"

I solicit your thoughts now to another form in which the atonement is attacked, and whose exposition has been recently published. To this development of the atonement I feel the more bound to refer, from the character of the author and the relation of his book to you. The author is Mr. Maurice; his work is on the doctrine of the atonement, and it opens with a dedicatory letter to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association. The volume is a reply to one of Dr. Candlish, connected with a lecture delivered by him last year. Let no one think that I am trying to take Dr. Candlish's place, that I am taking the shield or the quiver for him: he does not need it; and I know this, that while I stand here to advocate some of those points that Mr. Maurice calls Scotch theology, and while Dr. Candlish would rejoice in finding a brother Scotchman, of another denomination, upholding the theology of his own heart, he might say, "Stand aside; let me fight for my own hand, and let me fight with my own hand." I am not, therefore, to undertake the defence of Dr. Candlish's argument—to anticipate Dr. Candlish's logic; I leave that to himself; but I cannot in my argument omit a reference to a volume which, from the position and character of its author, may work for good or evil on the public mind. Mr. Maurice, as I have said, in the opening epistle, dedicates that book to the young men of the Young Men's Christian Association; and he speaks of you with great affection, and in terms which indicate that he has a kind and good feeling heart to young men—you are his friends. But still he objects to the jury and the judges before whom he is summoned. He speaks of you as the jury impanelled, and before whom he was tried in this Hall by Dr. Candlish, a Scotch divine, sent forth from Edinburgh to maintain certain opinions—opinions in reply to Mr. Maurice's teaching. I believe I may say, in vindication of this Association, that such was not the purpose, Dr. Candlish

having selected, as other lecturers do, his subject for himself. That by the bye, and in passing. However, Mr. Maurice says, that in that lecture Dr. Candlish "appealed to your passions and your ignorance, and to the passions and ignorance of the clergymen and Dissenting ministers who were countenancing him on the platform of Exeter Hall. You were impanelled as a jury to try his treasons against a higher authority than that of our sovereign lady the Queen." Mr. Maurice does not consider you his judges, though Dr. Candlish does. He leaves "his own cause and his own character 'to that day.'" Now, may I be allowed to say, that you were not then, and you are not now, judging Mr. Maurice. We say nothing personally whatever of Mr. Maurice. We do not condemn him in regard to his motives or principles of conduct; for I demand for him—at least, allow me to say for myself—I demand for him the same liberty of judgment, and the same freedom of conscientious speaking and acting that I, as an honest man, claim for myself. We would not touch one single hair of Mr. Maurice's head. We do not condemn Mr. Maurice for any secret opinion which he entertains, or for the entertainment of any opinion which he avows openly. Nay, more; I can admire the independence of his thinking, although I agree not with the results to which that thinking brings him. I can admire the zeal with which Mr. Maurice, with many others, is trying to bridge over the chasm of the gulf between the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the labourer, the learned and the ignorant. All this I can admire. But then, I sit not in judgment upon the man, but upon his doctrine; and in judgment upon that doctrine in a simple way: Is it divine? Is it to be found in the word of God? Mr. Maurice says he might have challenged his judges. Now, I cannot see exactly upon what ground. Had this been a question of law, and this cause come before a jury, he might have urged, "You have

nothing whatever to do with that; it is a matter for lawyers." But this is not a case of law, but of fact. Did this depend upon the meaning of a Greek preposition, or the turning of a Greek or Hebrew sentence, or some point of pure metaphysics, I would leave those questions to scholars and metaphysicians. But I must remember that the Book whose doctrines we appeal to is not a book written for the learned, not prepared for metaphysicians, but *a Book for the world,* for men of plain common sense, for them to judge of and judge from, and to fetch out those doctrines by which they hope and trust they shall be everlastingly saved. I therefore say that you, as jurors in this case, are just the persons to whom I should like to come for determination on any of those points where common sense and practical honesty, and not scholarship and metaphysics, are to be the standard and the criteria of judgment.

I have pointed to the different ways in which the doctrine of the atonement is assailed. Now, Mr. Maurice maintains sacrifice. Mind that. Mr. Maurice does not deny sacrifice; he grants the existence of sacrifice; he asserts and assumes the existence of the sacrifice of Christ. But mark in what way. "The gospel shows him, who is one with God and one with man, perfectly giving up that self-will, which had been the cause of all men's crimes and all their misery." Sacrifice, according to Mr. Maurice, "manifests the mind of God, accomplishes the purpose of God, in the redemption and reconciliation of the creatures—enables these creatures to become like their Father in heaven by offering up themselves." With this he contrasts those sacrifices which men have often "dreamed of, in one country or another, as means of changing the purposes of God, of converting Him to their mind, of procuring deliverance from the punishment of evil whilst the evil still exists." Let me just say, in passing, that we never have entertained the dream of any sacrifice, of any atonement, changing the purposes of God; that anything has been done by

Christ to change the plans of God. Our belief has always been that the atonement of Christ is part of the development of that system of means by which the purposes of God are carried out; that atonement was no change of plan, but part of the plan itself. Far be it from us to entertain the supposition of mutability in the Divine mind. We should shrink from such an idea as much as Mr. Maurice, or any one of his school. Consider now his words; the idea they convey is this: that sacrifice, atonement, is the renunciation of self-will—that sacrifice in Christ and sacrifice in man is one and the same thing in this respect—the abnegation of our own self-control to follow our own devices. But the abandonment of my own will implies the assumption of some other; that is a simple axiomatic truth. If I abandon my own will, I must adopt something else in its place. Now where is the will adopted by Christ and the believers in common? I grant that both make a common sacrifice. The sacrifice which I make as a Christian, is the abnegation of my will and the assumption of the will of God. But what does he require of me? It is to live for him, and to do his work in living for him. But what does he demand of Christ? To live for him? Yes! but more, immensely more. What end did Christ contemplate in his life? Obedience? Yes! but unto what? and for what? The end—if the Bible be true—was death, and salvation by it! Sacrifice on the part of Christ, therefore, did not consist exclusively, nor principally, in self-abnegation, but in the fact to which self-abnegation led; in other words, the atonement of the cross. In one sense, then, his life and that of the Christian are a sacrifice, namely, abandonment of self-will, the adoption of the Divine. But the sacrifice of Christ transcended this; for he not only lived to God, but he died for others.

Hitherto I have proceeded upon the assumption that we know what atonement is; and perhaps, in some measure, the last sentences I have uttered may present some of the ideas we

attach to it. Let me now, however, in a sentence state what I understand by an atonement. I speak not of the biblical atonement alone, but of the idea of propitiation generally. *An atonement, then, is a scheme, an expedient of Divine wisdom, to harmonise the outgoings, the practical developments of Divine mercy with the demands of Divine equity and law.* This definition includes the existence of both—of Divine goodness and of Divine equity. It does not demand them—it does not by any means create them. It assumes the fact. And here I may be allowed to say, that these things existed and exist anteriorly and independently of any atonement whatever. If no atonement had been made, God would have been holy; if no atonement had been made, God would still have been just; His equity and goodness are completely independent of the atonement. Away, then, with the assumption, with the misrepresentation, that in the atonement we contemplate something which is to make God good and merciful. Away with the aspersion which Socinian and Pantheistic writers alike have uttered against our views of Jehovah—as severe and stern, requiring the death of His Son to render Him gracious. I go back to the gospel of our Lord, as recorded by his disciple John, and adopt the simple statement: "God so loved the world," *because* he gave "his only begotten Son?" No, but "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.*"* Atonement then is not the root, but one of the fruits of mercy; it is the effect, not the cause, of Divine goodness.

Now, to understand the force of this idea of sacrifice and its necessity, it is requisite to consider two matters of consciousness—one relative to ourselves, the other to the Almighty;—first, that we are sinners; second, that He is just. If either of these terms fail, the atonement is superfluous, or may become so. If I am not a sinner I need no atonement;

* John iii. 16.

and if God is not just He may not require or demand one. Redemption and slavery are correlative terms; the antithesis of reconciliation is alienation; and if I speak of atonement for a human being, it involves the fact that he has done something which demanded the existence of sacrifice. Here, then, comes the argument as to our natural condition. On this point much diversity of opinion is expressed. The moral condition of the race has been a moot point in many ages. The most opposite pictures are drawn of the normal state of the race. One speaks of the thorough defilement of human nature; represents the man up from the child, in all his stages, as alien from God, in a state of moral recoil against the commands and authority of the Eternal. Another dilates on the charms of childhood. Poetry has sketched its prattling innocence,—its physical beauty,—its unsuspecting, trusting heart; while the aberrations of the man have been traced by others, not to the original nature of the child, but to temptation and its force, forgetful to show how temptation could act on perfectly pure minds! Not only, however, have poets, who sometimes mistake the ideal for the real, thus spoken, but others, from whom something more sober might be expected, have asserted the same fact, the original purity of our nature. One of the most accomplished statesmen of the day has recently said, "You will find that all children are born good; it is bad education and bad associations in early life that corrupt the minds of men. Be assured—be assured, that the mind and heart of men are naturally good." Now, is this off-hand dictum, pronounced with categorical authority, in a quiet nook of Hampshire,—carried by the press over the country, and greedily embraced by many—is it true? Is it true that all children are born good? "Be assured that the mind and heart are naturally good." My Lord Palmerston, ask the mothers of Romsey; carry your views and your questions a little further; ask the mothers of England if the children

whom they have born into the world will meet the description which your lordship has given of them? But they are not poetical, they are not philosophical! True, but they are practical observers, and come continually in contact with the tempers, the intellectual character, and the moral feelings of the individuals to whom they have given birth. Do you tell me that there are sometimes exceptions to this rule, and that their corruption is the result of education and association? I demur to that statement. I hold that the wicked influence of that association and that temptation with which they are encompassed, has all its power in the innate and natural corruption of the heart. Why, if they were in this state of purity, would not the beautiful thought of St. Clair, in regard to Eva, be universally exhibited; and just as he fancied that Eva was so pure that a drop of rain would not run more rapidly off a cabbage-leaf, than temptation would from her heart, so all the children of England would be so pure that the shower-drops of temptation would just roll away from them, and leave them unstained, unspotted as they came from the hand of God?

But perhaps it is said that those are the opinions of only practical people like myself. I appeal, then, to the Articles of that church with which the propounder of that statement is connected; and I ask your judgment on the meaning of these words:—"Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk); but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam; whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil." Or if human experience and the doctrines of the Church of England will not satisfy, then let us go to the words of the oracles of eternal truth, and hear the statements of David reiterated and re-impressed by Paul in clear, distinct harmony with each other: "The Lord looked down

from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are all gone aside; they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good; no, not one."* Now here we have the record of the Divine inquisition into the conduct and character of the human family. The moral world appeared before the all-searching God, and, wherever His eye fell, it rested on scenes of ungodliness and guilt. Varieties, no doubt, there were in thought, in emotions, in actions; but still all rose before Him a fallen temple, a temple in ruins, a temple where, to use John Howe's idea, lay here and there the fragment of a column, the wreck of a statue, indicating the skill of the architect and the glory of the design—but still in ruins, and ruins the more melancholy by the very grandeur of the remains. Such is man;—guilty, prostrate, lost! Here then I may assume the existence of that first term, the necessity of such an atonement. A few words now upon my second.

I have said that the second term is this, on the part of God, that He must be just. If He is not just, there may be an atonement required, or there may not; we cannot speculate on that point, but certainly, if He is not a just being no atonement need of necessity be demanded. Who would then deny this simple statement—that He is just, that He is King, that He is Head of creation, that He rules by law, that that moral law has been revealed, and that that moral law is yet dear to Him? A world without a governor forms part of few people's creed. That the moral world should be subject to law is perfectly obvious. That God rules by law is distinctly clear; and if that law has been broken, He must, so far as we know, be just to punish it, or require an atonement for it. On this the opponents of the atonement are not agreed with us. Now here, my dear young friends,—for it is with you I deal more emphatically this night,—here let me again urge a word

* Psalm xiv. 2, 3; Romans iii. 10, 11.

of caution. The danger in the literature of modern times, so far as theology is concerned, is not in direct assault, but in subtle undermining; and often much more—not in assaulting any truth of the word of God, but in ignoring it. An illustration here occurs. Nature is described as beautiful. God is represented as a kind, beneficent, universally loving Father; but His existence as Governor and King, though not dogmatically denied, is practically ignored. The primal law of government is not contradicted, but the law itself is not mentioned. Divine equity is dethroned by human silence. God is pourtrayed as a Father—we are pictured as His family; but nothing is said of a Father's rights, nothing of the children's duties, and nothing of the children's rebellion. All is radiant with love. The voices of creation are the echo of His own; the beauties, the grandeur of nature are the footprints of His majestic throne. Well; I trust I too can hear him in every zephyr sound, in every forest song, and in every ocean melody. All about me bespeaks a God of pure and perfect love, in the survey of whose works I am lost, and where with the poet I am led to exclaim,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

But is this all? Is the goodness of God the only feature of His character with which, as members of His family, we have to do? Is He nothing more? Has He no rights to maintain? Is there no other feature of His character with which, as rebellious children, we have to do? Is He not the God of law as well as the God of love? We have not out-lived, my dear young friends, the belief of Scripture—nor drowned the utterances within—nor forgotten the records of nations—nor shut our eyes to the approaching period when around our Father's throne the voices of unnumbered myriads shall proclaim on the sea of glass mingled with fire, "Just and true are Thy ways, thou King of saints. Who would not fear thee?"

But I forget. These views are antiquated, they are quite obsolete; they are the dreams of old superstition, not fit to engage our thoughts—or disturb our peace. What have we to do with such views in relation to atonement now—to judgment hereafter? "They practically give to Christianity a character, which, though it may have an ill sound, it would be vain as well as dishonest to dissemble—that of a religion of Moloch." Their religion, according to one of their Hierophants, which calls God Father, and not King, is the religion of beauty, the religion of truth; it is spiritualism; but our system "makes God a King, and not a Father." To this my reply is very simple. The charge is not true. We own the Eternal in both relations; they recognise him—if they recognise him at all—in one. We can divaricate between King and Father, and the relative work of each. So can they. But while both define the varieties, they dissociate, we unite. They strip the Father of the equity and authoritative power of the King; we surround the throne with love. While they resolve Deity into paternal affection, and say we array God with Draconic severity, we repudiate the charge, and fearlessly assert that our system denies neither of His characteristic relations: it admits both, and owns Him, at once, Father-King, and Royal Father.

This point conducts to the necessity of some mode of harmonising these ascertained facts in the divine and human character—that is, of some atonement. As sinners we need one. God, as just, has a right to demand one. Has one, therefore, been made? Our reply is biblical. The scriptures assert that atonement has been offered—and offered by Christ. Their language continually implies this sacrificial character—his atoning death. Of this let me give a few specimens:—

"FOR THE LIFE OF THE FLESH IS IN THE BLOOD: AND I HAVE GIVEN IT TO YOU UPON THE ALTAR TO MAKE AN ATONEMENT FOR YOUR SOULS: FOR IT IS THE BLOOD THAT

MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL." "BUT HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS, HE WAS BRUISED FOR OUR INIQUITIES: THE CHASTISEMENT OF OUR PEACE WAS UPON HIM; AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED. ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY; WE HAVE TURNED EVERY ONE TO HIS OWN WAY; AND THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL. HE WAS OPPRESSED, AND HE WAS AFFLICTED, YET HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH; HE IS BROUGHT AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER, AND AS A SHEEP BEFORE HER SHEARERS IS DUMB, SO HE OPENETH NOT HIS MOUTH." "THE NEXT DAY JOHN SEETH JESUS COMING UNTO HIM, AND SAITH, BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD." "FOR WHEN WE WERE YET WITHOUT STRENGTH, IN DUE TIME CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY. FOR SCARCELY FOR A RIGHTEOUS MAN WILL ONE DIE: YET PERADVENTURE FOR A GOOD MAN SOME WOULD EVEN DARE TO DIE. BUT GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE TOWARD US, IN THAT, WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US." "FOR CHRIST ALSO HATH ONCE SUFFERED FOR SINS, THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST, THAT HE MIGHT BRING US TO GOD, BEING PUT TO DEATH IN THE FLESH, BUT QUICKENED BY THE SPIRIT." "UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER; TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN."—Lev. xvii. 11; Isaiah liii. 5, 6, 7; John i. 29; Romans v. 6, 7, 8; 1 Peter iii. 18; Revelations i. 5, 6.

These sentences I have grouped in this particular order because it is the order of biblical manifestation; and I have chosen one sentence from the different writers, for each sentence or paragraph is the writing of one or other teacher of the Old or New Testament. I have done so for the purpose of showing the complete identity, the homogeneous-

ness of biblical teaching on the death of Christ. It is delightful to feel that, go where you will in the sacred volume, you find this. Ascend mount Horeb, and a vast valley, a great trough of a petrified sea lies below you, crowded with Israelites! Descend, and enter a tent approaching in size the palace of a Bedouin Chief, and you are surrounded with the symbolism of atonement! Ascend Calvary, and, standing amid a sea of heads, you gaze upon the wondrous development of the fact, the reality of atonement! Pass on to the Ægean, and as you gaze from Patmos, you hear, wafted over the waters from the home of the Redeemed, the songs and praises of its wonders ever swelling in volume with each admission of its new trophies into heaven!

This perfect unity of teaching in the sacred volume is to me one of the most clear and delightful proofs of the reality of the Atonement of my Saviour. It sparkles not in Scripture as one solitary star gemming the night, but as a cluster of stars, each rivalling in brilliancy its sister star, and all throwing their combined radiance on the hill of Calvary, on the work of the Redeemer. In short, whether there be an atonement or not, whether Christ made one or not, this at least is clear, that atonement by Him is a doctrine of Scripture, *the* doctrine of Scripture;—"the pillar and the ground of truth." To deny this requires a new Bible. But as we cling to the old, the Bible of our fathers, the standard of their opinions, the fountain of their joys,—and so God helping us we shall cling amid all the pretensions of literature and philosophy so called, that now spurn it because they fear it!—let us still hold by its central truth, "Christ crucified," and crucified for us. Here let us not seek the wisdom, or rather the affectation of wisdom, of too many modern oracles: let not our aim be to be wise with the Priestleys and Belshams, the Martineaus and Emersons. We—at least I do, do not you?—prefer being fools with Isaiah, and Paul, and John; with Wycliffe, and

Latimer, and Ridley; with Luther, and Melancthon, and Calvin; with Wesley and Whitefield; with Edwards and Martyn; with Hall and Chalmers;—in a word, not with the men of this time or that, but the men of all time, and now of the spiritual aristocracy in eternity!

You will remember that, in the idea which I threw out of the nature and character of atonement, I stated that it was the expedient, the creation of Divine wisdom, to harmonise the outgoings of Divine goodness or mercy, with the demands or claims of Divine law and equity. The principle embodied in the first part of that sentence is essential. If we have sinned, the atonement, in its nature and degree, rests with the party against whom we have offended. He alone has a right to say whether we shall be saved at all, and if so, by what agency. If, therefore, means have been revealed by Him at all, they must be right, for He is infallible. There may, however, be many difficulties about the scheme which we cannot master, positions we cannot reconcile. But if they are facts—if they be revealed in His word, they must be true. If the discovery is made by God of such an atonement, whatever be its difficulties, as His atonement it must be certain. Here, philosophy comes to our aid,—not the philosophy of Faneuil Hall at Boston, or some of the schools of Germany; not the philosophy of mere speculators, or of pantheistic dreamers; but the strong, massive philosophy of England—the philosophy of Bacon and Newton, of Locke and Boyle; the experimental, the inductive logic, whose great practical principle is that we have not to treat the question, *How* does a thing exist? but, *Does it exist?* I need hardly say that the introduction of this principle has revolutionised the worlds of science, of astronomy, chemistry, and geology. This principle, applied to physics and metaphysics, was employed by one whose name should and will never be heard without admiration,—I mean Dr. Chalmers,—with great force in regard to revealed facts,

where we have only to ascertain the truth, and reverently embrace it. The Book is to be our oracle, and when it speaks we are to be dumb. The great point, then, to which I come is—Is the Book authentic and true which contains the discovery of an atonement? If so, whatever clouds may envelope the cross, or whatever splendour may embellish the speculations of its foes, then you and I are bound to rise above both, and knowing that this doctrine is in Scripture, we take as our motto, "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according thereto, it is because there is no truth in them."

It may be well, however, to look at a few principles which reason might suggest as essential to an atonement, and ask if they are found in the atonement of the Bible? Do they meet in the cross? I am quite well aware that what I now urge is familiar to the student of theology, however superficial almost his knowledge, and limited his reading is. The principles, however, are important, and as heresiology is one repetition of itself, and yet may have power, so truth often repeated is sure to suffer no loss from its repetition. A few salient principles, then, and only a few, I will present of the fundamental requisites of atonement.

Purity, then, is the first element essential to the existence and the character of an atonement. The man himself in debt cannot liquidate the obligations of another; the rebel, himself amenable to the laws which he has violated, cannot expiate the crime of a brother rebel,—he has his own to atone for; and he that would be the atonement for a guilty world must himself be free from the guilt which is chargeable upon it. Otherwise to imagine were to suppose that the person so atoning was free from responsibility, and that in his case the great sentence had been rolled back—"The soul that sinneth it shall die." It is obvious, therefore, that the first element of this atonement must be the purity of its victim. *Christ was perfectly pure.* He could challenge all his foes and

boldly say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Their silence was his defence; and glancing to the malignant attack of the bitterest foe of himself and the whole human family, he could say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." His character was perfectly immaculate; and in the whole history of his life (although some have now and then attempted to throw insinuations and slurs over it), we behold a purity and an innocence unchallenged and unchallengeable.

Next in the statement of the terms and mode of an atonement, I observe that *it must be dependent on the will of the offended party.* The offender can dictate nothing, can prescribe or may suggest nothing; his life is forfeited, and if that shall be saved, it is in consequence of the will of him whom he has opposed, and at whose hands he deserves nothing but utter condemnation. All that the offender has to do in the case of an atonement, is to accept or reject the offered terms: no more has he to do, and no more can he. In the present case all is in consistency with the Father's plan; every act and word of our Saviour is coincident with the Father's will. Oh! how absorbed was the mind of Christ in that! and how frequently did he refer to the harmony of Himself and Father in all the movements of redemption and redeeming love! "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." "My meat and my drink is to do the will of my Father;" expressions but the fulfilment of ancient writ, when the royal prophet of Israel said, "It is written of me, I delight to do thy will." I quote the principle for this reason, that it completely supersedes an objection often urged by Socinians and Deists against our representations of the atonement. "Do you say that an atonement of such a character would be required, and that such an atonement was presented for the sake of propitiating the Father's wrath, and of making him merciful? that the Father could be moved into tenderness

and compassion by the effusion of his Son's blood? In how gloomy and repulsive an aspect do you thus present the eternal Godhead! Is this your view of God? We should shudder to entertain it." And so should we, but we never held it. We say, *the Father gave the Son*, not *that the Father should be* merciful, but *because* the Father *was* merciful; and that the Son was given by the Father, not for the purpose of awakening the Father's love, but because that love was brightly burning. The whole arrangement of the atonement was of the Father's appointing, and when the Son came to die as an atonement, he came in consistency with the Father's will.

Again, *an atonement*, from its nature, *must not be often repeated.* It is an extraordinary remedy. In human affairs it is a great experiment, and oftentimes a dangerous one. Frequently employed, an atonement would cease to be that which it is,—the exception to the operations of law,—and become the law itself. It would lose, therefore, its peculiarity, and be stripped of its impressiveness. *There is but one atonement for the world.* "Then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now, once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."*

Another great fact, it is obvious, must characterise an atonement: *it must be such as not to destroy the force of law and the claims of equity.* It is easy to conceive of a case of a person substituting himself for another, and destroying the very law under which he suffered. He may complain of its severity; the law itself may not be completely vindicated in his own individual conduct; he may not allow its justice while he bears its stroke; and therefore,

* Heb. ix. 26, 27, 28.

instead of honouring the law by being subject to its condemnation, he himself in truth degrades and weakens it; and the effects of this it is not difficult to imagine. How different the case of Christ! Through the whole of his course, from the cradle to the grave, from the first step of his mediatorial course to its final consummation, no murmur, no whisper against the integrity of God, or the authority of the law of God, ever escaped his lips. Never was victim so patient, so enduring, so heroic, so sublime in submission. Never did one tread a path at all approaching His with such resignation to the authority of the law, and such reverence to the authority of the lawgiver. It cannot be said, therefore, that the law was degraded by the language of Christ, or that its morality is impaired, or that its demands are limited, or that its motives are enfeebled, by the example of Christ. All rather swell into strength and clearness, the more they are contemplated in the light of the life and cross of the Son of God.

It is but an expansion of this truth, to affirm that *an atonement is most successful which*, while it gains its primary end (that is the pardon of the guilty), *adds force to the obedience of the pardoned.* Atonement is ruinous if it weaken law by narrowing its claims or diminishing its obligations. Atonement is adequate if, while it yields to law, it maintains its sanctions. But atonement is glorious if, while it maintains law, it adds new authority to it. Now the atonement of Christ illustrates the law as it had never been seen before, and brings before us its claims with a force and an ardour to which hitherto they were strangers. The command of God is binding, and the immediate benefits of obedience, justly considered, recommend that command, while the awful terrors with which it is encompassed and upheld, persuade men into subjection. But every Christian heart has felt a holier, gentler, and yet more potent impulse to obedience in the contemplation and acceptance of the Propitiation.

This last point is one of the most practically important in examining and determining the philosophy of an atonement, its moralising influence. Here accordingly have the strongest charges of its enemies centred. It is represented as subversive of pure ethical distinctions, and of practice. I may just quote the words of a recent antagonist of atonement, which he describes as "equally unsatisfactory as a scheme and immoral as an example." Now it is very natural to ask of the author and his coadjutors—What have you done in the presentation of moral examples, or of satisfactory schemes? You boast of your new schemes, your new philosophy. The cross is an effete thing. The world, which world is yourselves, wants something new. Well, what have your new plans, satisfactory as schemes and moral as examples, done? What has Secularism done? What is it doing? What has Socinianism done? What is it doing? What has Pantheism, or, as it prefers calling itself, Spiritualism, done? What is it doing? What have they all done, what are they all doing, for the advancement of morals, for the elevation of man? What barbarism have they civilised? What darkness have they illumined?

It is cheering to turn and reflect on the achievements of the cross, the atonement of Christ. Where, I repeat, have its foes, ranging between the extremes of materialism and spiritualism, done anything? Where has atonement not triumphed? Its preachers—never aping the philosopher, but preaching the cross, which is philosophy—have penetrated scenes of heathen darkness and degradation. Where, indeed, have they not been, from the krahl of the Hottentot to the temple of the Hindoo; from the rude superstition of the Caffre to the Pantheism of Brahma, or the Budhism of the Cingalese? In the cold regions of Greenland, under the shadow of the Andes, on the coralline reefs of the Pacific, this doctrine, the atonement, has been preached, and never failed. Under its shadow the cannibal savage has emerged in the civilised

man. And all this has been effected, not by literature or philosophy, but by faith, the humanising, the sanctifying power of the cross!

In these facts another great law of atonement is evolved, viz., its *adaptibility*. *Atonement must be applicable to the race for which it is made.* Now, other systems may do for one class, though even that is problematical. *This is for all,* and *certain* in its results where applied. The rose of Sharon is universally transplantable. It blooms with equal beauty amid the snows of Labrador, the sands of Africa, or on the sides of the Himalaya. It is fed by the blood of "the Man," and all men can be saved, nurtured by it.

I have thus addressed you on a subject of greatest moment in a very sketchy way. May I trust, a suggestive one? After all imperfection, however, in my argument, who cannot adopt the language of Young?

> "Oh! what a scale of miracles is here!
> Pardon for infinite offence, and pardon
> Through means that speak its value infinite!
> A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
> With blood divine of Him I made my foe!"

In these remarks I have appealed to you as judges and jurors at once—not of Mr. Maurice, nor of Dr. Candlish, nor of myself. But I have appealed to you upon principles, not persons. The latter may die, the former live—live for ever. My address has been on a topic of universal as well as imperishable interest, and not to be determined by metaphysics or scholarship, but the facts of our consciousness and the discoveries of scripture. My address has therefore assumed the form, not of a *concio ad clerum,* but *concio ad populum.* I have addressed your common sense, and not tried to turn Exeter Hall into a gymnasium of metaphysicians. How far I have succeeded it is not for me to say. If I have failed in

the vindication of the principles announced, ascribe that failure to the feebleness of the advocate, not to the unsoundness of the cause. Above all, let me implore you, my dear young friends, to remember one thing; this :—I may sit as a judge, and clearly expound law; or as a juror, and pronounce a just verdict on fact, and personally have no interest in either. It is not so here; you are judging for yourselves. This is no question of theory. If the atonement is anything, it should be real, home-going, heart-reaching truth — characterising our habits in time—determining our destinies in eternity. I may now speak to some who have never felt its magnitude—never trusted in its application to them. Think, my friends, what you are—what you must be without it. You are now in the flush of youth—its freshness and buoyancy. You may, by the play of your wit or the sparkle of your genius, be the very soul of the circle in which you move. But what is all that? The prospect of commercial success may be before you, and you may rejoice in its reality and brilliancy. But is that all? Does not your ambition soar beyond? Have you no consciousness of alienation from God—of disobedience to His law —of recoil from His society? Have you no inward struggle between right and wrong? No temporary forebodings of a world and judgment hereafter? If you have—close, I implore you, that struggle at the cross, where only it can safely terminate.

I address others—many, I hope—who have embraced this atonement, who have bowed to its philosophy, and felt the joy it inspires. Keep firm on that rock of your faith and hope. It stands firm as ever. Ages have swept over it, but not crumbled it. The artillery of hell has played against it; but not one angle of it has been destroyed. The sophistry of earth has tried to undermine and blast it; but the mine has not sprung. Here it stands, colossal in its own strength—pouring defiance on its assailants, while casting a refreshing shadow on all who walk

confidingly and lovingly by its sides. Let no storms, my dear young friends, drive you from its shelter—let no wiles of false philosophy lure you from its elevation. Feel that here is power to sustain and brace you in the moral battle of life. You may in this struggle sometimes be prostrated; but remember Antæus, who, when wrestling and falling to the ground, no sooner touched the soil from which he sprung, than he rose refreshed. The fiction of Greece may be more than realised in you. Touch, in your grapplings with sin and in your occasional falls, the soil of Calvary, and saturated as that is with the blood of atonement, you will start from it with new spiritual muscle—with renovated hopes—with holier ambition! Time, my dear friends, is passing along, and carrying you, me, all, on its bosom. Oh! never forget that, as it flows on, sometimes amid hidden reefs, sometimes amid bolder crags, sometimes treacherous eddies, the thing, the only thing, that can support amid all its surges and dangers, amid the breakers and maëlstrom, alike securely, is the Cross of Christ! Embrace it then—grasp it—cling to it thus with the earnestness of a drowning man, until you touch the shore of Eternity, and feel yourselves everlastingly safe beyond the approach of danger—temptation—death!

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Constantinople and Greek Christianity.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. RICHARD BURGESS, B.D.,

RECTOR OF UPPER CHELSEA, AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

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CONSTANTINOPLE AND GREEK CHRISTIANITY.

It was my lot in 1834 to visit Constantinople, and to spend some days in seeing the Bosphorus and the Euxine Sea. I little imagined that in the course of twenty years from that time, Scutari and Therapia and Beicos Bay would become familiar as household words to the ears of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. I do not regret that I made some notes which at any future time might refresh my memory, and bring the gorgeous city of the East, with its surrounding landscapes within the grasp of recollection. Some advantage arises to me from this, in attempting to describe a city upon which the eyes of Europe are turned, and which now contains, in its Asiatic suburb, the shattered hopes of many a British family. It may be that some gracious design of Providence is hid beneath the mysterious cloud which now appears to shroud the destiny of the East. A lively and universal interest has been created in men's minds in all that concerns that section of the eastern hemisphere. The names of cities, seas, and rivers, which had been unknown to all but the geographer, are now become familiar to the least instructed, and even the classic honours of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and "unconquered Salamis," have been eclipsed by those of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava. But Constantinople is the centre, around which all the great events of our day revolve, and Greek Christianity

is the real or pretended cause, for which its imperial champion has set the world in flames. We have therefore coupled Constantinople with Greek Christianity, however unequally they may seem to be yoked together; but the fact is, that as Latin Christianity emanated from the ancient capital of the West, Greek Christianity went out of the ancient capital of the Roman Empire in the East, and neither one nor the other can possibly be considered as the Christianity which was taught when "the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch." We shall consider a short history and description of Constantinople as introductory to the main subject with which I propose to occupy your attention. A certain navigator called Byzas is said to have founded a city 658 B.C., upon the most eastern promontory of Europe, and called it after his own name Byzantium. It occupied but a portion of the small peninsula which afterwards afforded space for Constantinople; but the situation was so well chosen that posterity deified the founder, and gave him Neptune for his father. The kings of Bithynia, and even Philip of Macedon, were checked in their career by the Byzantines, and the advantageous position of this celebrated city was discerned at once by the masters of the Roman world. Rome was found to be too far distant from Asia for the purposes of government, and it fell to the lot of the first Christian Emperor to carry the plan which his predecessors had conceived into execution. His final victory over Licinius, his rival for empire, was gained on the heights of Scutari, then called Chrysopolis, and within sight of the scene of his good fortune, Constantine, near a thousand years after the foundation of Byzantium, drew the lines of his new city, which has ever since borne his name. It was finished and inaugurated in the year 334. The successors of Constantine for fifty years, were employed in defending the empire of the West against the inroads of hordes of barbarians from the

North, and it was not until the great Theodosius had finally overthrown the Ostrogoths on the Lower Danube that we begin to read of the Byzantine Court. In the year 380, the two sons of Theodosius (Arcadius, and Honorius) divided the Roman Empire between them; and Arcadius fixed the imperial residence at Constantinople. During his reign a catalogue was made of all the public buildings of the new capital, and that curious document, known under the title of "Notitia," is still extant. It tells us that Constantinople then contained 4,388 houses, besides fourteen extensive palaces; it had eight Thermæ, or large bath establishments, fifty-two porticoes, 153 private baths, twenty public swimming schools, two senate houses, two basilicas, besides theatres, forums, a circus, a capitol, a mint, and four harbours; but there were at that time only fourteen churches. The famous Hippodrome did not rise to much celebrity until the reign of Justinian. That prince, who rose from the obscurity of a Bulgarian peasant to a throne, governed the Roman empire for more than thirty-eight years, and his name is inseparably connected with the Christianity of the East. Amongst the numerous churches which he reared during his long reign, we must distinguish that of St. Sophia, which, shorn of its original splendour, is now the great temple of Mahomedanism in the city of the Sultans. The church of St. Sophia, upon whose stately Dome and Cupolas the eyes of so many of our countrymen now look down from the heights of Scutari, was begun in the year 532 and finished in 537. Four ancient historians, led on by the secretary of Belisarius, have employed their pens in celebrating the riches of this once Christian temple, and travellers and antiquarians have filled volumes with drawings and descriptions of its interior; but these we must leave for the present to students and Ecclesiologists. St. Sophia continued to be a Christian temple from the year 537 to 1453, when the last of the Greek emperors, with

Constantinople itself, fell beneath the four destroying "angels that were loosed from the Euphrates." (Revelation ix. 15.) I have said that the city of the East grew out of Byzantium which occupied the eastern end of the promontory, and that it was carried far within the peninsula, when it expanded into the city of Constantine; but there was a large addition made by Theodorus II. in 473, and another portion added by the Emperor Heraclius in 620. It is from that period that it assumes its present shape, which has been fitly compared to the form of a harp; the base coinciding with the walls which run across the land from the harbour to the Seven Towers, and the top, flattened, lying at the mouth of the Bosphorus, where it joins with the Sea of Marmora. From between two rocks of poetic fame, which guard the entrance into the Black Sea, the stream of the Bosphorus rushes forth and runs for twenty miles in a winding channel until it breaks against the promontory of Byzantium; its clear waters are then divided, and a portion takes rest in the Canal of Perami, or the Golden Horn, which forms the harbour of Constantinople; the rest continue their course past Scutari and the ancient Chalcedon to the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora. Under the name of Constantinople, Europeans understand not only the whole of the harp-shaped city we have described, but the suburbs of Pera and Galata on the north shore of the Perami; and the Asiatic suburb of Scutari; the latter is separated from Stamboul (the Turkish name for Constantinople) by the width of the Bosphorus, which, before it enters the Propontis, becomes not less than two miles. At Pera is the great arsenal of the Sultan; at Galata the ambassadors and consuls fix their residences when they leave the more agreeable retreats of Therapia and Buykdere; at Scutari, on the heights rising abruptly from the Bosphorus, are seen the extensive barracks, turned into hospitals for the sick and wounded, who are sent from the Aceldama of the Crimea.

Stamboul is surrounded by a triple line of walls, which, for

the most part, have retained their original appearance. The inner wall is the highest of the three ranges, and is strengthened by lofty towers; indifferently square, circular, or octagonal; the second, or middle line, is much lower, and the towers less; the third, or front wall, with batteries running along the top, serves as the defence of the ditch or foss that runs in the front of it. The intervals between those walls are eighteen feet wide, and are in many places choked up with earth and masses of the fallen ramparts. This description of the walls of Constantinople hardly applies to the side which joins the harbour; but in the line which crosses the peninsula and forms the base of the irregular triangle, they still wear the appearance which Theodosius II. gave them more than fourteen centuries ago. Seven gates open on the side of the canal, which admit the passengers who arrive from Galata and Pera into Stamboul. In the walls which run across the land we have six gates, one of which cannot be passed over without an observation. It is the Top Capoussi, or cannon-gate, called in ancient times, S. Romanus. It was here where the last of the Constantines fought and fell before the overpowering force of Mahmoud II., when the fate of the Greek empire was sealed. This great event took place in 1453, so that the four hundred years, for which the Ottoman power was to endure, according to a tradition of the Turks themselves, are now completed. This is still the most assailable point. If ever the invader should succeed in reaching the walls of Stamboul, the assault would naturally be made where the last and one of the most valiant of the Greek emperors bravely fell. I must mention the famous seven towers and the golden gate which terminate the line of wall at the Sea of Marmora. This was in fact a fortress, and the gate was a triumphal arch, erected by Theodosius to commemorate his victory over Maximus. The fortress was rebuilt by Mahmoud II. One of the seven towers served as a state prison, where foreign ambassadors and viceroys, who had incurred the Sul-

tan's displeasure, were immured. There is many a story of horror connected with these gloomy walls. One of the last disagreeable ambassadors shut up within the seven towers was the Russian Count de Bucalof, at the beginning of the present century; and although we view all such Bastiles with a pious horror, still we should not have been much distressed if the apartment of Bucalof could have been made comfortable after half a century for the reception of Menschikoff, when he was the bearer of the insulting message of his imperial master to Constantinople. Seven more gates lead into the city from the shore of the Propontis, and then we turn round the Seraglio Point, and touch the Cape Demetrius, directly opposite to Scutari; and this completes the circuit of Stamboul. I have already mentioned Galata, the European suburb, and chief residence of the Franks. The walls which surround it are the work of the Genoese, when they claimed to be sovereigns of one-eighth of Constantinople. A lofty tower and the grand mosque of Mahmoud are the conspicuous objects which mark the position of Galata and Pera, and the artillery barracks of the Sultan and the arsenal of Cassim Pacha are the two great establishments on the north side of the harbour. It is two miles from the artillery barracks across the Bosphorus to the port of Scutari, where landing from the *Caique* we ascend to the top of Mount Bourgaloue; from that height, which rises above the barracks and the hospital, are seen at one glance the lands of Asia and Europe. The Bosphorus divides those two great sections of the globe from each other, and concentrates upon its rushing stream the interests and the fate of empires. The phalanxes of Darius, the ten thousand warriors of Xenophon, and the crusading multitudes of the pious Godfrey, all passed, in successive ages, across this stream, which gives to history some of its most splendid pages. We can see from Scutari the glittering minarets of Stamboul, and the gay kiosks on Bournou pro-

montory, and the domes of the khans, and roofs of bazaars "where merchants most do congregate." There rises the gigantic mosque of St. Sophia, not entirely despoiled of the reverence which belonged to it in the days of Justinian. The eye runs up the Perami, or Golden Horn, crowded with skiffs, and carrying a whole city of souls upon its buoyant waters. The palace of the Sultan lies beneath the abrupt ascent. As the Bosphorus winds towards the Euxine Sea, the habitations on its western shore appear not to cease, and one might fancy that half the population of the world had come to fix their abodes on the margins of Asia and Europe. Turning to the east, we can see into the Gulf of Nicomedia, and the distant mountains, falling away in azure folds, direct the wandering eye towards Nice, the ancient scene of sacred council. Chalcedon, now Kadekeui, lies at the foot of the Scutari heights, towards the south; and thename of S. Euphemia preserves the memory of the famous council held in 451. It stands on the projecting shore where the Bosphorus expands into the Propontis; and looking over the blue waters towards the south, the eye is caught by the isles of the Princes, the alluring summer retreats of the wealthy Turks and Armenians. The horizon is bounded by the azure tops of the hills of Mysia and Bithynia, amidst which, and above all, towers the lofty Olympus. Scutari is the favourite burial-place of all Mussulmans, who consider Asia, and not Europe, as their home. Every true follower of Mahomet believes that his remains will be more secure from profanation if deposited in the country of the prophet. This vast cemetery, containing the relics of many generations, extends for several miles; it is a vast forest of cypresses. But there is nothing of the stillness of death in this vast receptacle; they unite the hands of life and death here together. Groups of females, in gay attire, lean against the turbaned stones, or squat on the graves of their relations. I have witnessed the merry laugh go

round among the chambers of the dead. The Arabas, which jingle past, are saluted from the tombs as gaily as from the balcony; and the grave not yet grown green is selected for the scene of merriment. This Asiatic suburb is said to be as large and as populous as Smyrna; in its ordinary aspect it wears the stillness of a village, except near the port. I have dwelt longer upon it because so many anxious thoughts are now turned upon Scutari. I will not venture upon any description of the topography and antiquities of Constantinople—there is some resemblance to Rome in both. The capital in the East had its seven hills as well as that of the West; both cities were divided into fourteen "regiones," or wards, and even the region beyond the Tiber had its fac-simile in the region of the Fig-trees (now Galata). If Rome has her seven papal basilicas, Constantinople has her seven imperial mosques. Rome had its Circus Maximus and Constantinople its Hippodrome, and both were equally scenes of cruelty and bloodshed long after Christianity had ascended the imperial thrones. The great works made by the Greek Emperors for supplying the city with fresh water are still to be seen, and excite the wonder of our countrymen—they surpass in extent anything of the kind found at Rome. The triumphant pillars of Trajan and Antonine excelled in magnificence and beauty those of Theodosius and his sons; and it must be confessed that Rome asserts her pre-eminence in her ancient as well as in her modern edifices. St. Sophia was never to be compared with St. Peter's, and the bondage of 400 years has effectually prevented the patriarch of Constantinople from aspiring to the splendour of his more fortunate rival at Rome. The Mahomedan temple has over-shadowed the Christian church, and thrown every emblem of Christianity into obscurity. The stranger, as he views the glittering minarets and innumerable domes that rise above the streets of Stamboul, must forget for awhile that this was once the patriarchal throne of

John Chrysostom; he is not prepared at the first sight of Constantinople to recognise the city which contended with Rome for ecclesiastical dominion. The seven imperial mosques and their satellites engross the whole atmosphere of external religion. These are :—

St. Sophia,	The Solimanca,
Sultan Mahomed,	Sultan Achmet,
Sultan Selim,	The Osmaynea,

and The Sultan Bajazet.

They have all four minarets each, except that of Sultan Achmed, which had six, until two or three were blown down in the storm of last November. It requires some time and trouble to find the religious edifices of the Greeks, and, when found, they are faithful representatives of the degradation into which Greek Christianity has long since fallen. The patriarchal church of St. George stands just within the gate of St. Peter, in that part of Constantinople called the Fanar, which runs along the harbour on the south side. This cathedral church of all the East can accommodate not more than 600 or 700 persons. The interior, compared with a church in Italy, is plain, and, what surprised me more, is kept clean. The screen, which hides the priest from the people at certain seasons, is not so grotesque as it is generally found in minor sanctuaries. An episcopal chair, of burnished wood, is shown as the cathedra from which St. Chrysostom delivered his homilies—but this seems to be too much even for the credulity of a Greek. They show a column to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged by order of Pilate, and this relic is held in great veneration; but as there are many other columns which served the same purpose to be found in Italy and Greece, I did not make any further inquiries into the authenticity of this one. There are no statues in the Cathedral of St. George, but the walls of the inner sanctuary are decorated with some paintings and a coarse Mosaic representing the virgin. Close adjoining

to the cathedral is the residence of the Patriarch. He was as happy, as it seemed to me (in 1834), with his one chamber to sleep in, and another in which to receive his guests and clients, as the Diotrephes of Rome with his 11,000 rooms in the Vatican. I cannot leave the precincts of this humble cathedral without referring to one fact of modern date which must awaken our sympathy for a Greek patriarch. In leaving the court, we pass under a beam which spans the entrance. In 1821, the aged Gregory was suspended, in his pontifical robes, from that beam on Easter Sunday. It was at a period when Greece was in insurrection, and the tide of popular indignation run high against the Christians; but the Jews surpassed all the rest in inhumanity. They took the mutilated body of the patriarch, and, with mockery and insult, threw it into the canal. A sensation of horror thrilled through the whole of Christendom at this inhuman murder, and perhaps it contributed something to the success of the Greek cause in the war of independence.

Such is a sketch of the story and present condition of the metropolis of Greek Christianity. The rise and fall, the present condition and prospects of that religion, are the points that will now occupy our attention.

I do not mean by *Greek Christianity* the religion which Paul taught at Antioch, and which he spread throughout Phrygia and Galatia, and preached at Ephesus when "all they of Asia heard the word;" nor do I intend to track the early corruptions of the truth once delivered to the saints. When Constantine transferred the imperial residence to Byzantium, and built the city which is called after his name, he raised up a formidable rival to the Roman Pontiff, who had already begun to claim the pre-eminence in the beginning of the fourth century. Three prelates had succeeded in establishing a certain degree of authority over all other bishops; these were the bishops of Rome, of Antioch, and of Alexandria. The

former, when Christianity had ascended the imperial throne, had the advantage of his rivals in the magnificence and splendour of the church over which he presided, and in the luxury in which he lived. These adventitious circumstances, together with the fact of residing in the metropolis of the world, stood in the place of right and of lawful authority. The precedence was yielded to the pretension, and as yet the Bishop of Constantinople had not even been admitted into the ecclesiastical triumvirate which governed the Universal Church. But Constantine would make of his new capital a second Rome, and he and his successors saw with approbation the new claims which the Bishops of Constantinople began to put forward. In a council held at Constantinople in the year 381, by order of Theodosius the Great, the bishop of that city took advantage of the absence of his brother of Alexandria, and procured the insertion of a canon, which gave him the first rank after the Bishop of Rome, and consequently gave him precedence over the Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch. Notwithstanding the protest of the Bishop of Rome, who appears on this occasion to have been outwitted, Nectarius entered into the enjoyment of these new honours, the celebrated Chrysostom succeeded him; and from that time the see of Constantinople took precedence of all others in the East. S. Chrysostom did not neglect to extend its privileges; he brought Thrace, and Asia, and Pontus under its jurisdiction, and his successors did not fail to take advantage of their position, and extend their spiritual dominion over other regions of the East. But the prelates who had suffered in their dignity by this ecclesiastical revolution did not sit down content with their loss of power; the exaltation of the Bishop of Constantinople became a source of contention and strife which lasted through many centuries, and ended, as we shall see, by a complete separation of the Greek and Latin Churches. In the course of the fourth century, and while

the Oriental Churches were gathering up their strength under their respective heads, there arose several eminent men distinguished by their learning as well as zeal for their particular opinions, amongst them Arius, who has made so much noise in the world, that fifteen centuries have not sufficed to bury his name in oblivion. He was a presbyter of the church in Alexandria; he possessed great learning, and was distinguished by his skill in logic and disputation; he denied the proper divinity of Christ, but allowed him to be next to God, the first and highest of all created beings. It was to settle the Arian controversy mainly that the Council of Nice was convoked by order of Constantine, the result of which we have in the formulary now used in the Liturgy of the Church of England, called the Nicene Creed. In this same century flourished Eusebius Pamphilus, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Palestine, a man of prodigious learning, and celebrated especially for his Ecclesiastical History. He has been accused of leaning towards Arianism, but apparently without much foundation. He was, if we except Origen of Alexandria, the most laborious of all the writers of antiquity. If all his works had been preserved, it would have required a lifetime to have read them. Amongst other things, he wrote a life of Constantine in four books, which has come down to us. About the same period flourished Athanasius, who spent his life in defending the doctrine of the Trinity from the errors of Arianism, Sabellianism, and the refinements of Eutyches. The adventures of Athanasius, whose name is attached to the Creed retained in the Book of Common Prayer, would fill a volume. We lose our interest in the controversy in admiring the pertinacity of the man. He has imprinted an indelible character upon Christian theology; and notwithstanding his seeming intolerance and unflinching boldness in declaring the orthodox faith, in an Epistle he wrote to some monks who had asked him to give them an account of his sufferings, he shows

by solid argument the injustice and futility of persecution on account of religious opinions. "Nothing," he observes, "more forcibly marks the weakness of a bad cause." After Athanasius I must mention, Basil, called the Great. He was Bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, and was surpassed by none of his age in genius and the art of controversy, and in sacred eloquence. His name is still great wherever Greek Christianity extends, and the Liturgy, which is ascribed to him, is that which is preferred by a large portion of the churches subject to the Patriarch of Constantinople. I have already spoken of John Chrysostom, who was a preacher in the church of Antioch, and afterwards Bishop of Constantinople. Of all the fathers of the Greek Church whose writings have come down to us, there is none we read with equal satisfaction; he is well named Chrysostom, or the golden mouth. In his voluminous writings the most enlightened Christian will find instruction and edification, and there are very few passages which cannot be reconciled with a pure and scriptural divinity. I shall only mention one more,--Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus. His principal work is a "Treatise of Heresies," which he makes, by the middle of the fourth century, to amount to fourscore; it is a work little esteemed; full of errors, and betraying great ignorance, picking up heresy out of every shadow of difference, upon points too subtle for any but a Greek mind. *Heresy*, is a Greek word *αιρεσις*, a sect, from *αιρεω*, I choose. Hence *αιρετικος* and Heretic, one who makes a particular choice and persists in it. Epiphanius by this term understands "a sect or society, who have particular religious opinions which differ from those generally held by other people." According to this definition of Epiphanius, Pope Pius IX. must be a heretic, for he has chosen to hold a religious opinion which differs from that generally held by other religious people, even those who belong to his communion. The dogma of the "Immaculate Conception"

has never been held by the Church of Rome itself, but it was *chosen* last December, and promulgated to the Roman Catholic world as an article of faith; and if Epiphanius had then known of it, the number of his heresies would have been eighty-one. But taken even at fourscore, it will be a sufficient reason why I should avoid taking you into the labyrinth of the Oriental disputations; and, in hastening to the more modern periods of Greek Christianity, I am compelled to leave behind the history of Œcumenical Councils and Synods, where religious controversy assumed the form of riot and violence, and brought disgrace upon the very profession of a Christian. The Council of Chalcedon, however, held in 451, marks an important epoch in the history of the Eastern Churches, and few of our fellow countrymen who look down upon Kadikeu (the ancient Chalcedon) from the heights of Scutari ever dream what "mischief dire" was done there 1400 years ago to the faith of the Gospel. In that riotous Synod of 630 bishops, the church of St. Euphemia resounded with the cry of "Anathema to the Nestorians," who were bid with indignation to repair to Rome, which was then regarded as the headquarters of a heresy which Pope Leo had maintained in his famous epistle on the mystery of the Incarnation. The errors of Eutyches were also condemned in this fourth Œcumenical Council, and the powerful sect of the Monophysites excluded from the communion of the orthodox church. The names and terms of Greek theology will receive illustration as we proceed to describe the jurisdiction of the Patriarchates of the Oriental churches in the fourth century. I begin with *the Patriarchate of Antioch*. This originally included that of Jerusalem, for singularly enough the bishop of the mother Church, although he had an honorary precedence given to him at the Council of Nice, did not obtain the jurisdiction of a Patriarch until the Council of Chalcedon confirmed this dignity upon him. The Patriarchate of Antioch

comprised the countries of Judæa, Mesopotamia, and Syria; and some of the provinces of Asia Minor. Those who call themselves Christians within this jurisdiction are chiefly Jacobites or Monophysites, and the Melchites, or Royalists, who are accounted orthodox. The Monophysites derive their origin from Eutyches, an abbot or superior of a large monastery in Constantinople. His followers appear to deny the existence of the human nature of Christ, which they affirm was absorbed in the divinity and made one with it. Hence their name of Monophysites, a term compounded of two Greek words, signifying one in nature. They are also called Jacobites, from Jacob Baradæus, who was an eminent man among them in the sixth century. The Orthodox, called by their adversaries Melchites or Royalists on account of their attachment to the Emperors, adhere to the doctrine of the Trinity as it is now generally received, and they are in communion with the Patriarch of Constantinople. When the Mahomedans invaded those countries in the seventh century, they protected the Monophysites, and the small minority of the Orthodox were oppressed. This circumstance drove the Syrians who were Orthodox to the See of Constantinople, to which they have been attached ever since. In the whole extent of the Patriarchate of Antioch there are not more than a quarter of a million called Christians.

The Patriarchate of Alexandria is said by Eusebius to have been founded by the Evangelist St. Mark, but at all events ever since the Mahomedan conquest of Egypt it has been in the hands of the Jacobites or Monophysites: the Orthodox or Melchites have always been a small minority; the Copts and Abyssinians (the former having a Patriarch of their own and the latter their Abuna or chief priest) still maintain a kind of ecclesiastical allegiance to the Patriarch of Alexandria, but there are not remaining more than 5,000 Christians in this once great Patriarchate.

We have already seen how the Bishop of Constantinople was raised to dignity and power, and acquired jurisdiction over the whole of Thrace, which at present comprises most of European Turkey. In the Council of Chalcedon the same Patriarch swallowed up the exarchates of Cæsarea and Ephesus, and in the course of time the whole of Greece owned his jurisdiction. His successors during the fifth century continued to gain an ascendancy over the Bishops of Alexandria and Antioch, and then to dispute the pretensions of the Roman Pontiff. The great Bishop of Latin Christianity had not yet assumed the title of universal pastor. Gregory the Great, whose name is associated with the conversion of England to Christianity, disclaimed the title which one of his successors, Boniface III., finally assumed, and to which the Popes still lay claim; but the Oriental Churches one and all continue to protest against the arrogance which claims authority over them, and they reject with disdain the proposal of an Italian bishop to submit to his jurisdiction and receive his decrees. We have now laid the foundations of the metropolitical economy of the Greek Church: the two ancient partriarchates were those of Antioch and Alexandria; that of Constantinople rose pre-eminent by favour of the Greek Emperors in the fourth and fifth centuries; and, finally, the Patriarchate of Jerusalem obtained a precedence over exarchates and dioceses which had existed before it. But besides these four great divisions of ecclesiastical geography, we shall have to introduce a fifth, viz., the Patriarchate of Moscow, which was an off-shoot from Constantinople, and went with other off-shoots, as Muscovite dominion encroached upon the Greek Empire. In a subject so vast and complicated as that which I have attempted to condense within the compass of an evening lecture, there is no room for expansion, and if we crowd the stage of events too much it will be difficult to see the action of the drama. Instead, therefore, of attempting to unravel the disputes which Patriarchs and Bishops main-

tained with each other during the fourth and four following centuries, I will only recapitulate the objects and decisions of the seven œcumenical councils which are received in the Greek Church, and I may add for the most part have been received by the Churches of the West.

I. The Council of Nice, held in the year 325, under Constantine in which the doctrine of Arius, who denied the divinity of the Word, was condemned.

II. The first Council of Constantinople, held in 381, in the reign of Theodosius the Great in which the heresy of Macedonius was condemned, who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost.

III. The Council of Ephesus, in the reign of Theodosius the Younger, A.D. 431, against Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who maintained the same opinion as Arius, and asserted besides that Jesus Christ had two natures—one begotten of the Father, the other incarnate by the Virgin: and divided the godhead and manhood in Christ into two persons as well as natures, calling the Virgin *Christipara,* mother of Christ, and not *Deipara,* mother of God, a title first adopted in the former council of Ephesus.

IV. The Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, held in the reign of Marcian, against Eutyches, who denied the humanity of Christ, and asserted that he had only an imaginary body, a mere phantom, ascribing the suffering of Christ to the Godhead, and maintaining that he had one nature only. This Council therefore condemned the great sect of the Monosophysites.

V. The Second Council of Constantinople, held A.D. 553, under Justinian, in which were condemned the writings of "the Three Chapters," or passages of books supposed to contain heterodox tenets. The controversy, which filled volumes, was altogether idle and frivolous. Some do not consider this an œcumenical Council.

VI. The Third Council of Constantinople, held A.D. 680, in the reign of Constantine Pogonatus, against the Monothelites,

who maintained that Christ had only *one will* and one act; hence the name of the sect Monothelites.

VII. The second council of Nice, held A.D. 787, in the reign of Constantine V., and his mother Irene. The worship of images was pronounced agreeable to Scripture and to reason, and in accordance with the fathers and councils of the Church. This, however, was in contradiction to the decision of a Synod of Constantinople, held A.D. 754, where 338 bishops were present; in that synod it was decreed that image worship was a corruption of Christianity and a renewal of paganism, and all visible symbols of Christ, except in the Eucharist, were either blasphemous or heretical. The Churches of the East and West ended by dividing the idolatry between them, of which the largest portion went to Rome. Rome worshipped the image, and Constantinople the likeness. The *statues* of the Virgin and of the Saints adorned the niches of Latin Christianity, and their *pictures* bedizened the walls of the churches of the East. The total separation of the Eastern and Western Churches was not finally effected till the time of Photius, who was elected Patriarch of Constantinople in 858, by the Emperor Michael, in the place of Ignatius, whom he drove from the see. Pope Nicholas I. took part with the exiled bishop, and excommunicated Photius. Photius, in his turn, assembled a council at Constantinople, and excommunicated the Pope: from this period is dated the complete separation and distinction between the two churches; but Rome has never relaxed her efforts to this very day for bringing what she calls the Greek schismatics into union, that is, into subjection to her will: nor is there any visible diminution of that perfect hatred which the Greek Church still cherishes of the arrogance and pretensions of the Bishop of Rome.

We may now leave the four ancient patriarchates for a period of 700 or 800 years, during which there is little to interest the Christian or attract the attention of the philosopher. The decisions of councils were regarded as of equal

and even greater authority than the Word of God. The subtilties of human reasoning usurped the place of the teaching of God's Spirit, and then the feet even of those who were masters in Israel were allowed to stumble on the dark mountains. Learning, and genius, and devotion, are no guarantee against a strong delusion, unless there be also a simple obedience to the inspired word. It was displacing the word of God from its supremacy which brought the scourge of Mahommedanism first upon the patriarchates of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, and finally upon Constantinople. The Arabian impostor was permitted to pour his hordes into the countries upon which the Sun of Righteousness had first arisen, and a succession of caliphs and sultans (for the appointed 1260 years) have been permitted to trample where apostles and martyrs knelt. Some of the fairest portions of the earth are now left to their inhabitants desolate.

> "While blasted by his crescent's dreadful glare,
> The bloom of science and of genius dies."

But still let justice be done to the Greek Church and its œcumenical councils. If the true doctrine of the Trinity and the Incarnation has been preserved, it is through the churches of the East, and not through Rome. Orthodoxy itself, as received in the Latin Church, came from the first four councils, amidst the confused noise of synodical action; the true faith, like the petrel in the storm, was secure; the Scriptures ever have been, and are now, less dreaded at Constantinople than at Rome; and the prospects of a better day for the kingdom of grace on earth, are, after all, rather on the shores of the Bosphorus than on the banks of the Tiber. Between Greek and English Christianity there is yet a great gulf fixed, but it is easier to bridge it over with bibles, than to fill up the chasm which divides the religion of the Pope from the religion of Paul and Peter. But I hasten to the fifth and most modern Patriarchate.

The Church of Rome arrogates to itself the title of

catholic, or universal, and excludes the Greek Church from the pale of universality, and yet the Greek Church extends over a larger portion of the eastern hemisphere than any other Christian community. The Christianity of Chrysostom and Basil, with subsequent additions and corruptions, is professed through all Greece and the isles, through the Danubian principalities, including Servia, through the rest of Turkey in Europe, in Egypt, Nubia, Lybia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Cilicia, Palestine, and finally throughout the Russian Empire in Europe, a great part of Siberia in Asia, Astracan, Carsan, Georgia, White Russia, Poland, &c.; but although the Greek Church extends over a wider extent of territory than that of Rome, it is not equal to it in numerical strength, and is greatly inferior in wealth and worldly honour. I take the following statistics of the Greek Church from a "Journal of a Mission in the East, sent out by the Malta College,"—a work which I recommend to all who desire to become better acquainted with the present condition of Greek Christianity.

In Russia the numbers of the Greek Church are	50,000,000
In Turkey	12,000,000
In the kingdom of Greece	800,000
In the Austrian dominions	2,800,000
In the Patriarchate of Alexandria . . .	5,000
In the Patriarchate of Antioch, including Cyprus	250,000
In the Patriarchate of Jerusalem . . .	15,000
	65,870,000

As nearly four-fifths of the number of the Greek Church in the world are under the dominion of Russia, this gives the Czar the pretension to be acknowledged as the great head and protector of Greek Christianity. We are now about to see how that potentate has "arrived at that eminence."

There are various accounts of the introduction of Christianity into those regions which come under the general name of Russia. Some pretend that the Apostle St. Andrew went

from Greece, crossed the Black Sea, and landed at the mouth of the Borysthenes, that is the river Dnieper, which flows into the sea not far from Odessa. The Apostle is further said by these apocryphal writers to have ascended the river until he came to Kiev, the most ancient of the capitals of Russia. *There* he preached the gospel, baptised the whole nation, and taught them to make the sign of the cross. This traditional account, although very problematical, is at least free from absurdity. As much cannot be said for some others, of which I give but one specimen. It is a popular story that St. Anthony made an expedition across the Euxine Sea, but not in "the good ship Argo;" he swam over the Levant upon a great millstone, and then came to Novogorod upon it. The people astonished, as well they might, at such a mode of travelling, immediately embraced a doctrine which was imported in so remarkable a manner. It may be some descendant of these veracious historians who has been lately employed in writing the Russian despatches! But there is a true history of the introduction of Christianity into the Muscovite dominions, and that not without interest. Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who excommunicated Pope Nicholas I., addressed a letter in 866 to the bishops of the East concerning the conversion of the Russes. "The Russians," says this patriarch, 1000 years ago, "celebrated for their cruelty, conquerors of the neighbouring tribes who have had the audacity to attack the Roman Empire, have abandoned their superstitions, and become our friends; we have sent them a bishop and a priest, and they show a real zeal for the Christian religion" (*Photii Epis. Cond., fol.* 58.) The year 868 saw the first Christian temple of this vast empire erected at Kiev. Ruric, the founder of the Russian monarchy, died in 879 at Novogorod. The Princess Olga was the first person of distinction converted to Christianity; she assumed the name of Helena at her baptism. She probably learnt her new religion from two missionaries, whose labours

were abundant and whose lives were pure—I mean Cyril and Methodius; they travelled from Greece about the year 900, and after having successfully spread a knowledge of Christianity in Bulgaria and Moldavia, advanced towards the north to make fresh conquests. These two lights of the tenth century translated the Bible into the Sclavonic tongue; and 120 years later Greek Christianity became, under Wladimir, the established religion of Russia. This prince was finally converted by the account which his ambassadors brought him from Constantinople of the beauty and magnificence of the Christian worship; he died in 1015. His great aim was to make the Russian Church independent of the patriarch of Constantinople; he fetched out of a cavern, in a forest situated on a height above Kiev, the celebrated monk, Hilarion, and made him metropolitan of the empire. The subterraneous convent at Kiev, and the mountain where Hilarion had his cave, form one of the principal curiosities of Russia. The description of these ecclesiastical Russian antiquities may be found in Mr. Henderson's Travels in Russia, page 182. During the reign of Jaroslaw, who died in 1054, Christianity made considerable progress as to extension, but the zeal of Cyril and Methodius was not transmitted to other ages, and as late as the end of the thirteenth century there were entire tribes or peoples who continued to be pagans. The metropolitans of the Russian Church were considered to derive their spiritual authority from the great see of Constantinople, and during the fearful invasion of the Moguls and Tartars they were compelled to leave the ruins of Kiev and transfer their seat to Wladimir. Peter, the twenty-fifth metropolitan, fixed the see at Moscow in 1320. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, subjected the Patriarch to the will of the Sultan, and the Russian Czar soon found the inconvenience of his metropolitan having to ask for consecration at the hands of a Turkish vassal. More than a hundred years elapsed, however, before the ecclesi-

astical link could be severed, and when the final separation was effected, it was done by an irregular stretch of ecclesiastical authority. Jeremiah was patriarch of Constantinople, and he, of his own authority, raised Job, who was then metropolitan of Russia, to the patriarchate; the act was subsequently confirmed by a general council of the East. The Russian patriarchate, therefore, dates from 1582, and it only lasted until 1700, having seen but ten successors from Job; under them the bishops of Russia had amassed immense wealth, and the hierarchy had obtained a power which threatened danger to the state. Peter the Great soon perceived that this was an obstacle to his absolute dominion, and that it was necessary to put some limits to sacerdotal ambition and power; he resolved to change the ecclesiastical system which his predecessor Theodore had introduced. In the year 1700, when the synod was assembled at Moscow, for the purpose of electing a new patriarch, the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the presence of the Czar, who declared himself, in a tone of authority, to be their patriarch; he abolished that dignity, and took the title of Head of the Russian Church; he appointed a council to sit at St. Petersburg, and he selected for its president Stephen Javorscki, a man of learning and integrity, who wrote a book in the Russian language against heresy. He gave the name to this council of the Holy Governing Synod, and it was henceforth to supply the place of the patriarch; it was recognised by the patriarch of Constantinople, for what could he do else? This Holy Governing Synod of the Russian Church now consists of six Bishops, and one or two other dignitaries, and some laymen; they are all appointed by the Emperor. It pertains to this synod to nominate three persons to the Emperor, in case of a vacancy in a bishopric, and he selects one. The greatest part of the landed property of the church was confiscated by the Empress Catharine II., and the clergy were made pensioners of the state; there is, therefore, now no

patriarchal authority in Russia except that which is vested in the Emperor himself; his name stands prominently in the catechism taught to the children as an object of peculiar veneration and worship. The independence of prelates and consistorials is completely annihilated; bishops and dignitaries are removable at the will of the Czar, who is both politically and religiously the sole head of the Church; the Church, therefore, in Russia is a mere engine of state. The number of priests is said to be 34,000; deacons, 16,000; and the bishops, 60. The doctrines professed throughout this vast empire are those of the Greek Church, to which I shall have to refer; the practices exceed in superstition and puerility even those of the other oriental churches; the priests are generally sunk in ignorance and depravity, frequently performing their sacred functions in a state of intoxication. I could not undertake to give you a description of the vestments, Liturgical offices, rites, canons, benedictions, crosses, genuflexions, prostrations, and other ceremonies of the Russian Church; the offices of the holy oil alone, and the order of preparing the unction for the chrism, would occupy your time until midnight. Dr. King, who was chaplain to the British factory at St. Petersburg, in 1772, in his book on the rites and ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia, has collected, with much diligence, the names of twenty-three ingredients for boiling the unction. A few will suffice to give an idea of the mixture.

Fine oil	20 poods	=	36 lbs. English
White wine	2 ankers		
Palm dew*.	10 lbs.		
Rose flowers	10 do.		
Marjoram	5 do.		
Thick oil of Nutmeg .	8 do.		

Cinnamon and Cloves,
Lavender and Rosemary,
Black Balsam of Peru,
White Mastic and Venice Turpentine, of each a proper portion;

and perhaps at the battle of Inkerman there might have been added to this unction a copious portion of Raki, to be used either mixed with religion or taken separately. We may be tempted to smile at the use of "these curious arts;" but if Paul, the real founder of Greek Christianity, could have witnessed them, he would have told the corrupters of a pure and spiritual worship, even weeping, that they were the enemies of the cross of Christ. Georgia is another territory taken from the spiritual jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and added to the Russian Church; it is now under the Archbishop of Tiflis, who is an ex-officio member of the governing synod of St. Petersburg. Servia has also been lost to the see of Constantinople since 1830, and finally the modern kingdom of Greece. In 1833 a synod, assembled at Nauplia de Romania, declared the independence of the Church in Greece by the following propositions being adopted by thirty-six prelates:—

1. "The eastern orthodox and Apostolic Church of Greece, which spiritually holds no head but the Head of the Christian faith, Jesus Christ our Lord, is dependent on no external authority, but preserves doctrinal unity with all the oriental orthodox churches; the administration pertains to the Crown; she acknowledges the King of Greece as her supreme head, as being in nothing contrary to the canons.

2. "A permanent synod shall be established, consisting entirely of archbishops and bishops appointed by the king, to be the highest ecclesiastical authority after the model of the Russian Church."

Greece, therefore, is now divided into ten dioceses, and the synod is composed of a president and four bishops, a secretary, and a royal commissioner. Thus have the provinces of the great see of Constantinople gradually dropped off into the great Russian receptacle. The Danubian principalities will be the next offshoots, but, perhaps, not to be incorporated into the Russian Church. In returning, then,

to Constantinople, we find the successor of Photius greatly circumscribed in his spiritual dominions—a mere creature of the Sultan, and the humble servant of the Czar. When Mahomet II. had put an end to the Greek empire, and got possession of the capital, he exercised a shrewd policy towards the Christians; he allowed the patriarch to continue as the emperors had left him; and his successors, the Sultans, soon perceived that the descendants of the Palæologi might be made useful in governing the Greek population. Those hereditary Greek princes were allowed to reside on the canal of the Perami, in a quarter of Constantinople called the Fanar, and hence they became known under the name of the Fanariotes. From them were chosen the Hospodars, sent to govern the Greek provinces, which refused to pay their tribute to a Turkish pasha. But the synod of the Greek Church was not long allowed to elect the patriarch. Competitors for that office and dignity, degraded as it was, rose up and suggested to the Ottoman authorities that the patriarchate might be sold to the highest bidder. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the *charatzium,* or tribute, was required of every new patriarch, and the appointment depended upon the ability of the holy man to produce some 20,000 or 30,000 dollars. For more than three centuries the see of Constantinople has been sold, and the simoniacal system has been diffused throughout the whole of its hierarchy. The first thing the patriarch thought of was to realise the enormous sum he had paid for his spiritual jurisdiction, and no one interfered with his financial schemes. Whoever desired the office of a bishop had nothing to do but to bring to the patriarch the number of dollars at which the gift of the Holy Ghost might be purchased. Those bishops, again, once settled in their respective sees, ordained whom they would to be priests at the price fixed by themselves; and this system has continued up to the present time. It is said that the Patriarch of Constantinople who has recently been appointed,

was selected by the Sultan for his virtues, and not for his dollars. And this may be considered as an instalment of that reform which is to be made in the religious condition of the Christians in Turkey.

In the long succession of patriarchs who have occupied the throne of Constantinople for the last ten centuries, it would be difficult to find one who deserves any attention, except Cyril Lucar, a native of Crete, and a student at Padua. No one opposed with more energy and zeal the attempts of the Popes to subject the Churches of the East to the jurisdiction of Rome. He was a man of great learning and knowledge of the world; he travelled over a great part of Europe, and was well versed in the doctrines and discipline of the Romish Church as well of the Churches of the Reformation. He had the imprudence to make an open declaration of his leaning towards the religious views of the Churches of England and Holland, and of his intention to reform the ritual and doctrine of the Greeks, and bring them more into conformity with scripture; from that day the Jesuits, supported by the French ambassador, M. de Nointel, plotted the destruction of the Patriarch. The French Jesuits were aided in their stratagem by some perfidious Greeks, who were easily induced to bear false witness against him and accuse him of treason, and the Sultan ordered him to be strangled, in the year 1638. His successor was Cyrille, bishop of Bœrea, who had been the chief instrument of the Jesuits in accomplishing the death of Cyril Lucar. The new Patriarch declared himself openly for the Latin Church, and it was thought at Rome that the reconciliation of the Greeks with the Latin Church was now certain. But the fate of his predecessor awaited the new Patriarch—he was strangled in his turn, and his place was taken by Parthemius, who was the declared enemy of Rome and her pretensions. The history of Cyril Lucar and an account of his writings would form an interesting little volume.

His confession of faith was published in Holland, in 1645. He addressed a letter to Abbot, then Archbishop of Canterbury, bearing date 1616. His correspondence with the clergy of Sweden and the Geneva pastors shows that he loved the Reformed religion better than the Greek superstition, and the name of Cyril Lucar may yet be remembered in some future regeneration of the Oriental Churches. It will naturally be asked what are the doctrines of the Greek Churches professed or supposed to be held by sixty-six millions of the human race? The rule of faith is said to be the Holy Scriptures and the decrees of the first seven General Councils, but it is an established maxim that the Patriarch and his episcopal allies are the sole interpreters of the sacred oracles. Their doctrines were, in fact, embodied in their creeds, liturgies, and traditions, and they never had a confession of Faith like the Reformed Churches, nor yet a summary of things to be believed, like the creed of Pope Pius IV.

After the confession of Gennadius in the fifteenth century, Peter Mogislaus, a bishop of the Russian Church in 1643, was the first who put forth the substance of the Greek doctrines, in a tract which has passed from the Russian language, in which it was first written, into the Greek and then into Latin, and was finally translated into German and printed at Leipzig in 1727. This is considered to be an authorised document, and is, in fact, received as the standard confession of faith by all who can read it; but it would not perhaps be easy to find even a priest within the limits of the See of Constantinople who could read it in any one of the languages in which it has been presented.

The doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation are maintained by the Greek Church as they were originally settled in the first two general Councils; in one point only they differ from the Latin and Reformed Churches—the

manner of the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Greeks hold it to be from the Father only; the words "and the Son" were added later by the Latins.

The doctrine of Redemption differs little or nothing from our own. The sacrifice on the cross was expiatory, and divine grace must co-operate with the efforts of man's will to effect his regeneration; their doctrine of justification is by faith and works conjointly; repentance is efficacious for conversion, but they protest against the doctrine of indulgences, which has so corrupted the doctrine of repentance in the Church of Rome.

The Greek Church offers prayers for the dead, but they have no defined article of faith upon a third or intermediate state; they admit no place of Purgatory, and consider the purging fire of the Romish Church as an impious fable. Their worship of the Virgin Mary is as idolatrous as the Romish; they call her the Mother of God, and honour her far above the cherubims and seraphims. They both equally solicit the mediation of saints, but the Greek Church is less dogmatical in assigning to them their places in the beatitude of heaven. Both churches receive the seven Mysteries or Sacraments. The Greeks administer baptism by immersion, and contend earnestly for that form of ceremony. There is little or no difference in the nature of the Eucharist. Transubstantiation, or the real presence, is equally true at Rome, and St. Petersburg, and Constantinople, and, we may add, in Golden-square; but the Greeks receive the elements in both kinds, and the liturgy of St. Chrysostom, for the communion service, is almost universally used. The doctrine of the real presence, however, was not an ancient tenet of the Greek Church; it only became so when the influence of Rome began to be felt, and it was not distinctly enforced as an essential point until the middle of the seventeenth century. From this brief account of the doctrines of the Greek Church it will be seen that the

corruptions of the East are little less than those of the West. But there are some elements in Greek Christianity which may prove more favourable to a reformation. The Greek Church does not lay claim to universality, nor does it call itself *the* church. It has a character of nationality, and several branches of it, like the Church of England, has power to decree their own ceremonies, and adjust their own faith with the Holy Scriptures. The Greek Church is more favourable than the Church of Rome to a dissemination of the Scriptures. In Greece proper, they refuse all translations, for they say the New Testament was originally written in their language; and they have the Septuagint. But when the Scriptures are presented in the original Greek they gladly receive them. Their first four œcumenical councils have decreed nothing against an *orthodox belief;* and their dogmas of antiquity, which may be proved by Scripture, have never been superseded by an arbitrary creed like that of Pius IV. But we shall soon come to the *prospects* of Greek Christianity.

But when we speak of the doctrines of the Greek Church, it must not be imagined that we describe a happy condition of peace, unity, and concord. Greek Christianity has as much variety, to say the least, as the Christianity of the Reformation, and the oriental sects or churches must not be condensed into the one title of the Greek Church. The orthodox Greeks are those who hold the first seven œcumenical councils, celebrate the communion with leavened bread, maintain the single procession of the Holy Ghost, have no attachment to the fire of purgatory, and hate the supremacy of the Pope. This vast community extends over all the Russian dominions wherever the name of Christian is known; it is the religion of the modern kingdom of Greece and the Ionian Isles, the 12,000,000 of Greeks in European Turkey, and whosoever remains to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Constantinople, are all members of this orthodox

Greek Church, taking along with its ancient creeds, and sound forms of words, the modern corruptions of doctrine and the depravity of morals which characterise generally the religion of the East. But intermingled with this orthodox population is, first of all, the Armenian Christians. The land of Armenia, lying at the foot of Mount Ararat, was the earliest convert to the faith of Christ. I have already told you that the Monophysite doctrine of Eutyches, who maintained not two, but one nature in Christ, was introduced into Armenia and Syria about the middle of the fifth century, and from that time a separate Armenian Church has existed. The number of its members is estimated at upwards of two millions; they are not only in Armenia proper, but in different cities of Asia Minor, in Syria, and in Constantinople; the Armenian Church is governed by three patriarchs—the chief or head is called the Catholicos. There is also a tutelar patriarch of Constantinople, recognised by the Sultan as the head of his Armenian subjects, and another patriarch of Jerusalem. The Armenians are the most influential, on account of their wealth, of all the Oriental sects, and they engross most of the commerce of the Levant; it is to them we must mainly look for co-operation in making known among Greeks and Turks the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The Nestorians, who derive the name from a bishop of Constantinople, in the fifth century, differ not much in abstract dogma from the Armenian and Syrian Churches. It was thought that Nestorius maintained the doctrine of two persons, as well as two natures, in Christ; but this he denied he had ever said, and was only anxious to confute the heresy of Eutyches. The undefinable shade, however, was enough in those days of subtle disputings to create a new sect. The Nestorians are free from the idolatry of Popish Churches; they worship neither images, nor saints, nor relics. They inhabit chiefly Persia, and they are numerous in Mesopotamia

and Arabia. They have of late years attracted much attention, and I need not dwell on a subject which has already acquired an interest peculiarly its own. The Jacobites are also called Syrians; they are but few in number, and belong to the Monophysite section, and are chiefly in Syria. The Africans are under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Alexandria, who resides at Grand Cairo; these are divided into Copts and Abyssinians. Under the name of the former are comprised the Christians established in Egypt and Nubia, and the neighbouring regions—their condition is deplorable in the extreme. The Abyssinians are both more numerous and more rich. The patriarch of Alexandria does not govern them himself, but sends them a primate whom they receive under the title of Abuna. These may be considered as the ancient sects, *i.e.*, the schisms or separations which the Oriental Christians have made in times past among themselves, and which still affect their condition. But Rome has made more fatal divisions among these in modern times—"see what a rent the envious Casca made." It will elucidate the actual condition of Christianity in the East, if we now, in drawing towards a close, take a view of its relations with the Latin Churches.

Through a period of a thousand years, reckoning from the final separation under Photius in 866, the efforts of Rome have been directed to three principal objects in the East.

1. To establish the Pope's supremacy over the Patriarch, and to secure his acknowledgment as Universal Bishop.

2. To bring the doctrines of all the Oriental Churches into uniformity with the Latin Church.

3. To draw away as many subjects as possible from the Patriarch to the Pope. In the two latter Rome has been partially successful—and in former ages pressed the kings of France into her service as protectors of the Roman Catholics of the East. The last attempt to Romanise the doctrines of the Greek Church was made in the early part of the fifteenth

century. It was a time of distress to the Greek empire, when its very existence was threatened by the Turks; it was then the same vein of thought which has run through four centuries and reached us nearer home—Constantinople's extremity was Rome's opportunity. It was conceived that the Greeks might be willing to part with an article or two of their creed for a few articles of necessity. The Pope, if they became his devoted subjects, would use his influence with the Western nations, and perhaps get up another Crusade against the Infidels. The proposition was attractive, and the Greeks were weak. It was agreed that deputies from the two churches should repair to a council to be held at Florence in 1439. The disputation began, and the main point to be adjusted was the vexed question of the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Greek deputies, one of which was an Archbishop of Russia, were persuaded to admit the word *filioque* into the Nicene Creed, with the understanding that it might be explained to mean the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father through the Son. The Archbishop of Nice, Bessarion, and Cardinal Julian were the representatives of the two sections of Christianity, and after embracing each other in presence of the multitude, high mass according to the Latin ritual, with the creed chanted with "filioque," "and the Son," was sung in the Cathedral of Florence. When the deputies returned to Constantinople, they were received with indignation, and accused of having betrayed the orthodox faith; and they could only excuse their simplicity, by alleging that they did not well understand the intoning of the Latin tongue, and notwithstanding some concessions in the matter of Greek rites and ceremonies, which to this day permit of a Greek bishop to walk in a Roman procession, the Schism still exists; inother words, as a modern writer has observed, "Greece possessed at least one consolation in her misery, that in the ruin of her political fortunes she preserved the independence

of her faith."* Fourteen years after the Council of Florence, Constantinople was taken, and the successors of Constantine ceased to reign; but Rome, nothing daunted, resumed her efforts, and by secret influence with the Sultans, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of several Patriarchs, who professed the Roman Catholic faith. She also succeeded in foisting the doctrine of transubstantiation upon a large majority of the Oriental Christians, and making them speak a language which Photius and his successors, until the time of the Reformation, would have repudiated and condemned. "The munificence of the French Ambassadors at the Porte, and the sophisms of the Jesuits," says Mosheim, "produced such an effect upon the avarice and ignorance of the Greek bishops, who are very poor, that they departed in several points from the religion of their forefathers, and adopted, among other errors of the Church of Rome, the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation." It is said that this change was effected in the famous council held at Jerusalem in 1672, by order of Dositheus, patriarch of that city; but the decision of a local council was not enough; the French ambassador of Louis XVI. received orders to act in concert with the Jesuits, and obtain as many certificates as possible from the Greek clergy, attesting the truth of the doctrine. The ambassadors of England and of Holland, on the other hand, persuaded that such was not the doctrine of the Greek Church, obtained the signatures of several ecclesiastics to that effect. But the Jesuits gained a majority. Covell, who wrote an account of the state of the Greek Church at that time, was himself at Constantinople when this scene was acting, and he was an eye-witness of the intrigues and perfidy employed by the Jesuits to gain their object.

* Dr. Waddington now Dean of Durham, in the re-publication of his interesting work on the Greek Church.

From this time fresh divisions began in the Oriental Churches. *The Maronites*, who inhabited Mount Lebanon, were won early over to the interests of Rome; they are descended from the Monothelites; their founder was Maro, "a saint or savage of the fifth century."* The union with Rome has never been cordial, and great concessions are made by the Popes for the sake of securing the alliance of the Maronite patriarch and the nine bishops which compose his synod. Another sect belonging to Rome in the East is the Greek Catholics, a secession from the Greek Church proper, effected by the Jesuits' mission to Syria. They have also a patriarch and bishops, who receive their consecration at the hands of the Pope: the titles of those ecclesiastics are often the same as the ancient sees; and it requires some caution when a patriarch of Antioch or an archbishop of Tripoli appears among us, to ascertain whether he is the genuine or the spurious; for the Greek Catholics appear in the costume of the Greek Church, and are allowed by Rome to say mass in the Latin Churches, according to the Greek rites: you may think they belong to the Greek Church, but they are really dependents on the Pope. The Jesuits further succeeded in dividing the Armenian Church, and there is now the sect of *Armenian Catholics*. It is estimated that about 15,000 of those who acknowledge the supremacy of Rome are at Constantinople; these will form a seasonable reinforcement of the papal forces when the contest for a protectorate begins in the East. There are also Roman Catholic Nestorians, and Catholic Syrians, and Croatians, which Rome claims as her adherents; but by the side of these we can now place Armenian Protestants, and between ourselves (for we would not offend the London Union in Church Matters) we have

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall. No student of the History of the Oriental sects can dispense with the perusal of the 47th chapter of Gibbon. A word of caution is necessary in reading that sarcastic writer.

Anglicans and Lutherans with a Protestant bishop at Jerusalem. The reformed Armenians are a native Protestant community in the midst of the Oriental Greek and Catholic sects; their confession of faith is in harmony with those of the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth century, and the written word of God is their sole infallible guide. More than seven years ago they obtained protection as a distinct religious body. In the memorandum from Aali Effendi, dated December 16, 1847, we have a specimen of religious toleration which it would well become some Christian potentates to imitate: "You will be careful to act in conformity with the imperial decree in administering the current affairs of the Protestants residing in the places within your Excellency's jurisdiction. You will take heed that no interference on the part of the priests of other communities in the exerci of their worship be allowed, or that they be persecuted from any other quarter, but that the means of peace and security be afforded to them under the equitable protection of his Imperial Majesty, according to his royal intention." Since this toleration was granted to the Armenian Protestants, it has been most liberally extended to our own countrymen residing in the Ottoman empire. On the 26th November, 1820, Sir Stratford Canning thus wrote to Viscount Palmerston:—"The Sultan has given his sanction to the firman which I have obtained in favour of the Protestants of this empire. * * * Religious liberty and exemption from civil vexations on account of religion are now secured to all those whom purer views of truth, or the corruption and bigotry of other churches, may attract or force into its bosom, and the example of its members may, with God's blessing, operate favourably on the relaxed morals of the Greek and Armenian clergy." This distinguished Christian diplomatist evidently thinks that there is a religion more pure and undefiled than Greek Christianity, and he would not regret to see the

withered branches of the Oriental sects grafted into the vine which has again been planted on Mount Zion. The various sects of Christians are all represented at the rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre, where they have for ages waged a bitter contest about the right of possession. Each sect has its peculiar claims. The Latins appeal to the French kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, whose tombs (and spurs to boot) are shown within the holy precincts. The Greeks go further back into antiquity, and claim to be the original possessors in the persons of the four great Patriarchs. I have already said that the Jesuits of France gained an ascendancy in the East in the seventeenth century, assisted by the munificence of Louis XIV., and they acquired an exclusive possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The eldest son of the church, (so the kings of France were entitled,) was constituted the Protector of the Holy Places and of all Roman Catholics in the East, and the trade which was then opened between Smyrna and some ports in France acquired the pompous title of "Commerce of the Levant;" but the Greeks, although dispossessed of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, which they considered theirs, claimed the privilege of performing divine worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, until at length they succeeded in establishing themselves on one side, while the Latins held the other. It happened in the year 1808, when France cared but little for holy places, that a large portion of the sacred edifice was destroyed by fire. The Greeks, assisted by the Russians, reconstructed the whole at their expense, and were consequently put into full possession; the Latins, that is, the Roman Catholics, had the mortification to see a Greek Church of great magnificence, representing Greek Christianity, at the very sepulchre of Christ, as was supposed, and they themselves thrust out. The Russian Czar took the Greeks and the Church under his powerful protection, and no ruler rose up in France who cared or who had the power to

assist the claims of the Pope. The Latins were obliged to be content with an occasional peep into the chamber of supernatural light, and while the suffragan of the Patriarch and the Armenian bishop perform the annual miracle, the Latins cease not to denounce the operation as an imposture and a scandal to the Christian religion. Travellers have described the scenes of riot and bloodshed which annually disgrace the very name of Christianity at Jerusalem, and if the strife had been confined to the Holy City, we might not now have had to deplore the calamities of war; but the disputed rights of access to the Holy Sepulchre were spread over a wider stage. No sooner had the Ultramontane or Jesuit party regained their ascendancy in France, than they revived their old claims to the possession of the holy places, and in return for the assistance they had rendered to the President of the Republic, they demanded additional privileges at home and abroad. The restoration of the Pantheon to the honours of St. Geneviève, the control of the seminaries, and a large influence in the whole matter of education, the rebuilding of the cathedrals and episcopal residences out of the public funds; these, and numerous similar advantages, were not enough to satisfy the hierarchy of France, which ascended the throne along with the Emperor Napoleon III.; they urged upon the Imperial Government the necessity of renewing the Protectorate in the East, which had been in abeyance ever since the reign of Louis XV.; an ambassador was despatched to treat with the Sublime Porte for greater privileges on behalf of the Roman Catholics at the tomb of the Saviour; and the Sultan, indifferent as to the guardianship of the tomb of a prophet which was not his, found no difficulty in conceding to the demands of a new Imperial France what his ancestors had not refused to the French of the seventeenth century; but there were other protectors now on the stage, the concessions made by the Sultan to the diplomacy of Mons. Lavalette were

derogations from the privileges guaranteed to the Czar on behalf of the Greeks. The French government had the prudence to withdraw its ambassador when the first rumours of Russian remonstrance were heard at Constantinople; but it was enough; an invasion of the privileges and rights secured by treaty to Russia had been attempted, France had asked and Turkey had expressed a readiness to grant; further and more stringent treaties must now be demanded, and the Menschikoff mission was undertaken. The grant of a key to the Latins to enter the right door into the Holy Chapel might be a pretext for ambition, but the religious strife stirred up by the Ultramontanes in France has visibly led to the battle still raging on the heights of Sebastopol.

There is truth in these few words, which I find in a celebrated letter, lately written by the member for Manchester, "*These troubles have sprung out of demands made by the French.*" There was, in fact, a representative committee appointed to investigate and report concerning these demands, and France appealed to a treaty of 1740, as justifying her claims to certain privileges connected with the Holy Places. In one of those blue books which nobody reads, we find M. Lavalette reporting that the Latin right is clearly established by the committee of investigation, and that his government is fully entitled to insist on the execution of the treaty of 1740. Lord Redcliffe considered that M. Lavalette had acted with moderation throughout; Mr. John Bright says that he urged his demands in language more insulting than any which have been shown to have been used by Prince Menschikoff. Of the softness or asperity of diplomatic language I will be no judge, but the demands urged upon the Sultan by the French ambassador were of a very different nature to those insisted upon by the Russians. The French asked for privileges connected with the Holy Places, the right for the Latins to enter by the door which was turned in

the proper direction of the compass. M. Lavalette asked for a bunch of keys; but Menschikoff asked the Sultan to recognise his master as the lawful protector of the Greek Christians in Turkey. If Russia had contended with France about the Holy Places, she would have gained her cause; for Russia, by right of treaties, might interfere in respect to the Holy Places. And what should we Protestants have cared if Greeks, Latins, and Armenians had all lighted their candles at the supernatural fire which is conjured up once a year at the supposed Holy Sepulchre? There is, finally, no blame politically now to be attached to France; her ambassador went away content with a very small concession; I doubt if he got a single key. But *religiously*, France is the immediate author of the troubles, as the Manchester representative has said, and I introduce this episode of religious diplomatic intrigue that you may see the subtle element which must glide into the ingredients of peace whenever the treaty shall be concocted; it lets us see also into the relations which subsist between the Latin and the Greek Churches, and at the same time reveals the distance at which Protestant England stands from *religious grounds* of this war.

But nothing will show you more clearly the relations subsisting between the Latin and Greek Churches than the last official interchange of civilities between the two. One of the first acts of Pius IX. after his accession to the Pontifical throne was to invite the Christians of the East to come to his fraternal embraces. The epistle of Pius IX. to the Easterns is dated January 30th, 1848, and is a document of considerable length, written in modern Greek. After acknowledging the claims which the Orientals have upon the affection of the Church, the Pope informs them that through the intervention of Innocent, bishop of Sidon, he has commended the Christians of the East to the Sultan; and then he continues: "We must speak words of peace and affection to the Easterns, who indeed

serve Christ, but are aliens from this holy throne of the Apostle Peter. * * * Hear therefore our word, all ye who in the East, and in the neighbouring countries, boast yourselves in the name of Christ, but have not communion with the Roman Church, and you especially who, accomplishing the holy ministry among them, excel others in ecclesiastical honours." It may be remarked how adroitly His Holiness avoids calling the rulers of the Greek church bishops; but when he proceeds to commend the spiritual heads of the Latin communion, he speaks of the bishops and clergy. The arrogance here, which the Easterns did not fail to notice, is in not allowing any to be bishops who have not received their commission from Rome. The epistle then goes on to prove that the keys were committed to Peter, and that his successor has the command "feed my sheep," and he ends by exhorting the Greek ecclesiastics to delay no longer their return to the unity of the Church. "We lay on you," he says, "none other burden except these necessary things, that you agree with us in the confession of the true faith, which the Catholic Church guards and teaches, and that ye maintain communion with this church, and with the holy throne of Peter." He then promises to all such ecclesiastics as shall return to their allegiance to Rome, that they shall be preserved in the stations they before occupied in the Greek Churches. The reading of this epistle produced a different effect to that which was felt by the strangers scattered throughout the regions of the lesser Asia at the reading of the epistle of Peter. The Oriental Patriarchs were indignant at being thus summoned to submission, and treated as inferior to the Bishop of Rome. An encyclic letter was prepared as an answer to the epistle of Pius IX. It was signed by the four Patriarchs, and twenty-nine others, bishops in the several synods, and it bears date May, 1848. A few extracts will serve to exhibit the state of this happy family of Greeks and Romans. The encyclic letter

of the eastern prelates eulogises the orthodoxy of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, by which is meant the Greek Church, and then expresses its wonder that the way of the wicked should so prosper, and that heresies should be so long allowed to spread their baneful influence. "Of these heresies," say the Patriarchs, "which have spread over a great part of the world for judgments known to the Lord, Arianism *was* one, and, at the present day, Popery *is* another; but like the former, which has altogether vanished, the latter also (Popery), although now flourishing, shall not endure to the end, but shall pass, and be cast down, and that mighty voice shall be heard from heaven—It is fallen." It must be confessed that this language of the Patriarchs of the East, addressed to Pope Pius IX., is as strong as any that was ever used in this Hall. "But," proceeds the encyclical letter, "notwithstanding the papal power has not ceased to deal despitefully with the quiet Church of God, but everywhere sending forth the so-called missionaries (alluding to the Jesuits), men that deal in souls, compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, to deceive one of the orthodox, to destroy the teaching of our Lord, to bastardise the divine symbol of our holy faith, ...and countless other things, which the demon of innovation dictated to those darers of all things, the schoolmen of the middle ages." Such is the interchange of civilities between Greek and Latin Christianity at the present time! Rome still persevering in her efforts and intrigues to bring the Greek Church into submission to her authority, and the Greek Church still maintaining her attitude of defiance.

In a review of this historical sketch of Greek Christianity, and its present condition, we may perceive how heavy are the judgments which Christian communities suffer who degrade or touch the majesty of the word of God. It was owing to a virtual denial of the paramount authority of that word, that men were left to their own inven-

tions, and to the endless questions which did not profit. Whatever may be the learning and reputation for sanctity of a professing Christian, however solemn his devotion and deep his knowledge, if once he admits a co-ordinate authority with the Scriptures—whether such authority be a church, or a council, or a tradition, or a pontiff—that man is doomed to a strong delusion that he should believe a lie; and if it be a church which so deals with the inspired word, many generations will not pass before it will be found in ruins. Witness those patriarchates and those Apocalyptic Churches from which the candlestick is removed; witness those cities of the East, where Paul planted the first churches and bade them stand fast in the liberty with which Christ had made them free: they fell, and passed into the hands of the infidel, because they held not fast that which they had heard. They were involved in the mazes of unprofitable controversy, and they sheltered synods which met, not for edification, but for strife and debate. The light is removed, and will only be restored when the word of truth again reaches the Oriental Churches from the distant regions in which for ages it has taken refuge. And it is not the least remarkable feature in the present aspect of the Greek Churches, that some of the most active missionaries who have been and are now employed in throwing the light of truth into those fallen Christian communities, should have come across the great Atlantic from a section of the globe unknown to the Apostles.

It remains that I now conclude this Lecture with a brief view of the prospects of Christianity in the East. By Christianity I now mean the religion which was taught by Christ and his Apostles, and not that which is found either in the Greek, Greco-Russian, or Latin Churches. The present prospects of true Christianity in the East must be viewed through the medium of war and diplomacy. It is not for territory that the nations fight, but for a protectorate. To whom

shall the affairs of the "sick man" be confided. The most gloomy prospect for the religion of the Bible would be in the final success of Russian policy. The system established in Russia, with a secular arm strong enough to enforce it, must necessarily absorb every religious element into itself, and cut off all hopes of a gospel day for the Sclavonic race. By the side of her fifty millions of adherents to the Greek Church, Russia contains ten millions which are not yet brought under the spiritual dominion of the Czar. They are the Jews, the Mahomedans, the Lutherans, the Schismatics, that is, the Roman Catholics, and some Heathens. It is not permitted by the laws of Russia for any of these to change their religion, except for that of the Russo-Greek Church. A Heathen could not become a Roman Catholic, nor a Jew a Lutheran, but all and each, if they wish to change, must fall into the bosom of the Russian Church. In the year 1839 the Holy Governing Synod received an accession of about two millions of the subjects of the Pope; a detachment from the Romish mass, which turned the allocution of Gregory XVI., in that same year, into mourning and lamentation, Conversions from the various other sects are (as may be well imagined) both numerous and constant. There is but one receptacle into which the detached fragments may fall; great care is taken that there be no light in the dwellings of the serfs or among the non-conformists; not a copy of the Scriptures in the Russ language is allowed to enter that land of the shadow of death, and even the Jews cannot possess copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew. With this prohibition on the one hand, and a continual pressure on the other, Russia annually absorbs a portion of the religious residuum within her territory, and when all is devoured, she will announce the unity of the Holy Russian Church. If this same system had been extended to the Danubian Principalities, and if, by an inscrutable Providence, it should predominate in the Greek portion of

the Turkish empire, then the work of the evangelist is at an end, and, perhaps, for centuries more the gospel would be exiled from its original home. There cannot be a question that if Russia had succeeded in wresting from the Sultan the power to interfere on behalf of the Greeks, the toleration which has been secured for Protestants and the circulation of the Scriptures would have been taken away. So far, then, our hopes of a new religious era in the East are founded upon the restriction of Muscovite dominion; nor would those hopes be any brighter if Austrian influence should glide into the Ottoman Porte. Wherever the leaden hoof of that power tramples, liberty, religious and political, sighs farewell: an Austrian protection of the Danubian Principalities would seal them as hermetically against the evangelist as if Russia had slain and taken possession. The fate of the Christian missionaries in Hungary is too fresh in our recollection to allow us to entertain a shadow of hope for the gospel where the House of Hapsburg plants its standard; the eagle and the bear are enemies equally ruthless to "the dove in the clefts of the rock," and to the sheep without a fold. But can any appearance of a gospel dawn in the East be discerned behind the murky cloud of Latin Christianity? The vigilant eye of Rome is still watching her opportunity to renew her pretensions to supremacy over the Eastern Churches; and if the Ultramontanism of France is allowed to preside at the final negotiations for peace, there will be little hope for our Reformed religion. The idea of a French protectorate in the Turkish empire is for the present suspended but not relinquished; it will appear again when the congress shall sit on the Bosphorus or the Danube to fix the future position of the Sultan and his dominions.

The representatives of France will take care and secure unrestricted action for Roman Catholic agency, but it may be doubted whether the Ambassador of England will be instructed to ask for a clause in the treaty that shall secure protection for

the Protestant missionary, and a free course for the word of the living God. Whatever remains of the fanaticism of the Turk will be made available by the artifice of the Jesuit to arrest the feet of him who may appear on the mountains of Asia to publish peace.

Ultramontane France, which is now persecuting her own Protestants at home, will carry out her principles wherever she has power abroad. I say Ultramontane France, because the France which is allied with England would rejoice to see the overgrown power of the Romish hierarchy restrained, and religious liberty become something more than a name. But are the present prospects of Christianity in the East to be seen through the medium of a a reorganised Mahommedan empire? Is the Turk a phœnix to rise from his own ashes? I will here beg your permission to introduce a few observations upon this question, which were written and published twenty years ago:—"The question agitated throughout Europe now (1834) is whether Turkey contains in herself the elements of reorganisation, by which alone she can maintain her integrity and independence in her new relations with Europe? The answer, as generally given, is, that she has such elements, providing the Russians could be prevented from oppressing and finally sinking her into a province of her own. Hence arise other questions of more immediate interest (to us); such as whether England and France ought not at once to put forth their strength and roll back the tide of Russian encroachment? What part Austria would take in such a case, and what effect would be produced upon the rising kingdom of Greece?" After discussing these points, the author arrives at the conclusion that, as the wealth and strength of a people consist chiefly in its industry, and as a Turk is indolent, and commits to the rajahs every undertaking that requires energy of body or mind, there are no elements of reorganisation from the great source of human labour and

industry. The question is then canvassed as to whether there are any hopes of a reorganisation in *European* Turkey, where the Christian population predominates—and here is one extract more:—"How far will a Christian population care to maintain the independence of an infidel government? . . . . In European Turkey, at least, there are the elements of a speedy dissolution, and *there* Russia will, and must, lay her hand, unless independence is secured to the nations by the interference of France and England. Already has Servia led the way, and the controlling powers of Europe have but this alternative."* The humble individual, now your lecturer, who wrote these things in 1834, sees no reason in 1855 to change his opinions. Whatever may be the result of the present conflict, the Mahommedan power is broken. Egypt hangs by a thread, Greece is independent, Servia no longer serves, and the two celebrated Principalities must be erected into a self-supporting barrier between the strong man armed and the sick man supported by French and English nurses. The prestige of Ottoman chivalry went away with the Janissaries. The vigorous hand of the present Sultan's father rescued his empire from the grasp of his Prætorian guards when he destroyed ten thousand of them in one day. I saw the desolation of their camp in the valley of Daoud Pacha; but the sword of Mahomet from that time dropped from the hands of Othman's race; and the Turks, no longer turbaned, must henceforth adopt another social system. The present war cannot fail to exhaust the resources of Turkey. If it is to exist as an empire, it will require foreign succour and protection, and, in return for such dangerous aid, the ascendancy of the Koran must be relinquished; the Christian temple will be reared by the side of the mosque, and the Moslem's hour of prayer may no longer impose silence on the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom. Whenever the treaty of peace is signed, the

* Burgess' Greece and the Levant, in 1834, vol. ii. pp. 279 *et seq.*

Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and the Black Sea must be opened to the commerce of the West. British enterprise will explore the coasts of Asia, and open the way for the messenger of peace; and who knows but a highway may be cast up through the ancient land of Armenia, and men shall pass over the great river dry shod. I look for no reorganisation of the Ottoman empire on Mahommedan principles; the reign of the Koran is virtually ended, but never will the race that has worshipped for 1200 years without an image accept the idolatry of Greek or Latin Christianity. Our hopes are, that they will receive the pure word of God when it is put before them, and not be offended at a worship as simple as their own in form, and more satisfying in substance. Already do Greeks and barbarians, bondmen and free, witness in seventy places within the dominions of the Sultan what it is to "worship in spirit and in truth."

By the imperial firman which I have already cited, some inveterate and oppressive laws have been abolished, and now a Protestant community may be formed of the brands plucked from the burning; and the fourteen sects of Orientals which distract the land of Syria may each yield their quota to the united Anglican and Lutheran Church; already Samaria, Nazareth, and Bethlehem have opened springs of living water, and the word of the Lord is once more going forth from Jerusalem. The canonical scheme of galvanising the dead bodies of the Oriental Church, which some American missionaries have tried for eighteen years, has failed, and it is now acknowledged by all who prefer evangelical truth to ecclesiastical antiquity, that the apostles' plan is the best for increasing the Church of God,—"Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." There is then a prospect of a better day for Christ's kingdom in the East, not in Greek communities reforming themselves, but in bringing out of those corrupt churches all who may be

hereafter born of the incorruptible seed; and it may be that we hear once again from Jerusalem, "The Lord added to the Church, daily, such as should be saved." But are there no hopes of the Mahommedan population? Is there no year of jubilee to come for that race, whose earthly glory has now become twilight? As the law of Turkey now stands, no Mussulman may become a Christian without being subject to the penalty of death. Shall such a law exist when the political existence of Turkey is owing to Christian protection? There is hope in the end, what when the ignorance and fanaticism of the Mussulman are succeeded by a knowledge of divine truth and the spirit of a sound mind, he will emancipate himself from a thraldom which keeps him out of the pale of civilisation, and, as he will learn, has hitherto kept him from "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

But there is a duty yet devolving upon the great religious bodies of this Protestant nation. It should be understood by all classes and denominations, and appreciated by every young men's association: it is to *keep a watchful eye over the treaty which, sooner or later, will be made for securing the peace of Europe.* The commercial and political interests, as well as the honour of Great Britain, may be safely left in the hands of our diplomatist-negotiators, who will not fail to bring home from the congress unstained the flag which has braved the battle and the breeze; but the religious interests of this country require to be looked after by its Protestant people, and this is *the duty.* Whatever religious privileges and protection are demanded and conceded to Roman Catholic France, let the same be asked and secured for Protestant England. We ask no more, and we will take no less. If the Missal and the Breviary be admitted wherever the Jesuit and the *Propaganda fide* shall chose, let it be stipulated that the Bible and the Prayer-book and the religious tract

be subject to no restrictions. If Cappadocia and Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia be thrown open to the emissaries of Rome, let those regions of primitive Christianity be also accessible to the evangelists of Britain. When the treaty shall be read in the ears of Mussulmans, let them not say the high contracting parties have a religion for which they care, all except the great name of England. We care not to light our candle at the artificial fire which is made to burn once a year at Jerusalem by the legerdemain of a Greek priest; we look to the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; there we light the lamp of truth. We willingly resign all claim to a share of the Holy Sepulchre, for we know *He* is not there—"Behold, he is risen, as he said." But liberty to preach and to teach where Paul planted and Apollos watered,—this is the least return that may be expected for blood and treasure expended in saving a tottering empire and defending the liberties of Europe. A voice has already been heard to issue from the graves of our Christian champions at Inkerman, and even from the blood-stained shore of Sinope,—"Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up, cast up the highway. Gather out the stones. Lift up a standard for the people. Behold the Lord hath proclaimed to the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, thy salvation cometh."

PITTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

The Dignity of Labour.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THERE is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labour that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labour that is honest, is honourable too.

This may be thought a truth so obvious as to render argument unnecessary; so trite as to make further comment tedious. Yet though admitted in theory, it is often repudiated in practice. Too many persons are always to be found who, while by no means indifferent to other honourable distinctions, evidently shrink from all claim to this; and who, while verbally assenting to our theme, act as if indolence were the principal privilege and charm of life. Still more numerous is the class of those who restrict dignity to certain kinds of labour on which the stamp of nobility is too prominently fixed, not to command universal homage, while for labour itself, for "toils obscure," they have little respect. Some occupations may be acknowledged to be more honourable than absolute indolence, and yet indolence itself is often regarded as more respectable than some descriptions of industry. Many persons may be found who would consider themselves and their friends far less degraded by a

sluggard's life, or one of even entire dependence, than by any connexion with employments to which the fashionable world has refused the privilege of its *entrée*. It cannot be denied, that to be the mere consumer is often esteemed a higher distinction than to be the producer, to eat the corn than to grow it, to wear the raiment than to weave it, to dwell in the house than to build it.

If some families are rightly considered to be "good," which can boast of great achievements, are not others to be found for which this distinction is claimed, not on account of any services rendered to society, but solely because, through many generations, their escutcheon has not been touched by the soiled finger of trade and toil? Brilliant injustice at the base of the ancestral column may pass unchallenged, but if the first founder of the fortunes of his house has won distinction by honest labour, working his way upward from the toiling multitude to be the owner of large estates, is not he, and is not his origin, often overlooked in the superior glory of the son who perhaps inherited, not his father's industry, but only his father's gold? I do not depreciate wealth; I say not one word to detract from the special honour due to those who with gold inherit goodness, enabling them rightly to dispense it,—but is it not a fact that, apart from any personal excellence, the mere possession of wealth, though a task for which any one is competent, is often thought a higher honour than the ability to produce it? Thus, what is so beautiful in the vegetable world has been transferred to the social world, and those have been the objects of admiration and envy of whom it could be said, "Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin!"

And not only so. For the world has honoured not merely the indolent possessor, but the busy destroyer. Applauses have been heaped on the ambitious usurper—the

violent aggressor, whose path of glory has been marked by desolated corn fields and smouldering villages, and whose activity, being that of slaughter, was a far greater curse than absolute idleness. Thus, in the estimation of multitudes, he who successfully wields the sword of ambitious and unjust war, is more esteemed than he who plies the hammer and who drives the plough. Great must be the injury done by such a false estimate of the claims of labour, in the discouragement of those toils on which the welfare of the human family depends, and in the engendering undesirable sentiments in that great majority of every nation, whose contented and cheerful industry in obscure stations is so essential to their own happiness and virtue, and to the peace, prosperity, and permanent existence of the commonwealth.

I shall therefore endeavour, not in depreciation of social rank, still less with any desire to level all departments of industry, but in opposition to that erroneous sentiment which refuses to recognise the nobility inherent in every description of useful toil, and which would scornfully regard as low and degrading any activities, however humble, which tend to promote the general welfare of the great human family,—I shall now endeavour to bring before you, as the subject of this evening's lecture—the DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Labour is the great law of the universe. Every atom and every world alike proclaim it. It is whispered by every breeze, and reflected from every star. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." Below, around, above, all things are in motion. The swarming insects of an hour's sunshine murmur in their mazy flight what the bright seraphim before God's throne proclaim in their unwearied worship. Even the inanimate ultimate elements of which organised substances are composed, never rest. Animal and vegetable life depend on the unceasing changes going on in the structure of the living thing,

which, as soon as it ceases to be active, dies. Its constituent parts rest not even then, but, liberated by decomposition, go forth to other toils elsewhere. Without noise or disorder, each knowing its appointed place and labour, the busy atoms of which all material things are composed ever go hither and thither, in varying but perfectly adjusted combinations, constructing, uprearing, repairing, cleansing, beautifying, and, when their purpose has been accomplished, gently removing the various parts which compose the great machine of our universe. Were the powers of nature to become torpid for one short day, or were our globe to pause one instant on its axis, desolation and death would be its only tenants. Rest would be ruin. The same law of industry prevails beyond our narrow limits. The entire planetary system and, for aught we know, all the stars of the firmament are upheld by it. Were the sun to relax those invisible but potent chains by which he binds the planets to their centre—were these rolling orbs to abate their speed, or once to loiter in their majestic career—their ancient sovereignty would again be assumed by Chaos and old Night.

Emphatically is labour the law of humanity. The structure of our body, as a whole, and of every separate organ in it, shows that we were designed for activity. Who can study the formation of the foot but must be convinced that it was made for motion; or of the hand, without the certainty that it was contrived for toil? Why was the ear so skilfully constructed for the conveyance of sound, but that it might listen; and why was the eye placed aloft, but that, as a watchful sentinel, it might faithfully guard the citadel, and promptly report all outward things to the busy spirit which sits enthroned within?

On their exercise the vigour of all our faculties depends. Health cannot breathe the atmosphere of sloth. Power will not obey the voice of the sluggard, nor develop itself except in the gymnasium of toil. The muscle shrinks which is never

strung, the joint stiffens which is never moved, the limb becomes powerless which is never taxed. The rust of indolence corrodes and destroys, as well as defaces, whatever it is allowed to gather on. So with the mind. Its faculties of perception, and memory, and reflection, and imagination, must be exercised if they are to be vigorous. The soul will never come forth as a strong man completely armed for victorious conflict, if summoned merely by indolence to strut on the lazy parade ground of vanity. On the contrary, every natural endowment will shrivel up which is not called out to labour, and the Scripture will be verified which says, "From him which hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." Thus man's moral nature, as well as his intellectual, is destroyed, and that which was designed to be an immortal temple for Deity to dwell in, becomes a melancholy ruin. The conscience eventually ceases to speak when it ceases to be consulted—ceases to command when it ceases to be obeyed. Holy impulses no longer urge the man who permits activity only to his lusts. The still small voice of lingering Deity will speak in fainter and yet fainter whispers, from the inner sanctuary, until it finally ceases to counsel and to warn the man who will not rouse himself to listen, and whose fatal lethargy nothing then will dispel until the trumpet blast of doom shall startle him into the wakefulness of despair.

Because labour is thus essential to the healthy development of our physical, intellectual, and moral life, the all-wise and beneficent Creator has so constituted us that we cannot at the same time be idle and happy.

Whatever a man has toiled for, possesses a charm which other things, though intrinsically far more valuable, cannot share. The flower he himself has raised, exhales for him a finer fragrance; and the fruit he himself has grown, is eaten by him with a keener relish, and seems to possess a richer

flavour, than any which money can buy. The splendour of the mountain summit is enhanced by the difficulty of the mountain climb; and every goal which we have successfully reached appears beautiful, not only by reason of the prize placed upon it, but in proportion as it is decorated by the memories of happy days spent in reaching it.

Men are often disappointed, because they forget that with the possession of the long expected reward, they necessarily lose the long enjoyed delight of striving for it. An old familiar friend seems, at the moment of their success, to have forsaken them, and the joy of *mere* possession is lame after the intenser pleasure of the pursuit.

> "Where is the horse that doth untread again
> His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
> That he did pace them first? All things that are,
> Are with more spirit chaséd than enjoyed."

The sportsman relishes the hunt more than the venison; the warrior glories in the battle more than in the spoil; and the artist and poet are conscious of a higher delight in the production of some immortal work of genius, than in contemplating it when achieved. It is not the possession, but the act of acquiring what is valuable, that constitutes its chiefest charm.

> "Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing."

On the contrary, of all tasks, the most irksome is the task of doing nothing. Then the chief object of every day's existence is to hasten to its close; and the only occupation is to chide the leaden-footed hours, for the weary pace at which they creep along. Life itself is to the unemployed an intolerable burden. Thus, of all punishments, the most dreadful is the compulsory and absolute indolence of solitary confinement; when there is no companion with whom to converse, no book to read, no work to be done, no sound to break the

frightful silence, no object on which the eye can rest, to alleviate the appalling uniformity of the smooth white walls of the narrow cell. But though this is an extreme case, yet in its lesser developments indolence brings with it its own inevitable punishment. It is a poison which cannot be imbibed, without corrupting and corroding, not without agony, all who feed upon it. Indeed, so tormenting is it, that a man who thinks to indulge in it, is forcibly driven from his purpose, and compelled to exertion. His mind must have *some* object before it, his tongue some theme, his hands some employment. If he refuses honourable and useful toil, he will necessarily rush into the busy worship of folly and sin. Unoccupied with what is good, all his thoughts and faculties are ready to be engrossed with what is bad. In the church of the Thessalonians there were some of whom St. Paul wrote that "they walked disorderly, working not at all, but were busybodies." Their indolence in doing their own duty, led them to become bustling interferers with other men. The same Apostle warned Timothy against those who, "first learning to be idle, wander about from house to house, and become not only idle, but tatlers also, and busybodies, speaking things that they ought not." "Hence," says an old writer, "in places where there is least work, the worst sins do most prevail; and idleness, therefore, was by the prophet reckoned one of the three great sins of Sodom, parents of the rest: 'Behold,' saith Ezekiel, '*this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her.*' Hence it seldom doth happen in any way of life, that a sluggard and a rakehell do not go together; or that he who is idle, is not also dissolute." Indolence in doing right urges to industry in doing wrong; the devil ever resorts to the market-place of sloth for labourers; and never was a deeper truth expressed in simpler terms, than when the poet taught the child to sing—

"In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too—
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

That labour is the punishment of sin, is an error as contrary to reason, as it is unsanctioned by revelation. Man would have been cursed before he fell had he been created to be idle. Instead of such unhappiness, we read of Adam while in his state of innocence, that "the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, *to dress it and to keep it.*" Luxuriant as was its vegetation, it required his training, pruning, adapting hand. Without labour Adam would have perished even amidst its fertility. The corn did not spring up as bread and nourish his animal life without some exertion of his own. The fruits would not support him during the whole year without toil on his part, if not in the growing yet in the harvesting. Even could he have existed, his existence could not have been *happy*. Indolence is only the elysium of fools. And thus we cannot doubt that great as was the happiness which Paradise conferred, it yielded to our first parents no fairer flower and no sweeter fruit than industry. This injunction to dress and to keep the garden, besides being necessary for their sustenance and enjoyment, was a badge of nobility also, marking their superiority to all the other living creatures around them. Beautifully does our great Milton put this sentiment into the lips of Adam when inviting Eve to slumber.

"God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways."

When they sinned a curse was superadded. No longer with such exuberant fertility was the earth to produce food. Thorns and thistles were now to spring up, requiring a degree and kind of toil in their subjection, before unknown. Not without labour hitherto had sinless Adam lived, but now "in the sweat of his face" must fallen Adam eat his bread. He must gird himself to new exertions. His posterity must be subjected to a sterner necessity of toil. "In sorrow shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." Yet as man was no longer what he had been, who shall say that his highest welfare did not now require a more stringent law of labour than would otherwise have been necessary? And if, as a sinner, his repentance would be better promoted by this change in his temporal circumstances,—if the necessity of increased activity for the support of his body should be a more healthy condition for the salvation of his soul, should be more calculated to fortify him against temptation, to strengthen him for spiritual labour, to animate him with persevering courage in the great conflict he had to wage with sin,—who shall say that, even in this increased imposition of toil, there was not more of a blessing than a curse? Though transgression brought its punishment in the necessity for the sentence which was pronounced, who shall say that had the fertility and the ease of Paradise continued, when the holiness of Paradise had departed, consequences would not have ensued far more disastrous than such increased toil?

If laborious industry was manifested to be honourable by being the law of Adam's life before he fell, such honour is abundantly confirmed by the language of Holy Scripture, addressed to his sinful posterity. The wisest of men, by divine inspiration, has told us, that "In all labour there is profit;" that "The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute." Again and again he exalts the praises of industry. "The hand of the

diligent maketh rich. The soul of the diligent shall be made fat. Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men. Be diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds." And that no department of labour whatever may be neglected as unworthy of diligence, he says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This utterance of the Old Testament is echoed back from the New, where, by the Apostles, Christians are exhorted to "do their own business, and to work with their own hands;" to be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The same law follows them to heaven, where, we are told, "they serve God day and night in his temple."

It extends to higher orders of intelligent existence. Cherubim and seraphim around the throne of God deem it no honour to be exempt from toil. They "excel in strength," not for idle display, but "to do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word." "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation?" And in their worship they "rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

And the God of angels works. For what is this mighty universe, throbbing with activity in every part, but the manifestation of Him who is wonderful in working? If all things are in motion, it is he who moves them; for what is nature without nature's God? We speak of great physical laws, by which all phenomena are governed, but what power is there in a law to paint a flower, or to kindle a star? Laws are powerless without a lawgiver to enforce them; and the laws of nature are nonentities in the absence of Him on whom alone all nature rests. These laws can be nothing but the resemblances we are able to trace in his methods of operation. It is God himself, and not those laws, who produces, preserves,

presides over all. And thus the Scripture speaks not only the language of sublime poetry, but of literal truth, when it says—"He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; the eyes of all wait upon him, and he satisfieth the desire of every living thing; he appointeth the moon for seasons, and maketh the sun to know his going down; the heavens are the work of his hands, and the firmament showeth his handiwork; it is he who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; he bindeth the sweet influences of Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion; he bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guideth Arcturus with his sons; the Creator of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary!"

But more emphatically than by his works has Jehovah revealed his untiring activity. In these last times he has spoken to us by his Son. "The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person," Jesus made known to us more clearly the character and works of the unseen Jehovah. Did his human life on earth indicate that there was anything divine in inactivity? Having the power to obtain by a volition all he needed, God incarnate manifested his glory by a life of industry, first in obscure toil, then in his public ministry, eager when a child to be about his Father's business, and ever going about doing good. And in reference to the unceasing operations of Deity in all events from the beginning of time, he said—"My Father worketh hitherto (or continually), and I work."

What a concurrent testimony is thus given by the entire universe to the dignity of toil! How eloquent are the voices which blend from every created object, and from the throne of God himself, in vindication of our theme. Things inanimate and things irrational combine with men and angels to

proclaim activity the law of Him who made them all. The restless atmosphere, the rolling rivers, and the heaving ocean; Nature's vast laboratory never at rest; countless agencies in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; the unwearied sun coming forth from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; the changeful moon, whose never slumbering influence the never resting tides obey; the planets never pausing in the mighty sweep of their majestic march; the sparkling stars never quenching their far-darting fires, never ceasing to show forth the handiwork of Him who bade them shine; the busy swarms of insect life; the ant providing her meat in the summer, and gathering her food in the harvest; the finny multitude luxuriating in motion; the birds exuberant in flight and song; the beasts of the forest gamboling in the gladness of activity; primeval man amid the bowers of Eden; paradise untainted by sin, yet honoured by toil; fallen man, with labour still permitted him, an alleviation of his woe, a sign that he was not utterly undone, an earnest of his recovery; redeemed man, divinely instructed, assisted, encouraged, honoured in his toil; the innumerable company of angels, never resting in their service, never wearied with their worship; Messiah, the incarnate Jehovah, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister; the glorious Creator and Ruler of the Universe, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth; all, all bear testimony to the dignity of labour.

"Hark how creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven!

"Labour is life—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is *glory*—the *flying* cloud lightens;
Only the *waving* wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,—
 Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

"Labour is worship! the robin is singing—
Labour is worship! the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.

"Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow—
Work! thou shalt ride over care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,—
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly—
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly—
Labour! ALL LABOUR IS NOBLE AND HOLY!"

In the preceding remarks I have classed together all kinds of activity, and have spoken of the dignity of Labour in the most comprehensive sense of the word. In what follows I shall restrict my observations to the humbler descriptions of toil. But that no erroneous inference may be drawn from what I may have to say, let me at once explicitly avow, that to regard the worker with the hand as the only claimant to this dignity would be as unjust as to overlook his legitimate claims. There is other labour—more difficult, more exhausting, more important in its influence, than any similar amount of mere muscular exertion—the labour of the brain. Without this, how comparatively valueless would be the labour of the hand! Men would still be toiling in the rude fashion of primitive barbarism, nor would the comforts and refinements of life have increased since then. Britain would be a land of savages still. It is the mind which is at work along with the putting forth of bodily strength, which gives even manual labour its chief value. And there is no description of toil

which has not been facilitated by men who have never actually shared in it themselves. Greater results are achieved when some devote themselves wholly to the thinking process, inventing, arranging, superintending, than if all engaged alike in manual toil. It is a true proverb that a master's eye does more work than both his hands; and how often has a great thought—as, for example, that which led to the invention of printing, or the construction of the steam-engine—effected more than if the thinker of that thought had laboured with his hands a million years!

But besides those labours of the head which are immediately connected with and essential to the success of the labour of the hand, there are many other occupations which possess in an eminent degree the dignity which we are now discussing. The Merchant, who collects the produce of distant countries, and makes the dwellers in one narrow corner of the earth partakers of the fertility of every climate, and of the industry of every tribe: the Capitalist, whose wealth enables him to lay up stores in times of superabundance, and thus to distribute in seasons of scarcity, acting as the fly-wheel of the social machine, to help it over seasons of difficulty, and to give regularity to all its motions: the Physician, investigating the mysteries of a frame fearfully and wonderfully made, in order to mitigate pain, remove disease, and prolong life: the Lawyer, who, instead of stirring up strifes, promotes the peace of the community by regulating its affairs according to acknowledged usage and authority: the Warrior, when he draws the sword only in the last extremity to maintain those liberties which are more precious than life, and who is eager to sheathe it the moment its dreadful work is done: the Instructor of the rising generation, moulding them to habits of patient investigation and persevering toil, and instilling the sacred principles of freedom, virtue, and religion: the Educators of the more adult

mind: the Historian, deducing from the experience of the past directions for the present, and hopes for the future: the Philosopher, pondering the deep mysteries of being, and revealing the secret springs of thought and volition: the Man of Science, now hammering from the rocks of the earth the long buried secret of her past existence, now weighing the sun and measuring the sky, and foretelling the motions of the planets, and calculating the distance of the stars; at one time ranging the universe to explore its mighty plan, at another minutely examining the tiniest atoms, and subjecting the subtlest elements to the scrutiny of his severe analysis: the Painter and the Sculptor, making the bare canvass and the shapeless marble breathe with life and glow with feeling, and by these delineations of nature, or the embodiment of their own lovely dreams, elevating the taste of all who behold: the Poet and the Orator, causing the inmost chords of sympathy to vibrate, by the fit utterance of noble thoughts, and rearing a monument more enduring than marble and brass, whereby to commemorate deeds of heroic goodness for the homage and imitation of posterity: the Moral and Social Reformer, endeavouring to correct the mistakes of the past, and in spite of obloquy and opposition to introduce healthier customs and humaner laws, educating the ignorant, and disenchanting the multitudinous victims of intemperance: the Philanthropist, in his varied walks of benevolence instructing the ignorant, relieving the necessitous, comforting the broken hearted, liberating the enslaved, vindicating the oppressed: the Magistrate, who truly and indifferently administers justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, a terror to evil doers, but the praise of them that do well: the Legislator, whose aim is not "the applause of listening senates to command," but the testimony of a good conscience to secure, and the gratitude of a free and well ordered people to deserve: the Statesman, animated by no mean lust of power or of pelf, but endeavouring so to

"order and settle all things on the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established for all generations:" the supreme Prince and Governor, beneath whose wise and impartial rule men may lead "quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty:" and, not least in this enumeration, the Minister of Religion; he who goes forth as a Missionary, with a martyr's zeal, to proclaim liberty to those whom idolatry has long enslaved, and to lift up barbarous tribes to the true dignity of manhood, by making known to them the glorious gospel of salvation: or the Clergyman at home, of whatever department of the church; not the mere official, performing certain ceremonies, and defending certain dogmas; and not the heartless hireling, put into the priest's office to eat a piece of bread and lead a life of gentlemanly indolence; but he whom love constrains to incessant labours for the good of men; who expounds and enforces those divine truths which are the prolific seeds of all varieties of virtue; which alone will eventually banish all that is selfish, and tyrannical, and unlovely, from our world; and which, while qualifying a man for the duties of this life, prepare him for the nobler occupations and purer pleasures of the life that is to come; the Minister of the Gospel, I say, whose own life illustrates what he preaches, and who thus

"Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way:"

—all these are labourers in the highest sense: most eminently are they to be reckoned with the working classes; and disastrous for humanity will be the day when the claims of such men are disallowed.

Worthy of distinguished honour are all those who by such exalted toils discharge the social debt they owe to the great family of which they form a part. There is a common stock of comforts, of which all partake, and

to which, therefore, all are bound to contribute. This is the Communism which enlightened reason commends, and which the word of God enjoins. The Apostle Paul, in his second letter to the Thessalonians, reminds them of his former instructions on this subject, saying, "For when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." He then proceeds to "command, by the Lord Jesus," those who "walked disorderly, working not at all, but who were busybodies," "with quietness to work and eat their own bread;" as if he had said, that no man by mere purchase of his food by money, could make it in the highest sense his own. If we would "eat *our own* bread," it must be either by manual toil in its production, or by contributing some equivalent to the common stock. That none have a moral right to consume unless they also produce, is as true of the rich man as of the poor. What is given may differ widely from what is received, and the welfare of society requires such diversity; but, unless incapacitated by infirmity, contribute something they *must*, if they are to feel that the bread they eat is their own, and not another's. None may, with a clear conscience, be mere consumers of the results of other men's toil. There should be no drones in the busy human hive. He who regards with an envious eye a life of absolute leisure, covets an odious privilege, a dishonest and dangerous distinction. The richer a man is, the more is he bound to endeavour to make happier and better that great community whose labour alone confers on his wealth all its value. Property has its duties as well as its rights; and, instead of exempting its possessor from the obligation to labour, by releasing him from manual toil, it entrusts him with leisure and ability for still higher and more productive industry, for the right performance of which stewardship he will be infallibly called to give account, before a tribunal where all are to be judged according to their works, and

where "of him to whom much is given, much shall be required."

In corroboration of these remarks let me quote a passage from one of the most distinguished ornaments of the pulpit of the Established Church in the seventeenth century, Dr. Isaac Barrow. "Of all our many necessities, none can be supplied without pains, wherein all men are obliged to bear a share; every man is to work for his food, for his apparel, for all his accommodations, either directly or by commutation; for the gentleman cannot (at least, worthily and inculpably) obtain them otherwise than by redeeming them from the ploughman and the artificer, by compensation of other cares and pains conducible to public good. . . . . . Sloth is the argument of a mind wretchedly mean, which disposeth a man to live *gratis* on the public stock as an insignificant cipher among men, as a burden of the earth, as a wen of any society; seeking aliment from it, but yielding no benefit or ornament thereto. . . . . A noble heart will disdain to subsist like a drone upon the honey gathered by other's labour; like a vermin to *filch* its food out of the public granary; or like a shark to prey on the lesser fry; but will one way or other earn his subsistence, for he that doth not earn, can hardly own his bread."

But nobly do they earn their bread who engage in any of the toils I have just enumerated, and well do they pay back, and with compound interest too, what they receive from the common store. Especially to be honoured are those who, raised by Providence and the industry of their fathers from all necessity of toiling for themselves, devote a portion of their leisure and their wealth, and the influence of social rank, to increasing the happiness of mankind. Worthy of double honour are such men, for their industry is voluntary and for others, while the activity of many is only from necessity and for themselves.

After these observations I shall not be understood as wishing to depreciate the work of the head in favour of that of the hand. Both are necessary, both are honourable, and neither can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." But because the dignity of the latter is not so generally admitted as that of the former, and because a large portion of my audience are supposed to be engaged in mechanical labour or in retail trade, I shall now refer chiefly to manual employments; and while I would not have that other noble toil esteemed the less, I shall hail the day when this department of industry is honoured more.

I shall first refer to the highest of all authority, the Bible, for statements illustrative of the dignity of such labour. God himself taught man how to provide for his necessities, for we read that "unto Adam and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." That cannot be mean or degrading which God first did, and first instructed man to do. When the Tabernacle was to be erected in the wilderness, we read that "all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands." The workmen who were employed in its decoration are said to have been specially endowed by Jehovah for the purpose:—"Moses said unto the children of Israel, See, the Lord hath called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work. And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer

in blue, and in purple, in scarlet and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work." In these various departments of mechanical labour, the requisite skill is said to have been bestowed by God himself. Did not this confer dignity on those employments? And does not every other branch of useful industry share in such honour, inasmuch as in measure it is true of them all, that the requisite ability comes from God?

In the book of Proverbs, a description is given of a virtuous woman, "whose price is far above rubies;" and a large portion of the commendation conferred is for her diligence in manual toils. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her *hands*. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her *hands* she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She layeth her *hands* to the spindle, and her *hands* hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with double garments. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Such is the woman whom the wise man delighteth to honour, saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

In the book of Isaiah there is the following beautiful description of the labours of husbandry:—"Doth the plowman plow all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground? when he hath made plain the face thereof, doth he not scatter abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him. For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin; but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised; because he will not ever be threshing it, nor break

it with the wheel of his cart, nor bruise it with his horsemen." These labours of the plough, the harrow, and the flail, and the skilful discrimination with which industry is employed, adapting its measures to the different results to be attained, are then referred to God himself as their Author and Patron; for the prophet adds, "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." To these commendations of manual labour might be added examples of the most illustrious of the saints; but these we reserve for another branch of our argument. Suffice it here to remind you of St. Paul's exhortation to the Thessalonians to work with their own hands, supported by his own practice; for he thought it no derogation from Apostolic dignity to be able to appeal to the bishops of the church at Ephesus—"Ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities." In these and many similar passages of Holy Scripture, the principal labours of mankind, the production of food, the manufacture of raiment, and the arts of building and decoration, are so emphatically commended, and ascribed to the Author of all that is wise and glorious, that none who admit the inspired character of this book can deny, on its sole authority, that there is dignity in labour.

The dignity of labour results partly from compliance with a divine law, partly from the supply of human necessities; and these two are one. If the monarch of a nation is the fountain of honour to his subjects, much more is the Ruler of the universe to all created beings. He himself is infinitely honourable and glorious. So are all his laws. And honour, therefore, must be associated with obedience. Conformity to his will in the meanest things, gives them a dignity which nothing finite can impart. The impress of Deity is enough to ennoble the commonest action, and nothing can be degrading which is done in his service and at his command. If,

then, he has appointed labour to mankind, labour must be honourable.

As regards ourselves, there is dignity in whatever is essential to our existence. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." His wealth, his learning, his honours, all depend on his existence, and this depends on manual toil. Utilitarianism may be sneered at, but where would be the beautiful, if we were destitute of the useful? where the flowering capital without the solid column? Where is the possibility, or what would be the value, of loveliness of feature without health of body? how can there be health without life? how can life be sustained without food? how can this be obtained without toil? The Creator's law is made a necessity of man's life. We are so formed that labour is essential to our existence in a far greater degree than it is to irrational animals. Man needs raiment; but, whereas the sheep and the horse are clothed by their Maker, he is left to provide his own dress, adapted to the varying climates in which he may dwell. Man needs food every few hours; but, whereas this is produced already prepared for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, man must starve unless he toil. He must plough and sow, he must reap and store up in barns, he must subject the produce itself to various processes to render it wholesome food. Of all living beings on the earth, he would be the most forlorn and destitute but for labour. Nothing is provided ready to his hand. The very tools he needs wherewith to till the ground, he must first construct. It is a law of his being, that he can have nothing for which he does not work. Though it is God who satisfies the wants of every living thing, he satisfies the necessities of man by enabling him to labour, and only in connexion with his own exertions. True it is that the Creator "giveth us rain and fruitful seasons," and causeth "the herb to grow for the service of man," but it is equally true that only "he who tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread,"

while "the sluggard shall beg in harvest, and the idle soul shall suffer hunger."

Those who possess wealth acquired by the toil of others, and who are thus designated "independent," as being under no necessity to work for their own living, must not suppose that for an instant their riches can make them independent of the humble toils they may be tempted to despise. Where would be the value of their broad acres if left without culture? It is the toil of the peasant which makes them productive, and which wrings from the soil those ample revenues which sustain the proprietor in luxurious ease. And of what benefit to any one would be those pieces of silver, gold, or paper, which we call cash, were not indefatigable industry at work to produce the necessaries and comforts that money buys? Would shillings and sovereigns satisfy the cravings of hunger? Would bank-notes, mortgages, and scrip shield the back from the cold, and ward off the pelting of the storm? Must not the painter lay down his brush, and the poet his pen; must not the philosopher suspend his experiments, and the voice of the orator be dumb; would not the jewelled crown become a worthless bauble, the most stately palace a region of desolation, but for the labour of the agriculturist and the craftsman? The monarch and the mechanic, the peer and the peasant, the sage and the simple, depend for each day's existence upon toil. Labour is the foundation on which the mighty fabric of human society rests, and none but the foolish and the proud will look down with contempt from the higher rank in which Providence has placed them, as though they were under no obligation to the poor. A reciprocity of advantage binds all classes together in mutual obligation. If the man of toil is indebted for much of the comfort of social order and intellectual elevation to the man of rank and leisure, the man of leisure is dependent on the man of toil for existence itself. If the strong and graceful arch could not stand without the

key-stone which binds its parts together, neither could that key-stone be upheld in its elevation, without the massive piers on either side.

The dignity of labour! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world!

Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labour drives the plough, and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment, soft, and warm, and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince, and the gray gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle—from the ponderous anchor to the wire-gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or

the glittering bead. Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour brings us Indian rice and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East, and sugar from the West; carrying in exchange to every land the products of British industry and British skill. Labour, by the universally-spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all the necessaries and luxuries of life; and by the pulsations of an untrammelled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system. Labour, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it moulds, and polishes, and combines so wondrously, that sight is restored to the blind; while worlds, before invisible from distance, are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with an unerring exactness; and atoms, which had escaped all detection from minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves. Labour, possessing a secret far more important than the philosopher's stone, transmutes the most worthless substances into the most precious; and, placing in the crucible of its potent chemistry the putrid refuse of the sea and land, extracts fragrant essences, and healing medicines, and materials of priceless importance in the arts. Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aërial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows; and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labour draws forth its

delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realises more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself. Labour seizes the thoughts of genius, the discoveries of science, the admonitions of piety, and, with its magic types impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind. Labour sits enthroned in palaces of crystal, whose high arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honour it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trophies of its victories in every country and in every age. Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; the quays are crowded with commercial spoils—the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields; representatives of far off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Literature, new born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilisation smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults,—for the voice of Industry and gladness is heard on every hand. And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in labour?

The dignity of labour! Judge of it by its effects on the

labourer. Does it debase the spirit, blunt the feelings, pervert the conscience, deaden the natural susceptibilities to what is true, and noble, and generous, and kind? The very contrary. If laborious poverty has its evils, it has its moral advantages too. "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle." The necessity for industry saves from the peculiar perils of the indolence which wealth permits. If it is denied the luxuries of leisure, it is spared its temptations too. The continual struggle with difficulties for the supply of the body is favourable to developing strength and stedfastness in the soul. They who live by the labour of their own hands find it more easy to offer from the heart the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," than those who can say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." If well-stored coffers diminish the danger of discontentment at our lot, the toils, privations, and anxieties of industrious poverty render a man less likely to set his affections inordinately on things below, and dispose him the more readily to listen to the announcement of those glad tidings to which the poor are as welcome as the rich, and to the promise of a world in which the weary shall be at rest, not in idleness, but where labour, with all its dignity fully developed, shall be the repose of the perfected soul. Thus, while our Saviour said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven," one of his Apostles wrote, "Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?" And while there have been always illustrious examples of distinguished piety among the noble and the wealthy, piety often the more illustrious in proportion to the difficulties it has overcome, and the lofty position it adorns, yet who that has ever laboured in the gospel vineyard but acknowledges that, as a general rule, religion finds its healthiest soil and purest development among the industrious poor?

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The men of toil, though not enjoying so much liberty of action as the men of wealthy leisure, have in many respects more liberty of thought. The more they are dependent on labour, the less are they dependent on opinion. I admit that there are tyrannies of fashion even in the lowest ranks, and yet, on the whole, I consider the sons and daughters of labour less under the bondage of prevailing tastes in politics and religion than their fellow-men, and more ready to listen to the voice of truth and liberty, when that voice is opposed to prevailing prejudices. Who first hailed that gospel which the rulers and the scribes rejected with scorn? It was the working classes of Judea! Who first welcomed the Reformation, and crowded round Luther with enthusiastic plaudits? Among them were scholars and men of rank—and all honour be to such; but his great strength lay in the working classes of Germany! In days of English persecution and tyranny, men of gentle birth were prompt to shed their blood for liberty and truth, and their noble names will ever be enshrined in the memory of a grateful country; but the multitude who were ready to fight, to bleed, to burn, for freedom and for God, were chiefly composed of the industrious poor! It was the mighty voice of Britain's free labourers that gave power and efficacy to the leaders of Negro Emancipation, and made self-interest blush, and long established wickedness tremble, the people teaching their senators wisdom, until the chains were struck from the captive, and the standard of England, wherever it was unfurled, waved only for the protection of the free. But from the fear of invading that wise neutrality which is here maintained on all subjects of a political character, I might refer to other great changes which were due in the first instance to the sons

of toil, they being the first to acknowledge and to urge the adoption of. opinions which have since become established principles and consolidated laws. And when I look on the various developments of misery and crime at the present day, and, after every renewed investigation, fortified by the concurrent testimony of men best able, from their official positions, to give a true opinion, am forced to the conclusion that a great fundamental source of the mischief is the prevailing intemperance which is our national disgrace; and when I ask, who are those that throughout the country are setting themselves, not merely to the cure, but to the prevention of wretchedness, and by personal sacrifice, by daring to be singular, by earnest advocacy, are toiling year by year among the masses of our degraded and drunken fellow-countrymen, to destroy if possible the monster tyrant of our land, that concentration of the elements of mischief whose name is Legion—while I find some few in the ranks of wealth, and fashion, and leisure, esteeming it an honour and a joy to be leaders in this benevolent crusade, yet no one will for a moment question the truth of my assertion when I say, that this great enterprise, second to none of the philanthropies of our day, because inclusive of them all, is urged forward by the sympathies, the sacrifices, the prayers of the working classes.

The roll of history is inscribed with the names of heroes, whose conspicuous achievements have obtained an immortal renown; but is it only among the wealthy, the noble, the learned, that heroes of patience and philanthropy are to be found? In how many of the obscure abodes of poverty deeds of noble endurance are daily performed, which, on a more elevated stage, and with wider bearings on society, would place the actors of them in the foremost ranks of greatness. I quote the following illustration from the correspondent of a London Paper:—"As a class, I must say that the workpeople that I have seen appear remarkably

truthful, patient, and generous; indeed, 'every day teaches me that their virtues are wholly unknown to the world. I have seen this last week such contentment, under miseries and privations of the most appalling nature, as has made me look with absolute reverence upon the poor afflicted things. I have beheld a stalwart man, with one half of his body dead—his whole side paralysed, so that the means of subsistence by labour were denied him; and his wife toiling day and night with her needle, and getting, at the week's end, but one shilling for her many hours' labour. I have sat with them in their wretched hovel, shivering, without a spark of fire in the grate, and the bleak air rushing in through every chink and crevice. I have been with them and their shoeless children at their Sunday dinner of boiled tea-leaves and dry bread; and I have heard the woman, with smiling lips, not only tell me, but show me, how contented she was with her lot; bearing the heavy burden with a meek and uncomplaining spirit, such as philosophy may dream of, but can never compass. The man and his wife were satisfied that it was the will of God they should be afflicted as they were, and they bowed their heads in reverent submission to the law. 'It may be hard to say why we are so sorely troubled as we are,' said the heroic old dame; 'but we are satisfied it is all for the best.' In my last letter I told the story of the poor stock-maker, who, for three weeks, had never laid down to rest, so that she might save her disabled parent from the workhouse. In the letter before that, I had related the struggle of a girl to free herself from a life of vice which she had been driven into by sheer starvation: indeed, not a day of my life now passes but I am eye-witness to some act of heroism and nobility, such as are unknown and unheard of among those who are well to do in the land."

This is the heroism of patient endurance. Recent events have furnished abundant illustrations of the heroism of daring

valour. As a disciple and a minister of the Prince of Peace, I denounce all war, which is not waged to prevent a still greater calamity than itself, as both insane and wicked. Yet I cannot but admire the generous self-devotion which war often developes, especially when that self-devotion is exhibited in resisting unprovoked aggression.

Great have been the achievements of our army in the Crimea; and the names of Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, will never be erased from the monument of Britain's fame. Never did our officers exhibit a more chivalric bravery; never did noble and gentle blood more freely flow. Yet it is universally admitted that those were the battles of the common soldier, and that the success attending our standards was owing not to the wise commands of the generals, but to the unflinching valour of the men. And whence were those soldiers drawn? From our working-classes; from our day-labourers; yes, for the most part, from the lowest grades of our peasants and artisans.* Yet, side by side with men of noble and royal blood, they exhibited equal courage and contempt of danger, though with less expectation of honour and reward.

I see their steady lines pressing up those bristling heights, regardless of the iron tempest that hisses through their lessening ranks. I see them after a long night of weary watching, unrefreshed by sleep or food, hastily seizing their weapons, and in thin but inflexible array meeting the sudden onslaught of a foe who, maddened by lies and liquor, presses forward, through the dark mist of morning, to overwhelm and to destroy. I see them, hour after hour, undismayed by numbers, while their comrades are shot down on every hand, maintaining the unequal conflict, true to their colours and their Queen, until the foe is driven back in headlong rout. But beyond the glory of the victorious fields of Alma and Inkermann was the still more conspicuous heroism of Balaclava. The *fatal* valley I cannot call it, where valour such as theirs was exhi-

bited, where laurels such as theirs were won. I see it, so skilfully prepared, as a deadly snare for any who should madly enter it. I see its batteries in front, its batteries on either side, its multitude of riflemen scattered along the hills, its clouds of Cossacks, its solid phalanxes of footmen, their spears and bayonets thirsting for the victim. I see our gallant cavalry in all their pomp and pride, ready to dare and to do wherever duty leads. I hear the order given them to charge! It is felt to be an error! They receive it as a command to ride to death and destruction! Shall they then disobey? Success is impossible, but compliance with orders in making the attempt is a soldier's duty. Shall they set an example of disregard to authority, which may be more disastrous in its moral influence, than even the annihilation of their gallant squadron? Shall they shrink from duty, and even for a moment hesitate as if they feared? They hesitate not. The responsibility of the order is another's—the responsibility of obeying it is their own. Not one hangs back! At the blast of the trumpet, that small but gallant band of heroes dash onward to death.

"Forward! the Light Brigade!
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;

Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred!"

Friends and foes alike gazed at them with wondering admiration; for they were a spectacle which all future ages will applaud, eclipsing the semi-fabulous heroism of a Quintius, or of a Decius, and enrolling Balaclava, despite its disasters, with such names as Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Bannockburn. These unnamed martyr champions, expecting, should they by almost a miracle survive, none of those destinctions awaiting men in higher rank, and knowing that if they fell, their names would be forgotten the day after the tidings of the battle were made known, are examples to prove that manual labour, as well as noble blood, can produce and nourish heroes.

And shall we not glance into those dismal trenches too for illustration? Enthusiasm may suffice for a man not habitually brave, during a few hours of some gigantic struggle; but more is needed to sustain the mind from week to week, amid cold, and wet, and hunger, and toil, and sickness, in the face of a never slumbering foe. Yet amid unparalleled privations, and exposed to deaths more terrible than Russian bullets—never pleading the shameful neglects of others as an excuse for insubordination themselves,—with heroic fortitude they march to their nightly bivouac in mud, and return, after hours of perilous exposure, to wrap themselves in a thin and saturated blanket beneath dripping canvass, to seize a few hours' repose, from which hunger rouses them, to wade through miles of morass to obtain their salt, uncooked, and scanty food. Yet their letters breathe only unbroken courage, and stedfast loyalty. Die at their post they are prepared to do—desert it, never! And there, in that vast sepulchre of mud, hundreds are every week laid down in their long last slumber! Are they not heroes? Heroes of the working classes! Heroes bred by toil! Their families are undistinguished, their names

are unrecorded, no monument of marble will record their praise; but their valiant daring, and still more valiant enduring, will never be forgotten.

> "By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall awhile repair
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

That there is Dignity in Labour may be further illustrated by a reference to some of the great men it has produced. I am ready to admit that poverty has often a chilling effect on genius, and that constant labour deprives a man of those facilities for intellectual advancement, which a life of leisure may command. Doubtless in the sepulchres of the sons of toil rests many a *mute inglorious Milton*—many a heart *once pregnant with celestial fire*—many a hand that *might have swayed the rod of empire,* or *waked the living lyre to ecstacy.*

> "But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury restrained their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of their soul.
>
> "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,—
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But if the circumstances connected with a life of toil place peculiar obstacles in the way of the development of genius, all the more remarkable does that genius appear which triumphs over those difficulties; and all the more convincing is the evidence that Labour can produce and nourish seeds of greatness which only need favourable circumstances

for their complete development; nay, greatness of such an order as, independent of circumstances, forces its way through every discouragement, and draws increased strength and beauty from the very difficulties which at first seemed to retard its progress. The names crowd upon us of distinguished men who have risen from the ranks of toil, or have been the immediate descendants of those who have so risen.

If we turn to antiquity, Æsop was a slave, Protagoras was a porter, Cleanthes a drawer of water, Epictetus a slave, Plautus a grinder of corn, Terence a slave, Horace the son of a liberated slave, and Virgil, we cannot doubt, was practically versed in all the labours of the farm. Who knows not the story of Cincinnatus, taken from his plough to the dictatorship of Rome, and who, having in sixteen days delivered his country, returned to his rural toils? Cato also, and many other noble Romans, thought it no disparagement to their patrician dignity to work with their own hands; nor until Roman citizens devolved all the labours of industry on hired slaves, did Rome decline from that lofty elevation which she reached when her senators and her warriors were men of toil.

Let us come to more recent times. Amongst poets, Metastasio was a mechanic's son, and as a boy sang verses in the streets. Arnigio was a blacksmith. Sir W. Davenant was the son of a vintner. The author of "Hudibras" was the son of a small farmer. Gay was apprentice to a draper. Prior was a tavern boy. Pope was the son of a draper, Collins of a hatter, Beattie of a village shopkeeper, Akenside of a butcher, Cowley of a grocer, Keats of a livery-stable keeper, Chatterton of a sexton. Dodsley was apprenticed to a stocking weaver. Bloomfield was the son of a tailor, and, after being a farmer's boy, became a shoemaker. Ramsay was the son of a miner, and meditated poetry while making wigs. Kirke White was the son of a butcher, and began life at a

stocking-frame. Falconer was a sailor boy, Burns a ploughman, Hogg a shepherd, Nicoll a saddler, Ebenezer Elliott a mechanic, Hood an engraver. Ben Jonson, the friend of Shakspere, worked for his bread as a bricklayer, and is thus referred to by Fuller, in his "English Worthies:"—"Let them not blush who have, but they who have not, a lawful calling. He helped to build the new structure of Lincoln's Inn; when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." The name of Shakspere himself I have reserved to the last in this enumeration; for, while it has been disputed whether he was the son of a butcher, a glover, a seller of wood, or a small landed proprietor, there is no doubt that his father, as if unable to write, signed a public Stratford document with a mark, and that the immortal poet himself, when he first came up to London, was glad to earn an honest penny in other ways than in the composition of immortal dramas.

Let us come to the Arts. Giotto, one of the most eminent revivers of painting, was a peasant's son. Salvator Rosa was brought up in hardship. Claude Lorraine was apprenticed to a pastry-cook. Michael Angelo was the son of a stonemason. Barry was a ship-boy; Opie a sawyer. Gilpin was apprenticed to a ship-painter; Hogarth to an engraver. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper. Etty was apprenticed to a printer, and the son of a baker of gingerbread. The unrivalled Turner was the son of a hairdresser in Covent Garden. Haydn, the great musical composer, was the son of a wheelwright. Inigo Jones, great as an architect, was apprenticed to a joiner. Canova, the eminent sculptor, was the son of a stonemason; and Sir Francis Chantrey was a milk-boy, and, having first exhibited his genius in moulding butter, was apprenticed to a carver and gilder, with a premium of £10.

Let us refer to celebrated authors, and men of learning. Heyne, the eminent classic, was the son of a weaver. Judge Blackstone, the commentator on English law, was the son of a

draper. De Foe, the author of "The Plague," and of "Robinson Crusoe," was a hosier. Isaac Walton, the author of "The Complete Angler," kept a draper's shop in Fleet Street, seven and a half feet long by five feet wide. Prideaux was assistant in a kitchen. Richardson was the son of a joiner. Buchanan was a common soldier. Cobbett was a labouring boy in the fields. Milner, the church historian, was a weaver. Hutton, the great mathematician, was a stocking weaver. Parkes, the author of the "Chemical Catechism," was the son of a small grocer. Professor Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Foster, the essayist, worked at his father's loom. Lord Chancellor Eldon, and his brother, the learned Lord Stowell, were sons of a provincial shopkeeper. Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly Review," was a cabin-boy in a small coasting vessel.

Amongst great travellers and discoverers we find Sir F. Drake—the first who sailed in an English ship on the South Sea, and who began his career as a sailor boy. Captain Cook, the discoverer of the South Sea Islands, great in philanthropy as in adventurous genius, was a peasant's son, and gained his first nautical experience in a Newcastle collier. The enterprising Belzoni was the son of a weaver; while the daring commander who first explored the vast Atlantic, and despising taunts, difficulties, and routine, steered west for India, and became the discoverer of that new world, where the English name, language, and literature are spread over a region compared with which the mother country is an insignificant corner—Columbus—was the son of a woolcomber.

Especially indebted to the children of labour are the records of science, and of those useful inventions which have multiplied beyond limit the conveniences of life, and promoted civilisation by giant strides. Sir Isaac Newton, greatest in these annals, was the son of a small farmer, and, as a boy,

attended the Grantham market to sell the produce of his mother's garden. The first printing press in this country was worked by Caxton, great as a scholar as well as a typographer, and he was originally a draper's apprentice. The most distinguished name in the annals of botany is that of Linnæus, who was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Hunter, the famous anatomist, was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. Ferguson, the astronomer, was a farm-labourer and a farm-labourer's son. Sir W. Herschell, the constructor of reflecting telescopes, and the discoverer of a new planet, was the son of a poor musician, and, when a boy, belonged to a military band. Brindley, who first united the most distant parts of the island by a network of canals, was a mill-wright. The chronometer, for ascertaining the longitude at sea, was the invention of a carpenter at Pontefract, to whom the government awarded £20,000, as a token of its value. The achromatic lens, giving efficiency to the telescope, was the production of Dolland, who had been a weaver. The safety lamp, a contrivance by which the lives of many thousands of miners have been preserved, was the invention of Sir H. Davy, the son of a wood-carver. Spinning machines, by which so extraordinary an impulse was given to our manufactures, and clothing so vastly augmented and cheapened, owe their practical origin to Arkwright, who, until thirty years of age, was a barber. The wondrous steam-engine, on which modern civilisation and the wealth of Britain so mainly depend, deservedly claims as its inventor Watt, who was apprenticed to a maker of mathematical instruments; while Stephenson, the eminent engineer and constructor of railways, was a watch-mender.

Of eminent patriots, William Tell, the heroic deliverer of Switzerland, and Hofer, the brave defender of the Tyrol, were simple peasants. Washington, than whom a greater man has seldom lived, though not bred in poverty, spent his earlier years in laborious industry as a practical surveyor; while the

philosophic Franklin, so noted in the history of American Independence, President of the Council, and Ambassador to France, was first a tallow-chandler and then a printer. The greatest statesman of our own day, Sir Robert Peel, was the son of one who began life as a journeyman cotton-spinner.

Of theologians and preachers, Archbishop Tillotson was the son of a clothier. Isaac Barrow. from whose eloquent writings I have quoted, was the son of a draper. John Newton began life as a sailor boy. Scott the Commentator was the son of a grazier, and worked on his father's farm. Andrew Fuller was engaged in husbandry until twenty years of age. Dr. Williams, the profound student of Divine Sovereignty, was the son of a small Welsh farmer. The late eminent and learned Dr. Pye Smith began his active life in a retail shop. William Jay, so distinguished as a preacher, was originally a bricklayer. Two other names of universal celebrity I reserve to crown the list—Jeremy Taylor and John Bunyan. The English Cicero was the son of a hairdresser; while the most popular, most useful, most universally circulated, and best of books, next to the Bible, was the production of a tinker—verifying the beautiful lines of the late Justice Talfourd:

"The coarsest reed that trembles on the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phœbus!"

I come to the very highest grade of greatness, to men who have distinguished themselves as reformers and philanthropists. Among them I find—Huss, the son of a peasant; Luther, the son of a miner; Calvin, the son of a cooper; Melancthon, the son of an armourer; Zwingle, the son of a

farmer; Latimer, who at the age of eighty perished at the stake, exclaiming, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man—we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out,"—he was the son of a farmer. John Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper. Henry Martyn, the apostle to the Persians, and the translator of the Scriptures into their language, was the son of a miner. Carey, the eminent missionary and linguist, who gave to millions of Hindoos the word of God, was a cobbler. Morrison, who did the same for China, worked with his father in making lasts. Cranfield, the earliest founder of Ragged Schools, and the Father of London Sunday Schools, was a small tailor. Williams, the martyred missionary of Erromanga, was apprenticed to an ironmonger.

I turn to sacred records; and if there is honour in ancestry, the great founders of the human family, from whom the proudest genealogies spring, vindicate our theme, for they were men of toil. Faultless Adam cultivated the garden; fallen Adam cleared the wilderness. Of his sons, Cain tilled the soil, Abel was a keeper of sheep. The second grand progenitor of the human race, Noah, wrought during many years in building the ark, and after the flood, laboured as a husbandman. The Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, from whom descended the most illustrious of all nations of the earth, tended their flocks, not merely by hired labourers, but also by personal toil. Joseph, prime minister of Pharaoh, the preserver of Egypt, and of God's chosen family from famine, was a slave. Moses, the heroic emancipator of his oppressed kindred, the earliest and greatest of legislators, kept the flocks of his father-in-law, Jethro. Aaron, the founder of the Levitical priesthood, the great type of the one and only efficacious Priest, was brother to the shepherd of Horeb. The valiant Gideon was threshing wheat when the Angel of God

summoned him to the rescue of Israel from the Midianites. David, the victorious champion, the renowned monarch, the immortal poet, the inspired prophet, was training for his career of greatness while tending the flocks of his father, Jesse. Solomon, the wisest of men, architect of the most majestic temple ever reared for the worship of Deity, illustrious moralist and poet, was the son of one who was once a shepherd. Elisha was ploughing when Elijah called him to the prophetic office. Amos the Seer was one of the herdsmen of Tekoa. John the Baptist, than whom had never a greater been born of woman, great preacher of repentance, forerunner of Messiah, was not clothed in soft raiment, neither dwelt he in kings' houses. And the first founders of Christianity, the Apostles—to be whose successors in any *true* sense is justly regarded so great an honour, that some have aspired to be their successors even in an exclusive and impossible sense—were themselves working men. Peter and Andrew were fishing in the lake, James and John were mending their nets, when summoned to become the personal attendants of the incarnate King of kings, and the first founders of his empire of truth and love. Yes; these fishermen of Galilee, their manners rough, their *speech betraying them* as "unlearned and ignorant men," were they who triumphed over the Parthenon and the Synagogue—over the schools of philosophy and the palaces of the Cæsars, who turned the world upside down, gave a new history to mankind, and set up that kingdom of heaven which shall become co-extensive with the habitable globe! And he who was subsequently added to their ranks, the learned theologian brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, the philosophical, heroic, martyred missionary, St. Paul, he also illustrates our theme; for, while an apostle, his "own hands ministered to his necessities," and by his occupation he was a tent-maker!

We advance one more step, and our argument will be

complete. But let us reverently pause, for it is holy ground on which we tread. Jesus himself was a working man! Even they who question his Deity, admit that, as a man, he stands unapproachably exalted above all other men in wisdom, purity, and benevolence, as well as in his achievements for the human race. But *we* regard him as "the image of the Invisible God"—"God manifest in the flesh." So contemplated, how distinguished was the honour which the manner of his advent conferred on toil. Angels announced his birth, not to the wealthy and the noble, but to working men, and they were permitted to listen to the anthem of heaven while engaged about their ordinary work—for the multitude of the heavenly host appeared to shepherds *while keeping watch over their flocks by night!*

And of whom was the Messiah born? Though of the seed of David, it was from a branch of that royal line which had re-entered those ranks of toil whence its founder sprang. And the husband of Mary was a carpenter, and people said of Jesus, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" But more than this, he was a carpenter himself. By far the greater portion of his life was spent in humble toil. He knew that the majority of those whom he came to save, by assuming their nature and sharing in their trials, were of the working classes. He knew what privations they often endure, and to what dishonour they are sometimes exposed; and so, to set his own royal stamp of dignity on their employment, while all other conditions were open to his choice, he ate his bread by the sweat of his brow till he was thirty years of age. Think not that the time which elapsed before his more public ministry had no share in the prosecution of his great work. No! those years of patient, obscure, submissive toil, proclaim with mighty eloquence, not only the duties of labour, but its dignity too. O ye who would disparage a life of humble industry, look ye in at that carpenter's shed at Nazareth, and then say

if the sublime spectacle it exhibits is not a more than ample vindication of our theme—the Dignity of Labour!

A word or two in conclusion. If labour is thus honourable, let us all pay our homage to it. There may be some present whom Providence has placed above the necessity of personal toil. Remember that your privileges were given, not to be enjoyed in selfish indolence, but to be improved for the common benefit. Be ye, then, in your higher departments, men and women of toil. And despise not those to whose humbler labours your advantages of fortune owe all their value. The Bible commands us to "*honour all men.*" It ill becomes any fallen and redeemed sinner to *despise* another, however degraded. But there is no degradation in honest toil. He who diligently performs the duties of his station, whatever that station is, deserves respect. To treat with scorn the honest labourer, because the part he performs is less distinguished than our own, is to dishonour not that labourer, but ourselves.

And let us honour toil by not overtasking it in a heartless competition; by an inordinate craving after wealth on the part of the employer, after cheapness on that of the purchaser. There is a limit of time and strength, beyond which service becomes slavery. Let us then, as far as the welfare of the community admits, abbreviate the hours of toil, and furnish opportunity for recreation and repose. God, the great Master of this busy world, has given all working men a glorious charter; and one of the invaluable points in that charter is, the rest of the Sabbath! Honour labour, by maintaining inviolable that royal boon! Add to it rather than diminish from it; and that this day may be devoted to the highest of all recreation, that of the soul, remit some portion of the weekly task for recreating the other faculties of the labourer. Yes! honour labour, by remembering that man *has* other

faculties than those which qualify him for manual toil. He has a head as well as a hand. He has an immortal principle, and was not made *merely* for drudgery on earth. Honour labour, then, by promoting in every way the happiness and welfare of the labourer!

And to those whose toils have been our theme to-night, let me say—"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Be sure that ye yourselves honour labour. Honour those departments of it which are more elevated than your own. Charity requires that we should all hope the best of our fellow-men; honour wealth, dignity, leisure, learning, not for themselves alone, but for the profitable purposes to which they are applied, for the great advantages which you yourselves derive from them. The same book which says, "Honour all men," and thus commands the wealthy and noble to honour you, says also—"Render to all their dues, custom to whom custom, tribute to whom tribute, honour to whom honour." If employers are to respect the employed, so also these are enjoined to "be obedient to their masters, not with eye service, but showing all good fidelity."

Walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon, disgrace it not by wickedness. There is nothing truly mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labour allied with virtue may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honourableness of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life.

This last word suggests my closing remark. The true dignity of labour cannot be realised apart from godliness. Toil is honourable because in harmony with the wise arrange-

ments of a beneficent Creator; but the man who toils, adequately shares in this honour only by *voluntary* conformity with the great plan of the universe. The gospel can alone effectually bring the mind into this conformity. Then the most menial offices become acts of solemn worship, when performed in thankful submission to the appointments of a gracious Providence. That grandest of all books, the working man's best charter, addressing even slaves, cheers them with the ennobling sentiment—"Ye serve the *Lord Christ.*" And shall any occupation which is lawful be regarded by you as drudgery, if in it ye serve the King of kings? Shall any labourer regard his occupation as menial and degrading, if, by honest industry in the obscurest station, he is obeying his Maker and Redeemer? No! entertain a higher sense of the dignity which he has conferred on you in employing you in any way in the carrying out of his great plan; and be sure of this, that if the man of toil works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, he does no less than cherubim and seraphim, in their loftiest flights and holiest songs!

Yes! in the search after true dignity, you may point me to the sceptred prince ruling over mighty empires; to the claimant of ancestral titles which raise him above the common herd of men; to the lord of broad acres teeming with fertility, or the owner of coffers bursting with gold; you may tell me of the man of learning, of the historian, or the philosopher, of the poet or the artist; you may remind me of the man of science extracting from nature her invaluable secrets, or of the philanthropist, to whom the eyes of admiring multitudes may be turned; and while prompt to render to such men all the honour which in varying degrees may be their due, I would emphatically declare that neither power nor nobility, nor wealth, nor learning, nor genius, nor benevolence, nor all combined, have a monopoly of dignity. I would take you to the dingy office, where day by day the pen plies its weary

task, or to the retail shop, where from early morning till half the world have sunk to sleep, toilsome attendance, with scarce an interval for food, and none for thought, is given to distribute the necessities and luxuries of life:—I would descend further,—I would take you to the ploughman plodding along his furrows; to the mechanic throwing the swift shuttle, or tending the busy wheels; to the miner groping his darksome way in the deep caverns of the earth; to the man of the needle or the trowel, the hammer or the forge; and if, while he diligently prosecutes his humble toil, he looks up with a submissive, grateful, loving eye to Heaven,—if in what he does he recognises his Master in the Eternal God, and expects his wages from on high,—if, while thus labouring on earth, anticipating the rest of heaven, he can say, as did a poor man, who when commiserated on account of his humble lot said, taking off his hat, "Sir, I am the son of a king, I am a child of God, and when I die, angels will carry me from this Union Workhouse direct to the court of heaven,"—oh, when I have shown you such a spectacle, I will ask—Is there not *also* Dignity in Toil!

PETTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

On the Intelligent Study of Scripture.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. HENRY ALFORD, B.D.,

MINISTER OF QUEBEC CHAPEL, MARYLEBONE;

AND

EDITOR OF A NEW EDITION OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT, WITH ENGLISH NOTES.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

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THE INTELLIGENT STUDY OF SCRIPTURE.

ONE of those who last year addressed you from this place, mentioned as possible subjects for a lecture, a great man, a great age, and a great book.

Of these, I have chosen the last. I have to speak to you of the greatest of books: of that which, by way of pre-eminence, we call THE BOOK.

This very circumstance places me at an advantage, and at a disadvantage. At an advantage, because, the book being far above all human criticism, there will be no chance of a comparison between the subject and its treatment, but all that can be said by any man will be but a humble contribution towards a vast and inexhaustible work; and also at a disadvantage, because there may perhaps be a prejudice in some minds against what I say, as likely to fall short of the primary and all important ends of the book itself, and to substitute for them a secondary and less important study of its contents.

Again, the book of which I speak, besides being the greatest, is also the commonest of books. And here, again, I see for my lecture to-night, an advantage and a disadvantage.

The mere surface of the book with which I shall have to deal, is in some sense familiar to you all; but again, this very familiarity is apt to make people suppose, that they know all

they need know about it, and thus they put by suggestions to deeper study, as superfluous and unprofitable.

My friends, let me make no secret of the object of my speaking to you to-night. It is because I do not think you know all you need know of the Bible, that I have ventured to address you on this matter; it is, that I may persuade you, by God's blessing, not to put by suggestions for its deeper study as superfluous or unprofitable; but to apply more diligence to it, in the form in which you now possess it, and even to have recourse to it in new and untried forms, that your knowledge of it may become greater.

I consider the Bible as the GLORY of England, and her SHAME. It is under God our glory, because we, first of all men, have been permitted vividly to appreciate its value; because we, of all, have most completely thrown it open to mankind, and dispersed it over the world; because we, of all, have chiefly and most practically recognised the truth, which lies at the root of all social freedom and eminence, as well as of all spiritual life, that "nothing may be required of any man to be believed as an article of faith, which is not contained in, nor may be proved by the Holy Scriptures."

But it is our shame, because, although it is the commonest book among us, it is too often the least read of all books; because so few possess an intelligent acquaintance with its contents; because it is so rare to find a Christian, so rare even to find a minister of the gospel, who has competently made himself master of the substance of Scripture; who knows anything of the procedure or character of its various books; who has discovered anything of its inner coherence, and its meanings which lie beneath the surface; who knows anything of it as it came from God, in the language in which it pleased him to clothe it, in which alone the mind of his Spirit is fully expressed, and can be competently ascertained.

And the more we search into this matter, the more our

disgrace appears. Hundreds of thousands of grown up Christian men among us, would be ashamed to be as ignorant of the contents of the daily journals, as they are of their Bibles. Christian women, highly educated, speaking and reading the languages of modern Europe, and acquainted with their literature, spending half their time in the pursuits of intellect and taste, have yet bestowed little or no pains on their Bibles, and would scout as preposterous the idea of learning the language in which their New Testament was revealed. We cannot refer to Scripture authority in the society of ordinary and respectable Christians, without being met with the look of blank ignorance which testifies too surely that we are citing from a book almost unknown. We can hardly enter a church by chance, and hear the lessons for the day read, without being grieved by the absence of meaning in the tone and feeling of the reader, the blunders in emphasis and in connection, and without a saddening thought in our minds,—"What must be the teaching, where such is the ignorance of Scripture?" And, among those fully qualified by education to read the New Testament in its original language, very few indeed ever care to do so; but at the end of their University career, in which they were obliged just to come up to the very small amount of knowledge of the Greek text required for an examination, they drop back into the ranks again, and are contented with being as ignorant of their Bibles as other men about them.

I might largely add to the list of our shameful deficiencies in this most solemn duty. For it is a fearful one indeed. It might furnish matter for a satirist's bitterest invectives, a divine's most earnest expostulation, a prophet's most impassioned warning.

I will only sum it up by saying, that torn and distracted with unbelief as our kindred country Germany has been, and preserved as we have mercifully been, for the most part, in the

faith once delivered to the saints, yet at this moment there is far more knowledge of the Bible there than here,—far more life and stir on this great subject. To mention only one slight token of this,—I have heard that of an annotated Bible, for use in family devotion, published in Berlin, some hundred thousand copies have circulated in Germany. Where shall we find similar interest in such a matter in England? And I own that from this greater and more diffused knowledge of Scripture, I am led to augur well for the now advancing victory of the German Churches over unbelief, after their long and terrible struggle; while, from the want of this knowledge, I cannot look on our own religious future without some misgiving and apprehension.

It is then because I am convinced that these things are so, and that they need not be so, that I have thought there is room for an address to you of this kind; that I have deemed it worth while to ascertain whether you, Christian young men, might not be induced to take up this matter, and to say, "We will know more of our Bibles. We will dig deeper than we have yet done, or than it has been customary for those in our position to do, into our Bibles. We will not, in a hundred instances in which we might discover for ourselves the mind of the Spirit, be content for other men to say to us, 'This or that is the meaning of Scripture.' We will no longer go out to the combat with weapons which we have not proved." For, depend upon it, there is a combat at hand, yes, and going on now, in which you, Christian young men, must be disciplined and trained to fight;—not a sanguinary combat, such as our poor countrymen are nobly waging in the far East; nor a combat for civil pre-eminence, such as is being carried on, day by day, in our haunts of commerce, in our public journals, in the great council of the nation; but a combat of man against his brother, and of man against himself, for heart and for hope, for time and for eternity, for your own

souls and for God. As century after century passes, infidelity, always refuted, invents new tactics, or re-applies old ones, but more shrewdly planned and more energetically carried out. And if I mistake not, we who live now, or the younger part of us who live now, are destined to witness more subtle and, I fear, more mischievous attempts to undermine the faith, among the classes of society to which most of you belong, than previous ages have known.

But am I therefore afraid of such an attack? Do I suppose the Gospel less capable of sustaining it now, than at all the previous times when her victories have been gained and the infidel armies routed?

No, not for an instant, as far as the Gospel itself is concerned. It stands, a rock of adamant, in the midst of the wild waves of human unbelief; all their chafing for 1800, yea, for 5800 years, has but burnished its glittering surface, so that one can see the clearer into its glorious depths: for it I have no fear—God forbid! No, nor for ourselves, if we be but earnest, diligent,—soldiers of Christ, not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. Let their champions come forth morning and evening, armed with sword, and spear, and shield, and defy the enemies of Israel: we fear them not. The smooth stone culled from the brook of the water of life shall yet sink into the forehead of the proudest among them, and lay him low on the earth. Yes, but we must have a David to sling it; one who has tried the God of Israel for himself in the hour of peril; one, moreover, who knows how to choose the pebble, how to fit it to the sling when chosen, how to wield the weapon when it is fitted. And we must have not one nor two such, but many; one, ay more, if it may be, in every family, in every house of commerce; we must have them springing up in our congregations, and gathering round their spiritual officers, armed for the day of battle, and awaiting it in God's strength. We

must have them not of one sex only but of both; we must enlist on our side not merely the grasp of mental power and the tongue of manly strength, but the refinements of gentle and enlightened persuasion,—the soft pleadings of holy affection. We want all the force we can muster to swell the ranks of the army of the truth. As to our POSITION, it is everything that could be wished; our feet are on the everlasting hills; we have an inexhaustible armoury to draw from, and endless supplies of the bread of life to sustain us; but, Christian young men, WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS. What minister of Christ will not, in his spiritual conflict, echo the affecting words of the gallant commander of our armies,—"I will not conceal it, that I should be better satisfied could I occupy the position in greater strength?" And therefore it is, that I want every one among you to gain skill with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Therefore it is, that I ask you to listen to-night to the few hints which I have thrown together on the intelligent study of the Scriptures.

And it would be mere affectation in me, where not myself, but the effect for good to be produced on you, is in question, to conceal from you, that what I shall say has been, not the thought of a day, but the deep conviction of the earnest application of years; no new fancy, but the result of much and continued labour on the text and meaning of Scripture. And just as the lathe of the workman, turning early and late, casts off beautiful chips and wreathes, valuable not for any design of his, but on account of the precious and costly woods on which he works; so I would hope that some of the remarks which follow may be worth picking up and preserving, not for my sake, but for their own,—for the sake of that Holy Scripture to which they belong, and out of which they spring.

Well then,—to the work. St. Augustine, the greatest of those who are called Fathers of the Church, the champion

of the doctrines of grace, has left this saying respecting Holy Scripture. He is speaking of it as the water of life, and he observes, that it has its FIRST DRAUGHTS, it has its SECOND DRAUGHTS, it has also its THIRD DRAUGHTS.

These words, which served for the text of my few remarks at the opening of your hall in Aldersgate-street, I shall also use to point out the subdivisions of the present lecture. God has so wonderfully constituted his holy word, that the smallest portion of it, taken by faith and assimilated into the spiritual being, may be the fountain and germ of life within. Give every one the Bible;—whether he is able to study it or not, give him the Bible. Whether he is able to read it or not, by the ear if not by the eye, still give him the Bible. The powers of the mind may be paralysed for want of use; the heart may be slow to move; the leisure may be but scanty; but the blessed effects of that word are not limited by powers of mind, nor by warmth of feeling, nor by amount of leisure. One text, dropped into the depths of the being,—one crumb of the heavenly bread really fed on, may suffice to beget and maintain the new life unto God. And these are the FIRST DRAUGHTS of Scripture. There are multitudes of passages whose sense is so plain that none can miss it: histories whose interest will be felt wherever there is a human eye to weep, or a heart to glow: examples shining brightly through the mists of selfishness and worldliness and double purposes: warnings striking their deep and awful toll through the security of the most careless and abandoned. And during the present state of things, it is on these first draughts that probably the majority of Christians will continue to subsist. Thousands will reach the heavenly country, concerning whom it will be wonderful that so small a pittance had sustained them through all their pilgrimage, and for whom God will be praised all the more, that such was the marvellous efficacy of even the least portion of his life-giving word.

And this class extends far beyond the merely illiterate, or the merely incapacitated. Many who are much conversant with Scripture, yet belong to it; in fact, all who merely take the Bible as they find it—who believe it, but go no further—who, in Cowper's beautiful language,

> "Know, and know no more, their Bible true."

Nay, in one sense, we must all belong to this class; for the simple, child-like reception of the truth is absolutely necessary for us to gain an entrance at all into the kingdom of God. While we take our second and third draughts of the water of life, we must never forget to repeat those first ones, which were made in the simplicity of early impressions and uninquiring adoption of God's word. Perhaps it will be found, when in that other state we look back on our life here, and measure the comparative value of the influences for good which have wrought on us, that none have been equal, in depth or extent, to the lessons received at our mother's knee in the first dawn of childhood.

But now let us examine the condition of those who stop here: who take the first draughts only, and never pass on to deeper ones. They have, indeed, their life; but on how slender a thread, humanly speaking, does it hang! In the peaceful secluded cottage, in service in the pious family, in the settled regularity of a man's own religious household—as long as no doubt intervenes, and while no cloud is in the sky—all may go on smoothly and well; but what shall such an one do in the swellings of Jordan? How shall these simple ones fare amidst the clash of opinions, the bantering of shallow objectors, the calling in question of the grounds of faith? Is it not plain to you that they are, as to any intelligent account of their belief, at the mercy of every man a little cleverer than themselves? Any one who can put together a few taking sentences respecting the meaning of Scrip-

ture, has them almost in his power. It is true that God often mercifully upholds such feeble believers; that his strength is made perfect in their exceeding weakness; but we are not to presume on such support, or to be satisfied short of the use of those advantages which he has given us. And such can never fight the battles of the truth: the use of the sword of the Spirit is, for the most part, unknown to them—the precept is lost on them, which says:—"Be always ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you."

And, as matter of history, it has been found that whole classes of these persons have fallen victims to all sorts of extravagances, and have ever formed the staple of those who have gone off from Christianity, and swelled the number of the disciples of impostors. What more lamentable instance can we have of the daily and hourly insecurity of such readers of Scripture, than that the wretched imposture of Mormonism has numbered its adherents by tens of thousands, among a generation brought up in Sunday schools, and in the power to read their Bibles?

I may add to this, the greatest mischief, others of a similar kind. The mere first-impression reader is always liable to misapprehend. The number of texts generally misapplied, the character and amount of that misapplication, are perfectly astonishing. And I am not alluding to difficult texts, or controverted passages, but to those of the simplest and easiest kind, whose perversion might be removed by the very least amount of intelligent attention.

I will say no more on this first head, except as I must sometimes return to it in treating the others, hoping that there are very few among those who bestow any kind of pains on the Scripture, who would be contented to belong to it. I would trust that you, who enter yourself in Bible classes, and associate for Christian purposes, have advanced from these first draughts of Scripture, to at least some share in the second.

And by those who drink the SECOND DRAUGHTS, I would understand, all who aim at an intelligent knowledge of their English Bible; who study to acquire an acquaintance with the contents of its various books, to become familiar with the style and character of its writers, to appreciate its beauties, to rise within sight of its difficulties, and attempt their solution. And here let me remind you of the divine procedure in giving us the Scriptures. It might have pleased God to reveal to us his will as a voice from heaven. These truths of the gospel might have been enounced to us in a continuous treatise, or statement of the new covenant, written by the finger of God himself. But He in his infinite wisdom chose another method. He saw fit to raise up holy men filled with his Spirit, through each one of whom has been contributed some portion of his revelation to man. And as we find it to be in common life, so it has been here. The fact of a man being a spiritual man, among ourselves, does not deprive him of his individual mental character. The child-like mind retains its freshness and simplicity; the profound thinker still carries on his researches and wields his powerful arguments; the joyous and high spirited is still, the cheerful exultant Christian; the meek-hearted and subdued still goes softly, and utters gentle words. And so was it, in their far higher degree, with the inspired writers of God's word. Their mental character, bound up, as it always is, with physical temperament and the incidents of life, appears as clearly in their writings, as does that of ordinary writers in theirs. The style and habit of thought of St. Paul differs as entirely from those of St. Peter,—and those of St. James from both,—and those of St. John again from all,—as the style and habit of any mere human author from those of another. And thus it is, among other gracious purposes in this variety, that God's word is able to lay hold of so many differing sympathies, and to strike its

roots among the infinitely various mental characters of men. And not only so, but thus also is the individual Christian able, by studying his Bible, to see divine truth, not through one medium only, but through many; to appreciate it on all its sides, and become well furnished unto the kingdom of heaven; prepared for all the trials by which the different parts of his own being must be tried in the course of perfecting his faith. And he who learns no such lesson as this from his Bible, necessarily incurs great loss; is made less free by the truth than the truth was intended to make him free, and glorifies God in the world less than God designed he should. And yet how common, among those who ought to know better, is this mere indiscriminate use of Scripture. How few persons know any distinction, for instance, between the narratives of the four Evangelists! As far as my own experience of Bible readers has gone, I generally find the four narratives very much regarded as one—citations made at hazard from one or another, without respect to the light which would be thrown on them by the rest; and as to any idea of the differences, real or apparent, between them, much less of any account or solution of those differences, it seems to be a matter never taken into consideration at all, or if suggested, shrunk from, as a dangerous subject, better avoided for fear of weakening one's faith; or even if entered upon, slurred over with the flimsiest expedients, and the most careless, and sometimes even disingenuous, treatment of the plain words of the narratives. And the same with regard to the Epistles. The existence of a continuous argument in parts of those of St. Paul, or of anything like a context running beneath the surface in other parts, and in the other Epistles, is never so much as thought of by the majority of readers.

But those for whom I am now speaking, including, I hope, most of my present audience, are anxiously desiring something more and better than this; are searching their Bibles,

and by means perhaps of references, and collateral books of information, are striving to be intelligent readers. Now it is to you that at this moment I especially address myself. Do not mistake knowing a great deal ABOUT the Bible, for knowing a great deal OF the Bible. No marginal references, no books of collateral information, will ever spare you the trouble which God meant you to take, of diving down into the text itself of his word, and becoming familiar with its inner character.

Let me just lead you through the principal narrative books of your New Testament, by way of illustrating what I mean. Take the gospel of St. Matthew. The peculiar gift of the Holy Spirit to this Apostle was, the recording, in all the fulness of their majesty, of our Saviour's longer and more solemn discourses. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters, we have the sermon on the mount; in the tenth, the missionary discourse to the Twelve, sent forth to teach and to heal, reaching onward in its prophetic import to the latest ages of the Christian ministry; in the eleventh, that wonderful discourse concerning John, where, answering the question, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" our Lord, having described the office of the law and prophets and the Baptist, cried, saying, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest:" "I am he that should come, and ye need not look for another." Then in the twelfth chapter, we have his reply to the blasphemy of the Pharisees against him; in the thirteenth, the wonderful series of noble parables, the commencement of his adoption of that method of teaching, opening with the sower sowing his seed, carrying onward the similitudes through each successive age of Christendom, and concluding with that last sitting down on the shore of time, and emptying the net of the church. In the sixteenth again, we have the answer to Peter's confession expanded at length; in the eighteenth, the

beautiful exposition of the child-like spirit, ending with the parable respecting the necessity of Christian forgiveness. And so we might proceed, with a great discourse at every turn, till we come to the grand climax of all, His denunciation of the false formalists of Israel in chapter xxiii., ending with His final departure from that temple, which was no longer His but theirs, left now unto them desolate;—and followed by the solemn prophecy of chapter xxiv., the two prophetic parables of chapter xxv., and its sublime close, where only Jesus reveals himself as the King on the throne of his kingdom, and proclaims the final doom of all nations gathered before him. The characteristic of St. Matthew's Gospel is *majesty*, and that principally manifested in the discourses of our Lord. His depictions of incidents, as compared with those of St. Mark and St. Luke, are generally but scanty: in some cases, if we had not the other Evangelists to fill them out, we should hardly gather the peculiar instruction, which from them we learn the history was meant to convey. This, it is true, is most plainly to be seen in matters which occurred previously to his own call as an Apostle, and which we may well believe that he related more generally and summarily than those which he himself witnessed; but the same character, that of less grasping minute details, and giving more the general view of incidents, prevails throughout. In one remarkable instance, and in some minor ones, the chronological order of events is inverted by him. The one great instance is, in his relating our Lord's visit to the land of the Gergesenes, and the casting out of devils there, in chapter viii., whereas we know from St. Mark that it happened on the evening of the day when all those parables related in chapter xiii. were spoken.

Before I go on from this Gospel, do let me recommend to your very earnest notice the study of our Lord's longer discourses contained in it. Each one of them might almost

employ a life, in working out its connection, its versatile application to the ages of the church, and the spiritual being of us all; its marvels of majesty, of wisdom, of love. There is a peculiar charm and power in the love of Jesus, as seen in St. Matthew's Gospel. When He himself speaks of Love, as in the fourth Gospel, by the Apostle whom he loved, our love is summoned to attend, our affections, so to speak, are in waiting,—called specially into life: but when Love shines through Majesty, when we see the crook of the shepherd in the lifted right arm of power, we are soothed as by sweet sayings overheard, and tokens of affection discovered unawares: we see not only the Son of man loving his brethren, not only the Son of God loving the world, but our eyes seem to behold the King in his beauty, and we feel, in our weakness, the everlasting arms beneath us.

And again, you will find a distinct character running through all these discourses themselves, and even through the incidents recorded by St. Matthew, which you must learn to observe, and, at the same time, not to exaggerate. He stands as a Jew on the threshold of the new dispensation, and looks back on the old. He, more than any of the other Evangelists, sees all the law and the prophets fulfilled in Christ, and speaks of him as the Bringer-in of that kingdom which the Old Testament writers had announced. He who begins his ministry proclaiming, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," ends by declaring to his disciples, "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth," and by commissioning them for their work in the world, in virtue of this his kingly power, "abiding with them all the days, even to the consummation of time."

If we now proceed to the Gospel of St. Mark, we shall find almost every characteristic varied.

But I dare say I may be speaking to some who have been accustomed to regard St. Mark as an abridgment of St. Matthew, or who at all events suppose the second Evangelist

to have had the work of the first before him, to have culled out, and filled in, as best suited his purpose, and his readers. Let me say a few words about this supplementary theory of the Gospels. Let me say to you, and that not rashly or from prejudice, that, as the result of some investigation of the matter, it is good for nothing. It will not stand a moment's investigation of the Gospels as we find them. And if it has many great names to show on its side, it has been because men have not been in the habit of investigating, but of theorising: and, accordingly, observing so much common matter in the three first Gospels, they hastily concluded that therefore the Evangelists must have seen and built upon one anothers' works. It would take far too long now, to pursue this subject, and to show you how this common matter arose, and into how many blunders and difficulties this absurd theory leads us. I must content myself now with saying, that it seems to me to preclude, as indeed it ever has done, any intelligent appreciation of the contents and spirit of the Gospels themselves. St. Mark's Gospel is not an abridgment of St. Matthew's, but it is a wonderful, independent record of distinct character and spirit.

Its *character* is distinct: for, whereas the first Evangelist is for the most part, as I said, in his narrative, summary and general; the second is most minute, vivid, and particular. Everything, even including those matters which are lightly passed over, is given with the graphic touches which betoken an eye-witness, of fervent spirit, and deeply impressed with what he saw and heard. Almost all the descriptions how our Lord looked, what gestures he used, what exact words he spoke in the vernacular dialect of Palestine, are derived from St. Mark's Gospel. If you follow out this clue for yourselves, you will find a mine of interest, in which much treasure will reward your search.

The *spirit*, also, of St. Mark's Gospel must be noticed.

St. Matthew's was the Gospel of our Father's kingdom; St. Mark's is, as its first verse declares, "the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God." Before, it was Jesus the Fulfiller; but here there is, for the most part, no backward look on type and prophecy; the Son of God stands personally and alone as the central figure, busied in his work as the Redeemer. Let me give you just two characteristic points of comparison. First, as to fulness and character of narrative:—

MATTHEW ix. 1.

And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city. And behold they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.

MARK ii. 1.

And again he entered into Capernaum after some days: and it was noised that he was in the house. And straightway many were gathered together insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and he preached the word unto them. And they come unto him bringing one sick of the palsy which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was; and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.

Next, as to both character of narrative and spirit—St. Matthew dwelling on the fulfilment of prophecy, St. Mark adducing the spiritual power of the divine Son of God:—

MATTHEW viii. 16.

When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed the sick. That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.

MARK i. 32.

And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils: and all the city was gathered together at the door. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

St. Mark relates very few of our Lord's discourses; but those few are given with wonderful solemnity, and with all their impressive repetitions, the sound of which evidently still haunted the ear of the writer.

It was ever believed in the ancient church, that St. Mark was the companion, and secretary or interpreter, of St. Peter, in his ministry; and certainly the internal character of his Gospel may well agree with the idea, that it constitutes the substance of the testimony of that Apostle. Warm-hearted as we believe him to have been, full of love to his Divine Master, close to him on the very occasions which this Gospel depicts so minutely, we may regard much of it, at all events, as contributed by him, who was the most valuable, as he would be one of the most impressible of eye-witnesses.

The record of St. Luke consists of two parts: the former treatise, and the latter treatise; the one known to us as his Gospel, the other as the Acts of the Apostles. And these two, by one who would drink second draughts of Scripture, should be treated together.

In narrative, St. Luke is exactly what we might have expected from his own declaration in his preface, where he describes himself as having accurately traced down all things from the first. His narrative accordingly is derived from various sources, to which he was led by the inspiration of the Spirit. The large and important opening portion, so distinct in style and character, seems to have been a written record, perhaps, from some internal tokens, drawn up by the mother of our Lord herself, and preserved in the holy family. The rest is of a mixed character—sometimes wonderfully minute and precise, sometimes summary and general, but all put together with the most patient care and accurate attention, with precise dates and notes of order, where such were required; and less certain sentences of connection, where the events do not

follow one another, but merely relate to the same period of our Lord's ministry.

We know St. Luke to have been the constant companion of St. Paul. St. Paul was eminently *the apostle of progress*. We ever find him in advance of the church, and, in his own striking words, "forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth to the things which are before." And both in his Gospel and in the Acts, St. Luke is of the same onward spirit. His is the Gospel of the new dispensation. The joyous hymns which ushered it in; the simple shepherds who heard them; the prophecy of Him who was to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel,"—these all belong to the character and the subjects of the coming age, not to the fulfilment merely of that which was gone by. He grasps all humanity in Christ, and brings all humanity to Christ. She who loved much and was forgiven much, is only found here. The whole of the chapter describing that last great progress to Jerusalem, in which the Lord appears eminently as the Friend of publicans and sinners, is only here. The world-wide parables of divine love, the lost sheep (in its fuller form), the lost piece of money, the lost son, are only here. The parable of the Pounds, to show that the kingdom of God was not immediately to appear, is only in this Gospel. The Ascension, in all its details, and with all its consequences for the future, is only here. It is the Gospel of "the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;" the Gospel of the FUTURE—of the man who went down to his house justified because he cast himself as a sinner before the merciful God: the Gospel which leads on to St. Paul, with all his glorious testimony of free grace, and pardoning love, and the sanctifying Spirit. And St. Luke's second treatise carries on the same spirit and character. Its argument is found in our Lord's words in chap. i., "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon

you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in Judæa and in Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of earth." This order is strictly observed in its narrative. First, we have the great apostle of the circumcision, opening the door of the church to the Jews, then to the Samaritans, then to Gentiles. Next, the greater apostle of the circumcision, his wonderful conversion, his course through perils innumerable, from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, until finally we leave him in the metropolis of the world, though a prisoner, yet "preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." Thus in our three narrative Gospels, we have St. Matthew the Evangelist of the fulfilled kingdom; St. Mark the Evangelist of the ever-abiding personal Son of God; St. Luke the Evangelist of the New Covenant: we have the Gospel in its past, in its present, and in its future. Is something yet wanting to combine all these? Some record, which may set forth Him who was in the beginning, whose glory was manifested in the flesh by his conflict with unbelief, whose love, eternal as his power, persisted through all the weaknesses and all the treacheries of his own disciples, triumphing gloriously in this, that he laid down his life for his friends,—sealing that triumph by the satisfaction of the doubting Apostle, by the triple restoration of the triple denier—carrying it onward to all future disciples and all future time, by his last recorded admonition, "Follow thou me?" Do we want a gospel which shall be, at the same time, the gospel of the Past—beginning before the world—of the Present, giving us our Lord in all his personal fulness of grace and truth, the Bread of life, the Water of life, the Light of the world,—of the Future, telling us of our ascended Saviour abiding with us by his Spirit, the Comforter, speaking of Him in whom whoso believeth shall live though he die, and announcing the hour when all that are in

their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth; a gospel which shall proclaim to us Jesus as the Son of God, the Son of man, the Saviour of sinners; a gospel of Wisdom, of Power, and of Love, which shall twine together in one threefold cord all that has gone before, and bind it indissolubly on our hearts? Behold it in the Gospel of St. John—that divinest utterance of the voice divine—that sublimest, and yet simplest, portion of God's sacred word!

One would think it were utterly impossible, for an instant, to regard St. John's Gospel as a supplementary narrative intended to fill in the rest. That it has ever been so regarded, is but a sign how little men have known of their Bibles. Unlike any of the rest, St. John not merely purposes to narrate faithfully, and give testimony to facts, but proceeds on a set plan in his choice and arrangement. Every part of his Gospel is part of this plan, and interwoven into it. Every narrative is inserted that the grand subject may proceed, and not for mere completeness of historic record. He enounces his subject in his opening. It is "the glory of the eternal Word, manifested in the flesh." And this glory he shows by the continued development of the power and love of Jesus, among his enemies, and among his disciples; by the increasing hostility of his own, who received Him not, issuing in his death, and the increasing deeds and words of power and love, which formed his own part of that great conflict. And in the course of this wonderful progress come in, as parts of it, all these testimonies of the Lord to Himself which form the central and principal part of the Gospel. O Christian young men! you who would fain know the meaning and intent of your English Bibles, who are eager for your second draughts of the water of life, what glorious refreshing and strengthening is hidden for you in this little understood and neglected Gospel! Yes, little understood and neglected; although we learn its beautiful and simple sentences by heart, and feel them

in their simplicity; although every one of you has wept at the grave of Lazarus, and watched the girded Saviour washing the feet of the disciples, and thrilled with the awful majesty of his sacerdotal prayer, and burned with shame for Peter when he said to him the third time, "Lovest thou me?"—yet what do we know of the process and coherence of the wonderful whole; what of the current of thought that runs under the surface of those discourses, which seem to us only collections of divine aphorisms; who has searched for the golden thread on which are strung these beautiful diamonds, beaming with many-sided light? Most of us, to use the similitude of an old Father, know well in this gospel its shallows, in which a lamb can wade; but who has tried its depths, in which the elephant may swim?

I have given you these few specimens by way of example, to show what may be done by you with your English Bibles: how you may seek beneath what meets the eye, and discover arrangement and coherence, and the divergences or coincidences, both equally characteristic and confirmatory of independent narrators. The same pains may be bestowed upon the Epistles, by examining the circumstances under which each was written; the aim of the Apostle in writing it; the method in which that aim is reached; the cause and use of each digression; the propriety of the images used, and of the exhortations inserted. How much our interest is increased by forming to ourselves a living picture of the state of the churches to which the Epistles of St. Paul are addressed! How much more we know and feel as we read, by gaining a consistent idea of the man himself, his entireness of self-devotion, his warmth of heart, his fixedness of purpose, his temperament, naturally melancholy and exclusive, but lighted into cheerfulness, and unfolded into largeness of regard, by the indwelling spirit of joy and love! How every Epistle gains

on us, if we keep in view the writer's wonderful history; the providential education for his work as a boy in the Grecian schools of Tarsus, and as a youth at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem; his zeal without knowledge, till that sudden check came, and the whole current of his being was turned! How does every inspired sentence come to us with fresh interest, as we see it flowing forth through the medium of one of the very first minds of our race, as we trace the glow of indignation, the play of irony, the gushing of hot tears as he wrote, the large heart that held all the churches—the struggles of deep humility driven to unwelcome self-justification! How touching, through those later Epistles, to think of "Paul the prisoner;" to see the soldier chained to him as he dictated or wrote, cold and cool perhaps, looking with scorn on his work, and summoning him harshly from it, or half yielding, beginning to relax those stern Roman features at the good news of a Redeemer, or even become a disciple, no longer an enemy, but a son: to hear the clanking of "these bonds," as the fettered hand moves along the page! How beautiful, to take but one instance out of many, to think of that fervid, that exuberantly affectionate Epistle to the Philippians, as the work of Paul the aged, trembling between life and death, desiring to depart, and yet trusting for their sakes that he might remain!

And then how touching, too, to mark the words of Jesus dwelling for long years on the memory of the affectionate and ready Peter; how he, to whom it was said, "Feed my sheep," charges the elders to "feed the flocks of God!" tells them of "the chief Shepherd appearing;" speaks to the churches as having been "like sheep going astray, who had returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls;" how he, who had known by sad experience so much of peril in temptation, leaves his last warning to us that follow:—"Be

sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist, stedfast in the faith."

These, and many, many more such subjects of interesting research, are open to the reader of the English Bible. Such constitute the second draughts of the water of life. And without, or short of these, none of you ought to be contented. Their use is most important to your own souls, as well as interesting, and confirming of your faith. The more our Redeemer and his Apostles become to you real and living—the more their words are clothed with meaning and fitness—the more complete also will be your realisation of the great work within you, the life unto God, which all that He did and revealed, and all that they preached and wrote, were intended to beget and carry on.

But I must not conceal from you, that these second draughts of Scripture have their limit. Such researches may be limited, it is true, by your want of mental power, or your want of spiritual discernment, or your want of leisure to seek for them; but however these things may be, they are and must necessarily be limited by the nature of the material on which they are employed. The English Bible is not the word of God as He gave it. In its form and substance, it is the work of man. It is, indeed, a wonderful work, a providential work; done, for the most part, with care and faithfulness; transmitting, blessed be God, enough of the word of life for the salvation of the soul, enough for considerable building up into the knowledge of the truth; sufficing for very much, but by no means sufficing for ALL; not sufficing, for instance, in any case, for deep search in discerning what is the mind of the Spirit of God; binding us of necessity, from its very form, to one human interpretation of that Scripture, which has, perhaps, many sides and points of view; missing, from the poverty of our own language, nearly all those

finer turns of connection and argumentation, on which, more than anything, the marks of coherence and context depend. And the second draughts of Scripture labour under this necessary disadvantage—that they never can penetrate its inner sense; they advance as far as King James's translators saw, but no further. The man who can read, and does read, and is familiar with the original Greek of his New Testament, is a totally different man, as to the divine life of knowledge, from him who can only read, or does only read, his English New Testament. The one says to the other, "I cannot read, show me;" the other says to him, "This is the meaning, and not that." And hence arises a disjointed, an imperfect, nay, in many cases, an insincere treatment of the word of God. We who read the original text have to deal with, and preach to, audiences to whom it is a closed book. Our authorised text, which we read, and from which we must preach, is of necessity a human interpretation; sometimes one with which we cannot agree; occasionally one which we know, and all scholars know, to be a mistaken one; yet, as the word of God, we are obliged to read it, and tempted to preach from it. If we point out the mistake, if we make known our disagreement, we stand in the repute of pedantic and meddlesome persons, who will not let well alone,—who are making the people dissatisfied with their Bibles; and besides, what we say will pass away with the sermons, while the erroneous text remains stereotyped.

"Well then," you will say to me, "what would you have? Would you wish for a new version of the Scriptures, founded on the most accurate knowledge of modern scholarship, and corresponding to the present spiritual state of the Church?" No, I say; God forbid! In time, perhaps, should the militant dispensation be so long continued, we may hope for such an advance; but now, all is most unfit for it. Who are asking for such a new version? Who are to make it? The demand for,

and the power to make, a new translation of the Bible, must be brought about by the advance of the Church herself in the knowledge of the Scriptures. When hundreds here, and thousands there, and tens of thousands in another place, come forward with petitions to the Fathers of the Church of God, saying, "Whereas such and such expressions stand in the text of our English Bibles, and we KNOW (not, we have *been told*) that the Spirit of God has spoken otherwise,—may it please you that such expressions shall be amended;" then will be the time for such amendment to be undertaken, and then will there be found men, raised up with the advance of Biblical knowledge, full of learning, and full of the Spirit, fitted for the work. But till then, let us keep what we have; though it is not all, it is more, infinitely more, than we can afford to lose or to imperil amidst the caprices of an age of general indifference to the matter, and general deficiency in acquaintance with God's word.

Whether the day of which I spoke will ever come, I know not; but my object is the same, whether it is destined to arrive or not,—to induce you Christian young men to pass on from those second draughts of your Bibles, refreshing indeed and strengthening, but necessarily limited, and to prepare yourselves for the third draughts. Whether the day is to come or not, let us at all events do what we can to improve our present condition in this matter. We may be preparing the way for the result I have mentioned; but come what may, we shall be raising up intelligent readers of God's word, not needing one to say to another, "Know the Lord." And we are all aware WHAT DAY such a preparation will usher in.

And now let me enter, and I will promise you not to occupy more time than necessary, on the subject of these THIRD DRAUGHTS of Holy Scripture. I speak mainly of the New Testament. Of course what I say will reflect back on the Old Testament also; and by all means let those who can,

become acquainted with the sacred language in which it is written; but unquestionably, with us Christians, the New Testament holds, in order and nearness of interest, the first place; and as it will practically be for you a question of leisure and capability, I must not be supposed to press my exhortations beyond the New Testament.

When God intended to reveal to man the glorious gospel of Christ, the gospel of man's body, soul, and spirit, He prepared a wonderful instrument for that revelation. Whole centuries was He making his preparations. In the fairest portion of the South of Europe, amidst the deep indented coasts, and rocky vallies, and snow-clad ranges of Greece, grew up to perfection the most beautiful, subtle, and powerful language that has ever flowed from the tongue of man. Its origin, in gradual derivation from the primitive Oriental tongues, is veiled in obscurity. Nine hundred years before Christ, it poured out its first and noblest human utterance, whose echoes have never died away.

> "Far in the mythical East, in the haze of history's morning,
> Pealed its swells and falls from the glorious trumpet of Homer."

In it sung the greatest poets, spoke the greatest orators, wrote the greatest historians, whom the world has ever seen. Among the keen intellectual people of Athens, it received its edge and polish. There every minutest turn of human thought found expression; every particle of transition, exquisite, and requiring almost microscopic mental discernment, was employed by it, and by no other tongue upon earth. There never was such a language to minister to, never such an one to educate, the mind of man. At the same time it was an easy language; attractive and melodious, soon acquired, even in its most delicate shades of expression.

> "Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Such an instrument was God long ages in making ready; and we Christians, who can look back on history in God's light, know that Homer, and Hesiod, and Sophocles, and the rest, did not sing, nor Herodotus, and Thucydides, and Xenophon write, nor Demosthenes and his rivals speak, for their own glory, or for the delight of the human intellect merely, but because they were God's unconscious workmen, sharpening, and brightening, and perfecting the instrument, which He would use for his world-wide work of love.

Well, ages passed on; the weapon was welded in the fòrge of thought; tempered in conflicts for freedom; tested in many a work of beauty; tried in many an achievement of power. Never has man's intellect culminated since to the height of Plato. Eloquence, poesy, narrative, had all found their models in this wonderful tongue. Philosophy had used it for the subtlest disquisitions of thought; never since have men searched, and distinguished, and discussed like Aristotle—"the king of those that know." Then, at this very juncture, when all was now ready, God raised up a conqueror who overran the East,—the Grecian Alexander—a man of letters, the pupil himself of Aristotle. Wherever his conquests spread, he carried the tongue of Greece; and through him, and the subsequent wider empire of the Romans, Greek became the civilised language of the world,—the language of man's mind, wherever men thought and felt; nay, more, the language of commerce and ordinary intercourse throughout the East, composed as was the population of every city of mingled races and tongues. But God did more than all this. In the great city of Alexandria in Egypt, the same Alexander, its founder, planted a numerous colony of Jews together with the Grecian population. There the Greek language and literature became wedded to the Hebrew theology. There that Greek version of the Scriptures was made, from which our Lord and his Apostles quoted; there those terms and those thoughts be-

came familiar, which afterwards flowed from the pens of the New Testament writers in their inspired declarations of truth. Such was the wonderful preparation for the vehicle of God's will in the gospel.

And in that language the New Testament is written: not in its classical purity, which knew not things divine, but in the later form, which sprung up, as we have seen, at Alexandria. Still, all the inimitable power of the Greek tongue is retained—all the subtle links of thought are expressed in its particles—all its words of minute mental and philosophical distinction are made use of. No other language will ever express the meaning of God's Spirit as it may be seen to be expressed and known by those who read the New Testament in its original Greek. In this, the English tongue totally fails. If we attempt to give in English its delicate and microscopic particles of connection, we use words clumsy and coarse in comparison, giving far too strong a meaning, and thus confounding the sense. Again, where the Greek has many words, each conveying a difference in the same kind of thing, we have but one general word to express them all, and so lose the finer shades of significance, on which mostly the beauty and power of sayings depend. When our Lord said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" He used for "lovest" a word of distant and reverential love, ἀγαπᾷς. But when Peter replied, "Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee," he, shrinking naturally, since his former self-confidence and fearful fall, from the avowal of pre-eminence in the love of a disciple to his Lord, took refuge in the word of human affection in which a man loves his own dear ones, φιλῶ σε. It was the same the second time. But when the third time Jesus said, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" He no longer used the distant reverential term, but took up Peter's own word of human affection, φιλεῖς με; This it was that added to his poignant grief: it

was the *third* time; that, with its recollections of his three denials, might have been enough; but when this third time called in question not merely his loyal love for his Master, but the very human regard of his heart, "Am I indeed thy friend?" then he was grieved indeed. We miss all this beautiful distinction of meaning in our English Bible—not by its fault, but by the fault of our language itself. And there is hardly a page in which this might not be exemplified again and again.

The same is the case with regard to emphasis. In Greek, the situation of the word in the sentence points out whether it is emphatic or not. "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me?" Who understands this verse? Not one man in ten thousand. And yet if you read it in Greek, that is, if you know anything about the rules of emphasis, and regard them, all is clear. By the arrangement of the sentence, I see that the emphasis lies on the words, "*after the manner of men*;" or they would perhaps better be expressed, and are elsewhere rendered by our translators, "as a man," "merely as a natural man and not as a Christian." There it is, "If *after the manner of men* I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me?" that is, "If with no Christian expectation of a rescue I have undergone danger, what am I profited?" And so I might go on, if time permitted, giving you abundance of examples how invaluable, how absolutely necessary for any full understanding of God's word, these third draughts of Holy Scripture are. I say, how absolutely necessary. You may be surprised at what I am going to state, but I state it deliberately, and am prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of any reasonable man here. I believe it utterly impossible to give an English reader anything like an accurate idea of the argument of the Epistle to the Romans. Among the hundreds of thousands who read that glorious Epistle

in their English Bibles, and gain spiritual life and edification from it, there is not one who can read it as intelligently, as the poorest and meanest of those to whom it was first written. Is this the progress onward which the church ought to have made in all these ages? this, the growing in grace and knowledge of Christ, up to the perfect man in him? Is it worthy of our Protestant position, that while we appeal to the Word of God, we should stop short of it in its integrity? That, while we cry, " Give the Bible to all," we should suffer it, in its depth, and glory, and beauty, to remain a dead letter to ourselves?

Well, Christian young men,—with you rests the question —and a very important question it is—WILL YOU DO ANYTHING TO REFORM THIS MATTER? Shall there, or shall there not, be a movement among you, to gain a knowledge of the New Testament in its orginal Greek?

Believe me, I have not made this appeal to you without consideration as to the day in which I am speaking, and the persons whom I am addressing. I know it is a bold thing, in any matter, to stand out before the age in which one lives. I know that a man seems to sacrifice his credit for sobriety, when he comes forward with proposals for new courses of action, which appear to others uncalled for. But I know also, that if we are to advance, some one must stand in the forefront of the advance; and who is to stand there, if those whose daily work convinces them more and more of the necessity of such advance, shrink back for a few scoffs, and wise cautions of safer men? I am aware too that there may be those who will hardly think it the act of a sober-minded man to urge the apprentices and journeymen of London to learn Greek. But where the object to be gained is so vast, and important to men's souls, why should we care for scoffs? Who has ever stood on a higher round of the ladder of improvement, and called to others to come up after

him, that has not been greeted with the shout of derision? What banner of the truth has ever been planted, that has not shivered and rent in the gusts of ridicule?

But others come and say to me, " Why stir this matter at all? Why not let things go on as they are? Cannot these young men be good citizens, and good Christians, with their English Bibles in their hands?" Yes—a thousand times yes, they can! Let them value, search, learn, pray over, live by, their English Bibles. Have I said anything to the contrary? Nay, have I not told them of those first draughts which bring us the simple glorious tidings of salvation—those second draughts, so full of interest for a life of Scripture study—are not all these taken from their English Bibles? But why may they not go further? Why may they not commune with God in God's own expressions and constructions? Why must they " see through a glass darkly," more than they need, in this state of imperfection at the best?

Then again—" Are you not afraid that a little knowledge of what others do not know, will make these young men vain and self-conceited?—that you will lose more in the spirit of meekness than you will gain in the spirit of knowledge?" Why, of course this is the temptation that spreads its net around all good and wholesome learning of every kind. I do not know any advance in teaching, to which it might not be equally urged as an objection. Besides, I do see in this particular case the temptation very generally yielded to already. We are not humble enough before the Bible. Why? Because we do not see its vastness and its depths. We think it a brook which we can leap over;—we have never beheld it as an ocean; never " stood upon its shore, and heard the mighty waters rolling evermore." At all events, to the trial. Let us have a class of these young men; give us a year to train them, or till they can read the gospel of St. John in Greek; and I will abide by the issue. Then let us extend the

experiment. Let us have classes widely established; Greek Testaments taken to church, and studied at home; and see whether men will become vainer or humbler. Then let us extend it further still, and look on to the day when no educated Christian man, and no educated Christian woman, will not be ashamed to be ignorant of the words in which the Lord spoke and his Apostles wrote; and I want to know whether the bringing about of such a day would minister more to the vanity of man, or to the glory of God? Whether it would not be likely to issue, by His blessing, in a far greater degree of humble bowing down before God's revelation of himself by Jesus Christ, and a far greater outpouring of the mind of the Spirit?

Christian young men, I leave with you what I have said. The burden of it all is, STUDY THE BIBLE. With all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, with all your strength, study the word of God. If you can only take those first and simplest draughts, which, after all, are the most important, repeat them daily; prize them above all other mental or intellectual food; never forget them, never stint them; drink of them, by the wayside of busy life; drink of them, on the day of sacred rest and religious duties; drink of them, in feebleness and sickness; drink, when the parched lip refuses earthly refreshment, and the spark in the glazed eye has died out; so shall you drink for ever, in the green pastures above, of the river that maketh glad the city of God.

If you are able, by inclination, capacity, and leisure, to pass on to those second draughts of which we spoke, "seek, and you shall find:" riches of beauty, wonders of truth, inexhaustible veins of interest, worlds of divine love; solemnity to awe the thought, pathos to start the tear, cheering confirmation to swell the heart for joy.

And if any of you, anxious to improve every opportunity and gain every advantage, are desirous to take the

third and deeper draughts of God's holy word, to search into the language and mind of His Spirit, to become scribes instructed to the kingdom of heaven, and able to stand for God's truth effectively against the cavils and onslaught of unbelief,—rest not, I earnestly pray you, with applauding what I have said, but begin the movement among yourselves: organise classes, and show some signs of life in the matter. The day of small things must come first: if there be but a few inquiring the way, let there be some: and I assure you it is not a difficult way; not so difficult a path of knowledge as many that you are pursuing already; the language is an easy one, the amount of your present knowledge of the sacred text will be a vast help to you: ONLY BEGIN. This is what is wanted:—an organisation, a movement, which others may see and join.

Farewell, and may God give you a right judgment in this, and in all things.

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Opposition to Great Inventions and Discoveries.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN,

MINISTER OF WESTMINSTER CHAPEL.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

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OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

The topic of this lecture has been advertised in the terms "Opposition to great Discoveries and Inventions." No student of language will charge me with tautology in the use of both the words—"discoveries" and "inventions." Although employed frequently as synonyms, they have a different meaning and represent distinct things. Discovery is not invention. Invention is not discovery. Discovery is the bringing to light that which already exists, but which has not been known. Invention is the production of that which has not previously existed—a contrivance to accomplish that which heretofore has not been done, or to perform by other means that which has already been executed.

The difference between invention and discovery extends even to the inventor and discoverer. Sometimes men invent and discover, *not* by the application of their powers to these pursuits, but by force of mere circumstances; and in this case the distinction we affirm does not exist. But where men *apply themselves* to discovery and invention, the qualities which would make a man a discoverer do not fit him to be an inventor. There are examples of discoverers being inventors, and there have been men devoted both to discovery and invention. Galileo is an instance. But in these cases we have a combination of qualities rarely found. The discoverer

needs acuteness, keen sight, and penetrativeness. The inventor requires imagination, and skill in design—the former gaining his ends by observation merely, and the latter by application, adaptation, and combination. Moreover, the service rendered by the inventor is different from that afforded by the discoverer. The discoverer leads us to knowledge—the inventor puts into our hand a power; the former reveals to us that which is—the latter provides us with that which has not been; the one is to society as the eye in the human body, and the other is as the hand.

There are cases in which the words invention and discovery cannot be used as synonyms, and these will show the distinctive meaning of the terms. We cannot say that America was invented, or that the printing press was discovered. We do not call the stereoscope a discovery, or the new planet, Leverrier, an invention. If we speak of John Wyatt, of Birmingham, devoting his powers to relieve the fingers of the spinner, and to execute by machinery what had been done by hand, we do not say he applied himself to discover, but to invent. But if we speak of Halley setting sail for St. Helena, in order to inspect the southern hemisphere, we do not say he went thither to invent, but to discover. And in order to make the distinction plain to any very young persons who may listen to this lecture, we will compare our two terms with a third, and remark—that Christianity is neither discovery nor invention, but revelation. Man has not found it; man has not contrived it; he has received it through the Great Teacher from God. By a most unfortunate adhesion to the etymon, the Church of Rome has among her festivals what she denominates "The *Invention* of the Holy Cross." The only Cross which to the speaker is holy, is one which is neither invention nor discovery, but a Cross which, like the luminous appearance to Constantine, prevented all effort to find or to frame by presenting itself unsought to the sinner's eye and to the sufferer's heart. Invention, however,

is no strange work in the Church of Rome; and we believe it would be adhesion to the truth, as well as to the etymon, if to the festival of the "Invention of the Holy Cross" there were now to be added the *Invention* of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Give me the religion that is based upon Divine revelation and not upon human discovery; and let me be found in that Church which is most free from man's inventions, whether in the form of cunningly devised fables or of an elaborated ritual.

But to return from our digression. Let it not be inferred that we sue for a divorce between discovery and invention. We plead for no such separation. All we ask for, is the preservation of the real distinction which exists between the words and between the things they represent. Discovery and invention are practically one. Like man and woman, they are destined to live and to work together—invention helping discovery, and discovery cherishing invention. Matched and married in heaven by the Creator of all, we say concerning them, "What God has joined together let not man put asunder." But we protest against the terms being confused and the things confounded—which is like clothing a man in woman's raiment, and putting upon a woman the attire of a man. Those authors and orators who advocate the spiritual sameness of men and women would not object to this confusion. But we confess that we are possessed by the opinion that a man is not the stronger for being feminine, and that a woman is not the sweeter for being masculine. It is enough for the woman that she has been taken out of the man, and it is well for both, that the man is as much more than the woman as the whole is greater than the part.

Some men are raised up to take the lead in discovery and invention. All men, however, are born to discover and constituted to invent upon a small scale. We say not that this is the chief end of man; but it is one end, and, although subordinate,

is in harmony with the chief. Who can look at the wondrous mechanism of the human eye, or at the equally marvellous construction of the human hand, and not see that man was made both an inventor and a discoverer? This conviction is confirmed when we observe that these members of the body are connected with kindred faculties in the spirit. The kind of world we inhabit, and the helplessness of man except as he contrives and discovers, is a further proof of the truth of our remark. And our belief is that most of that which is now concealed in God's world, instead of being born to blush unseen, has been created to be discovered by man; that the sweetness which is now wasted on desert air is destined to be applied to human convenience and enjoyment; and that the faculties of man, instead of being limited by finality, are destined to be ever active—outreaching, penetrating, acquiring, and creating. "When," said Francis Bacon, 250 years ago, "the knowledge of nature shall be rightly pursued, it will lead to discoveries that will as far excel the pretended powers of magic, as the real exploits of Cæsar and Alexander exceed the fabulous adventures of Arthur of Britain, or Amadis of Gaul." This has been realised since Bacon penned these words, but only in part; for the continued and right pursuit of knowledge will secure ever accumulating results. And here permit me to remark, that one of the bonds which binds me to Christianity is this—it is a religion which helps me to study, while it moves me to sing; which assists me to work, while it excites me to worship; which debars not the pursuit of true science, or the cultivation of useful art; but which directs and helps in every undertaking by which our own welfare and the well-being of our race may be advanced.

It is not our present purpose to enumerate great discoveries and inventions, or to discuss either those which are most important or most modern. In spite of the seduction of several cognate subjects, we shall adhere to the topic an-

nounced — *Opposition* to great discoveries and inventions. That there has been such opposition, and that it still exists, is a patent fact. We propose in this lecture, 1st, to bring forward a few illustrations of opposition; and 2nd, to inquire into its causes and effects.

1st. *Let us look at some instances of opposition to discovery and invention.* We have not been able to put our hand upon any book containing a list of principal discoveries and inventions. By such aid we could have presented a far more complete set of illustrations than those we have prepared. We trust, however, that those we are able to furnish will be sufficient for the exposition of our subject.

We will begin with DISCOVERY. This is a wide field, embracing not only the whole of natural science, but metaphysics and ethics. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are the most remarkable in all time, both for discovery and invention; but we will take two or three illustrations of anterior date.

The prohibition and burning of books by political authorities, and the persecution of wise men, are fair examples of the opposition which we are now discussing. Let me remind you of the following instances:—Protagoras, the celebrated sophist, who taught a notable school at Athens, and reached the climax of his fame about 440 B.C., was, for his opinions upon religious matters, condemned, some say to banishment, and others to death; and his works were collected by order of the magistrates and burned. The persecution and death of Socrates are familiar to every school boy. Now, for what was the illustrious Athenian satirised in comedy, and sentenced to die by the Athenian court? Nominally for corrupting the young, disavowing the gods of the state, and introducing new divinities: but really, like Protagoras, for his discoveries in mental and moral science. Four hundred years after the death of the Sabine philosopher Numa, his writings were discovered in his grave—his books having been

buried with his dead body by his own order. And as the Roman senate found Numa's writings contained his reasons for certain religious innovations, they ordered his works to be burned. The sacred books of the Jews were condemned to the flames by Antiochus Epiphanes; and the holy writings of the Christians were burned by the Emperor Diocletian and others. So late as the twelfth century, the writings of Aristotle were condemned by the Church, sought out and burned, and their readers were excommunicated.

We pass by Roman edicts against works of superstition, satire, abuse, and political acrimony; and observe, upon the cases we have quoted, that they show an ancient dislike of whatever is new and calculated to overturn existing institutions and popular opinion. So that, to the extent that the writings of the Athenian and Roman philosophers, and the books of the Jews and Christians contained new truth, the prohibition and destruction of their works may be regarded as opposition to discovery. In fact, the censorship of books in every age, and in all countries, has originated far more in fear of light and love of darkness, than in holy jealousy for the truthfulness of public opinion, and the purity of public morals. Let us, however, turn for examples from moral to natural science. Such cases will better illustrate our subject.

ROGER BACON, that "early star predicting dawn," is well known as an experimental philosopher of the thirteenth century. His discoveries in chemistry, optics, and astronomy were not great, but they were numerous. Having commenced his studies at Oxford, he returned, after a residence in Paris, to that University to prosecute his favourite sciences. He had joined the Franciscan order; and when the results of his scientific investigations were made known, his fraternity charged him with being possessed by the devil, and persuaded the people that he practised the black arts. These false ac-

cusations took effect. Roger Bacon was forbidden to lecture; his writings were prohibited; and when sixty-four years of age he was imprisoned in his cell, and kept in close confinement for ten years; his offences being that he understood perspective, the use of convex and concave glasses, the camera obscura, burning glasses, and was in advance of all Englishmen in his acquaintance with science in general. This morning star retained its brightness behind the cloud which for a time concealed it; and the dawn which it harbingered duly came. The opening of the sixteenth century was the fulness of the time.

On the 19th of February, 1473, there was born at Thorn, in Prussia, a man-child who was destined to shed upon astronomical science the first full and true light. From the day of man's creation, the two great luminaries and the stars which God has placed in the firmament of the heaven had been objects of intense interest and close observation. Theory as to their relations positions, and motions, was however of slow formation. At length Chaldea has a theory, and Egypt, India, and the philosophers of Greece. "Pythagoras," says Herschell, "whether he reasoned it out for himself, or borrowed the notion from Egypt or India, had attained a just conception of the general disposition of the parts of the solar system, and the place held by the earth in it; nay, according to some accounts, had even raised his views so far as to speculate on the attraction of the sun as the bond of its union." COPERNICUS, the man of whom we speak, spent some forty years in study under the most eminent masters, in intercourse with the celebrated astronomers of his day, in digesting the astronomical systems then extant, and in personal experiment and observation. He did not rush into print, for he was fifty-seven years of age, and had spent at least forty years in the pursuit of science before he wrote his great work, "The Revolutions of the Orbs of Heaven." In that work he demon-

strates that the sun is the centre of the planetary movements; that the earth is a planet revolving round the sun; and that the rotation of the earth upon its own axis produces the apparent diurnal procession of the heavens. And although some parts of the Copernican system were borrowed from the wise men of Egypt and of Greece, it may be safely said that Copernicus discovered the true theory of the planetary motions. Up to his day the heavenly bodies, including even the sun, were generally supposed to revolve round the earth.

Copernicus anticipated opposition to his discoveries, and shrunk from the encounter. A work containing his discoveries remained in manuscript thirteen years. His opinions, however, were made known, especially to men of science, some of whom became converts. But a multitude denounced both the theories and the theorist. A comedy was prepared with the view of holding up Copernicus to public ridicule. It is said by some that the play was suppressed, but others say that he was actually satirised on the stage. His friends, however, by ceaseless entreaty, gained permission to publish his work. It was printed, and a first copy brought to the author. He was then on the bed of death. The book being presented to him, he looked at it—recognised it—took it—and died. The tree lives after the lord of the forest, or the forester who planted it, has ceased to breathe. The house stands when the builder has fallen. The book is read when the author is dead and forgotten; and science outlives her disciples and their masters. The truth which Copernicus had evolved survived to encounter opposition, and to triumph over it long after the body of the philosopher had been slumbering in the tomb.

To many of the present day it may seem incredible that the grand planetary theory of Copernicus should ever have been opposed; and especially that it should have encountered opposition from the learned and scientific. But although, while the astronomer lived, he converted to his theory some of

the leading philosophers of his day, after his decease there arose a most formidable opponent.

Copernicus died in 1543, and in 1546 a Dane named TYCHO BRAHÈ was born. While yet in his teens astronomy absorbed his spirit. His pocket money was all spent in purchasing astronomical works. And when his tutor, having seen him safely at rest, was himself buried in slumber, Tycho arose from his bed, and with the aid of a celestial globe spent whole nights in viewing the stars. We must not tarry to trace his history. Suffice it to say that he early acquired considerable reputation, and the patronage of Frederick II., king of Denmark. We refer to Tycho, however, in order to bring forward the fact that he rejected the chief part of the Copernican system, and held—that the earth is the centre of the universe; the sun the centre of the planets; and that the whole planetary system moved round the earth. The opposition of the Danish astronomer to the Copernican theory was, however, carried on by argument, and not by satire or the sword. Against the theory of the diurnal motion of the earth he argued that, if this be correct, a stone dropped from a high tower could not fall, as we invariably see it does, at the foot of the tower, but must be left at a distance behind it; the tower having, according to the Copernican theory, advanced by the rotation of the earth a considerable distance while the stone was descending. Against the doctrine of the earth's orbital motion, Tycho contended that if the earth revolved round the sun, any two points in the orbit will be distant from each other by the diameter of the orbit; "yet lines drawn from those points to the nearest fixed star discover no appreciable angle or annual parallax." The argument of the Dane had, however, a defective foundation, and fell before the answers which the Copernican system supplied. Argument, like conscience, is not always to be trusted. Flaws in reasoning are more common than shakes in timber.

Ambiguous middles, undistributed middles, illicit processes, false premises, irrelevant conclusions, *petitio principii,* and other fallacies, often abound, in what appears conclusive argument to the careless and unpractised.

JOHN KEPLER, born at Wiel, 1571, was for a short time assistant to Tycho Brahè. When his university course was finished, Kepler applied himself to the study of divinity; he then devoted his time and talents to mathematical studies, and finally found a congenial sphere in the study of astronomy, in which science he became a discoverer. Kepler was the first who discovered that the orbits of the planets are elliptical, not circular; that their velocities are not uniform; and that the distances of the planets from the sun are regular and systematic. Now "the discoveries of Kepler," writes Professor Playfair, "were so far from being duly appreciated, that they were objected to, not for being false, but for offering to astronomers, in the calculation of the place of a planet in its orbit, a problem too difficult to be resolved by elementary geometry." "As if," the Professor further remarks, "he had been answerable for the proceedings of nature, the difficulty of this question was considered as an argument against his theory, and he himself seems somewhat to have felt it an objection, especially when he found that the best solution he could obtain was no more than an approximation." Things hard to be understood are not peculiar to religion and revelation. The man of science has many difficult problems. But the true philosopher and the true Christian, instead of rejecting doctrines because difficult of solution, will patiently contemplate them until time and experience furnish the means of discovering and confirming the truth.

Our next illustration of opposition to discovery is connected with a name familiar to every reading school boy. You anticipate me, and know that I am about to mention

Galileo Galilei, that noble Florentine who is known to the world as both an inventor and a discoverer. Tempting as are the incidents of the life of Galileo, we must avoid them here, and cleave most resolutely to our text. When twenty-five years of age, (born 1564,) Galileo occupied the chair of mathematics in the university of Pisa. Here he gave himself to the study of the laws of motion, and by real experiments "demonstrated that all bodies, whatever be their nature, are equally affected by gravity, and that if the spaces through which they descend in equal times are different, this depends on the unequal resistance opposed to them by the air, according to their different volumes." This discovery, demonstrated before immense assemblies at Pisa, awakened strong enthusiasm among the people. But the men of science in Pisa were so enraged by this new doctrine, that they beset Galileo with annoyances and persecutions, until they drove him from the university and the city. He is, however, now but "running with the footmen:" he is destined to "contend with horses."

Taking advantage of a hint from a Dutchman, Galileo invented the telescope, and applied it to the observation of the heavens. Glorious discoveries repay the ingenuity and industry of the astronomer. He discovers—that the moon is not a self luminous, regular, and untarnished orb, but a body shining with reflected light, and exhibiting irregularities of shape and of surface. He also discovers the four satellites of Jupiter—the peculiar structure of Saturn—the phases of Venus—the solar spots and their ceaseless motion—the movement of the atmosphere of our earth with the globe itself—the milky way and the nebulæ. In this position of superior knowledge Galileo supplied full confirmation of the Copernican theory.

And now the Florentine astronomer knew too much for his companions and for his age. Envy hurls her shaft at

him, and prejudice. His discoveries are said to be empty dreams. He is talked against, and ecclesiastics try to preach him down.

In 1616 Galileo is cited to appear at Rome before an ecclesiastical assembly, nominated by the Pope, and consisting of seven cardinals. This church court arrives at the following conclusion:—"To maintain that the sun is placed immovable in the centre of the world, is an opinion absurd in itself, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures; to maintain that the earth is not placed in the centre of the world, that it is not immovable, and that it has even a daily motion of rotation, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and at least erroneous in point of faith." By this tribunal he is interdicted from teaching his astronomical doctrines and from avowing them.

In 1633 Galileo was summoned for the second time to Rome, to appear before the Inquisition. During the sixteen years which had elapsed since the interdict already named, he occupied himself in collecting proofs of the motion of the earth and of the constitution of the heavens, according to his own theory. These proofs were published in 1623, and their publication was the occasion of Galileo's second appearance in the city of the seven hills. Bowed down by the infirmities of threescore years and ten, and by the burden of disease, he left Florence for Rome. He appeared before the Inquisition, and was finally summoned to receive in substance the following sentence. He was required first to make this declaration:—"I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth;" secondly, to promise that he would never more say or assert anything, verbally or in writing, importing that the sun is the centre of the world and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre of the world and immovable; thirdly, his works containing his

astronomical theories were prohibited; fourthly, he was condemned to suffer imprisonment for an indefinite period, determinable at the pleasure of the Inquisition, and to recite once a-week during three years the "Seven Penitential Psalms." I do not know whether the "Psalms" were recited; history tells us that the imprisonment was inflicted, but was soon changed for a kind of "ticket-of-leave." It is also said that he could not command an entirely still tongue.

Galileo had abjured his astronomical doctrines, meekly kneeling upon his knees. And report hath it, that as the astronomer rose from the ground, he said, in his silvery Italian tongue, *It moves notwithstanding.* I like the old man for that abjuration of his abjuration. One could wish that the patriarch in science had allowed himself to be slain rather than renounce what he knew to be truth. Perhaps, however, martyrdom is too much to expect from an old man in such a case. In the absence of this, however, we glory in that indignant whisper, *It moves notwithstanding.* It is like a sunbeam piercing a dense cloud, and forming a golden orifice in the dark mass of vapour. It is like a spring of water opening by force of its own upward pressure the earth above it, and securing for itself an outlet. It is like the unfolding of the leaf and the opening of a bud before the winter is over and gone, by the power of the vital juices of the plant and tree. *It moves notwithstanding.* The cardinals and the Pope were spinning round with the earth while they denied her motion; and could their sentence have arrested her course, they would have been cast from our sphere at an angle which would have left them flying through space as so many dust atoms for ever and ever—a meet punishment this for such obstinate immovabilities.

There are two or three illustrations which we may tarry only to name.

TORRICELLI, a pupil of Galileo, made certain important

discoveries in atmospheric pressure, which were warmly disputed until decided by the severest tests.

DESCARTES, when he heard of the imprisonment of Galileo, suppressed his productions upon the system of the world—thus acting upon his motto, *Qui bene latuit, bene vixit*. But he did not escape. He was punished for his opinions by a fine, and his works were ordered to be burned.

We have now to speak of SIR ISAAC NEWTON. This celebrated English philosopher made several sublime discoveries both in Optics and Astronomy. The great discovery of Newton was, as is well known, the law of gravity—subject to the two conditions, that "its force is directly as the mass of the bodies, and inversely as the square of the distance." This discovery was published in 1686 in his "Principia,"—a work which, to use the words of Newton's biographer, "is memorable not only in the annals of one science or country, but will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason." Now, with what reception did Sir Isaac's discoveries meet? France rejected them because they were made in England, and Newton's scientific competitors in his own country put them aside from envy and jealousy. His own University, Cambridge, was still ignoring his discoveries more than thirty years after they had been published; and, at length, admitted them through a clever trick.

Professor Playfair, in his dissertation on the progress of mathematical and physical science, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, observes:—"For more than thirty years after the publication of those discoveries, the system of vortices kept its ground; and a translation from the French into Latin of the Physics of Rohault, a work entirely Cartesian, continued at Cambridge to be the text for philosophical instruction. About the year 1718, a new and more elegant translation

of the same book was published by Dr. Samuel Clarke, with the addition of notes, in which that profound and ingenious writer explained the views of Newton on the principal objects of discussion; so that the notes contained *virtually* a refutation of the text: they did so, however, only virtually, all appearance of argument and controversy being carefully avoided. Whether this escaped the notice of the learned doctors or not, is uncertain; but the new translation, from its better Latinity, and the name of the editor, was readily admitted to all the academical honours which the old one had enjoyed. Thus the stratagem of Dr. Clarke completely succeeded; the tutor might prelect from the text, but the pupil would sometimes look into the notes; and error is never so sure of being exposed as when the truth is placed close to it, side by side, without anything to alarm prejudice, or awaken from its lethargy the dread of innovation. Thus, therefore, the Newtonian first entered the University of Cambridge under the protection of the Cartesian."

The illustrations of opposition to discovery that we have given have been taken from the same department of science. We will not quit this division of our subject, however, without calling examples from Geographical discovery, Medical Science, and Geology.

Thus far our illustrations have been taken in chronological order. We must go back some two centuries and a half to speak of Columbus.

COLUMBUS may be said to have discovered the New World before he saw it. By ancient writings, the observations of other navigators, and by the calculations of his own science, he had the evidence of a world not seen. He felt sure that by crossing the Atlantic in a westerly direction—new lands, and probably a large continent, would be discovered. He determined to attempt the actual discovery, and applied for assistance successively to Portugal, Genoa, Venice,

and England. Opposition met him everywhere. It was said that he was presumptuous in supposing he knew more than others; that if there were land in that direction the voyage would take three years; that there was no land to be discovered; and some affirmed he would find a mountain of water up which no vessel could sail. At length, as you are aware, he obtained assistance from Spain, and under the auspices of the Spanish court sailed for the New World, and reached it, having encountered on the voyage much opposition raised by the fears of his pilots and the mutinous conduct of the crew. The discovery, when a fact, could not be opposed because of the character and number of the witnesses; but while it was a matter of science, it encountered opposition in every possible form.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood by Dr. William Harvey, an English physician, was also most violently opposed. Profiting by the partial discoveries of Mondino, Servetus, Columbus, and others, Harvey, "by a series of well executed experiments, demonstrated clearly the existence not only of the small but of a general circulation from the left side of the heart by the aorta and its subdivisions, to the right side by the veins. This memorable truth was first announced in the year 1619." And, observe, Dr. Harvey was lecturer to the College of Physicians in London, and to that learned body he first disclosed his discovery. He did this, mark, with the confirmation of experiments. Yet so soon as his discovery was made known, he was attacked on all sides by every weapon which ignorance and prejudice, spleen and envy could form against him. The opposition was not of long duration, but was exceedingly fierce while it continued. He lived to see the general adoption of his doctrine.

To Dr. Edward Jenner we are indebted for the discovery of vaccination, which is, perhaps, as much an invention as a discovery, seeing that it is a contrivance to avoid small-pox.

There can be no doubt that this discovery has been instrumental in saying an immense number of human lives, and of preventing a large amount of human suffering. But this discovery was opposed both by the public and by the medical profession. Some denied that it could be efficacious as a preventive, and others affirmed that it affords protection only for a limited number of years. Even now, many of the poor are strongly prejudiced against it.

The Homœopaths of our day frequently refer to the opposition which Harvey and Jenner encountered as a means of defending themselves against their assailants. And certainly this fact suggests caution and moderation in opposing that which is new in medical practice, and that which may seem improbable in medical science. For ourselves, we have no decided opinion on the subject. There is, however, one part of the Homœopathic practice to which we are strongly attached: we refer to small doses, which, if they do nothing, can certainly do no harm; and which would be more pleasant than they now are if they were followed by fees as infinitesimal as the doses.

Opposition to the discoveries of GEOLOGY is a present fact. The resistance is weaker than it was some fifteen and twenty years ago; but it certainly has not yet passed away. Speaking comparatively, this science may be said to have been born during the last hundred years, and to have grown more rapidly during the last twenty than through the fourscore years preceding. The chief opponents of geological science are religious persons, whose opposition arises from the idea that the doctrines of Geology are at variance with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. For the refutation of this error, we refer our younger hearers to the following well-known works: "The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some Parts of Geological Science," by Dr. Pye Smith; and Professor Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology." To show the strength

of opposition which this science has encountered, I may present the following quotation. In a work entitled "Popular Geology subversive of Divine Revelation," published 1837, the author states: "Certainly, of all the lately discovered or extended sciences, which the enemy of God and man has thus pushed to his destroying ends, no one has been found so appropriate to his purposes, nor has been so insidiously and industriously driven forward to the accomplishment of his aims, as the popular 'new science of geology.' To enumerate all the infernal artillery which the subtle enemy of God and man has put into the hands of his vassals, to aim at this everlasting monument of revealed truth, would require his own unspent breath and unwearied tongue. Suffice it to say, that sophisticating geologians have been allured, by his implacable subtleties, to enlist themselves in the service of his infernal policy." Strong as this language is, it fairly represented the feelings of a large number of pious men some fifteen years ago. And still, there are not a few who charge Geology with contradicting Holy Scripture, and with naturally leading its student to infidelity; a charge which cannot be brought against Geology with more truth and justice than against any other science, and which is refuted by the fact that it has contributed numerous confirmations to the truth of the word of God, and numbers among its disciples and professors men whose fidelity to the Bible is uncorrupted, and whose faith in revealed religion is immovable.

These illustrations of opposition to discovery may suffice; and we will proceed to furnish a few examples of opposition to INVENTIONS.

What shall we call the use of COAL as a fuel? The finding of a coal-bed is, of course, a discovery; but the employment of coal as a source of heat is an invention. I do not know when this mineral was first used; but so early as 1281 Newcastle traded in coal. The use of this article is now so extensive, that last year there were brought into London 4,000,000

tons. And it is not surprising that some stir is being made about smoke in the metropolis, when we reflect upon the quantity of coal consumed, and know that the smoke of coal is daily escaping from 390,000 chimneys. This fuel has not, however, escaped opposition. In 1316 Parliament petitioned the king to forbid its use, the petitioners alleging that it was a public nuisance. Edward II. granted the prayer of the petition, and the use of coal was forbidden upon the penalty of a fine for the first offence, and the demolition of the furnace for the second.

When the art of PRINTING was invented, men did not dream of the power which the press would exert; and this invention escaped the amount of opposition which its vast importance leads us to expect it would have had to encounter. Tradition says, that John Fust, one of the three inventors, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was persecuted both by the priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing press was established in Constantinople. From 1726 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established at Scutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish Government.

The RIBBON-LOOM is an invention of the 16th century, and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the Church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg, the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. There are few questions more interesting than the province of political and municipal rulers. Through lack, we think, of

defining their duty, the solemn confession too commonly becomes them, "We have left undone the things which we ought to have done, and we have done the things we ought not to have done."

The STOCKING-LOOM shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England, the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. My loyalty forbids my undervaluing royal patronage; but I often feel, as I look at the royal arms upon places of merchandise, that the best arms which a man can place over his business are his own—not the arms which have been dug up at the herald's office, but the arms which his mother gave him. In France, opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. They were presented to the French monarch. The parties, however, who supplied hosiery to the court, caused several of the loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters.

TABLE-FORKS appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table, that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to England was called Furcifer. They were invented in Italy and brought thence to England; napkins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude.

The SAW-MILL was brought to England from Holland in 1663. But its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected, but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob.

But before speaking of the saw-mill, we ought to have cited the STEAM ENGINE; which, although now throned among the mightiest of the mighty inventions of man, was subject at its birth to no small measure of opposition and contempt.

To the machines, diagrams, and writings of Solomon de Caus, may doubtless be traced the germ idea of the steam-engine, although the Marquis of Worcester is generally acknowledged to be the inventor. Now let it be observed, that both these men were accounted lunatics, because of their doctrines concerning the moving power of steam. De Caus travelled from Normandy to Paris, to present a treatise to Louis XIII. on the subject. His minister, Cardinal Richelieu, dismissed the applicant, and on account of his importunity, imprisoned him as a dangerous madman. The Marquis of Worcester was counted in his day, not only a quack and an impostor, but a mad enthusiast; and suffered the bitter reverses which he knew, not less from his extraordinary inventive genius, than from the caprice of his sovereign, and his hatred of the principles and spirit of Cromwell's administration. This is an old trick, the calling a man mad who is in advance of his fellows. Madness was ascribed to the Son of God. The sanity of a wise man must appear insanity to the fool; and it behoves us to be careful how we take up and echo the cry, "He is mad!" A fool may raise it, and wise men may be drawn into uniting with it. Let us pronounce only upon things we have proved; and upon things not proven, let us most religiously hold our peace.

What shall we say about TEA? As a beverage we may call it a contrivance for slaking our thirst, and stimulating the brain and nervous system. The duty upon this article of consumption furnishes a fifth of the revenue of the British Empire. This will show how large the consumption of tea now is; but when it was introduced to England from Holland, in 1666, it was declared to be a deadly poison. But we must keep to our text.

POTTERY is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of glazing was introduced into this country in 1690, by two brothers, who came to Staffordshire from Nuremberg. Their success and their secrecy so enraged their neighbours, that persecution arose against them, and became so strong, that they were compelled to give up their works.

The PENDULUM was invented by Galileo; but so late as the end of the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard of measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the nickname of *Swing-Swang*.

The SPINNING-JENNY was invented by James Hargreaves, a poor Blackburn weaver. He kept his invention a secret except from his wife, and employed it diligently for his own work. Mrs. Hargreaves, however, woman-like, must talk, and, wife-like, must praise her husband, and so, for the sake of something to say, and of something wonderful to say of her own precious husband, she let out James Hargreaves' secret. The machine Jenny was, in this instance, better than the wife Jenny. Indeed, with due reverence for the Jennies of all lands, and of all ages, I must say, that I do not think so quiet, and industrious, and obedient, and inexpensive, and profitable, and harmless a Jenny was ever born, as the Jenny which came from James Hargreaves. I may go further, and say that among spinsters, this Jenny excelleth them all. Most of them can spin a good yarn, but the yarns of Spinning Jenny are as profitable as they are long. And instead of being unseasonable, and awkward, and twisty since the union, they have been better than ever since the spinster Jenny was wedded to the giant Steam. However, as the machine which was to supplant the spinning-wheel became known, the weavers of Blackburn broke into the inventor's house, destroyed his machine, and drove Hargreaves from the town.

The POWER-LOOM seems to have been opposed in England merely when in design. So soon as Cartwright set it to work,

opposition ceased. But the Jacquard loom met a different fate in France. Although this machine had been sanctioned by Buonaparte, and the invention rewarded by the state, opposition to the invention was so strong at Lyons, that the Board of Trade in that city broke up the loom in the most public place, sold the material as old wood and iron, and held up the inventor to universal reproach. Even the life of Jacquard was endangered by the bitter enmity of the Lyonnese.

We may just mention, before citing STEAMBOATS and RAILWAYS—GAS and MACADAMISED ROADS. The application of coal gas to the lighting of buildings was made in 1797. And so rapidly was this mode of lighting adopted, that within twenty years it was employed in all the principal towns of the kingdom to illuminate shops, public edifices, and the streets. But when the application of coal gas to street illumination was first suggested, the objection was raised that evil disposed persons might envelope the city in darkness. To Macadam's plan of making roads, it was seriously objected that mobs would use the stones for purposes of rioting. But we have to speak of greater things than these.

From the day of the Marquis of Worcester, there had been various suggestions as to the use of steam for a moving power in boats. The experiment, however, was first made in Glasgow in 1787. Fulton, who had witnessed Symington's experiment in Scotland, went to France, and constructed a small steamboat for the Seine in 1803. In 1806 he commenced another steam vessel on the American river Hudson, which he launched in 1807. We have not read of any opposition to the steam tug on the Forth and Clyde Canal; or of any opposition to the small vessel which steamed up and down the Seine. Our Scotch friends have a mixture of stern stuff in their nature, which makes them ready to oppose what they do not like; and they are not overfond of anything new except those new things in England, by which they can earn a penny quicker than in Scotland; still they are gravely and

sedately cannie; so cannie are some of them, that they will not commit themselves, even to a laugh, until they have most carefully calculated what effect the excitement of their risible muscles is likely to have upon their future lot. We think it a great proof of long-sightedness, that our northern neighbours did neither laugh nor growl at the first steamboat. Our French allies were pleased with a novelty which did not threaten to disturb either their religion or their politics, and which put its hand into the pocket of no man. Not so, however, with our American children. Fifty years have vastly increased the go-a-head tendency of the inhabitants of the New World. Fulton was met by refusals of aid and co-operation; by incredulous smiles, rude jokes, and contemptuous ridicule. And on the day fixed for the first voyage of the Clermont, no friend would accompany him, and multitudes crowded the shores, not to approve, but to witness, as they thought, a great failure. The vessel starts, reaches her calculated speed, and steams a distance of 145 miles. And now the American reckons Fulton a great man, and the steamboat a marvellous invention.

The introduction of RAILWAYS to England furnishes, it may be, the most striking example of opposition to inventions. For the facts by which I shall bring out this example, I am indebted to "The History of the English Railways," by Francis; a book which even a novel reader must relish, and which a thoughtful man may peruse with considerable advantage.

Railways so intersect our country, have absorbed so much capital, are so connected with our commerce and trade, have such close relation with our convenience and recreation, employ so many people, have effected such local changes and social revolutions, and are at this time so mighty a power and so vast an interest in this country, that opposition appears almost too unreasonable to be true. Still, few inventions have encountered such resistance as our iron roads. The provincial and metropolitan press, by argumentative and vituperative leaders; the quarterlies, by most scientific

articles; the parliament, municipal corporations, and navigation companies; canal proprietors and landowners; scientific men and literati; poets and peers, united their words and works to prevent the introduction of the iron way. The things *done* in opposition were equal to the things said, but of the former we cannot here speak. It will illustrate our subject if we state in brief some of the objections which were presented by the pen and the lip. In 1825, on the proposition of Stephenson, to run a train from Woolwich to London at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly* wrote—"The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or to speak more plainly, the steam-carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, by means of the high pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while they are on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off, or the breaking of a wheel. But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off by one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

Evil reports were multiplied with railway schemes. The smoke of the locomotive, it was said, as a terror to country gentlemen, would kill the game; the sparks from the chimney would ignite the train; foxes and pheasants would leave every neighbourhood in which a rail was laid down; the race of horses would be extinguished: there would be no market for oats and hay; driving and riding in the vicinity of a railway would be unsafe; and cows in the pastures along the line would cease to yield milk. Wherever a locomotive passed, it was stated, vegetation would cease,

and the market gardener be ruined; the value of land would be lowered, and property near every station would be greatly deteriorated. Others asserted, that railways would dry up springs, render meadows sterile, cut off agricultural communications, prevent the cultivation of corn, and suspend agricultural operations in general. Not only would canals be destroyed, and hundreds of innkeepers and thousands of horses thrown out of employment, but hundreds of thousands of all trades be ruined. When tunnels were proposed as necessary parts of many lines, Sir Anthony Carlisle asserted that tunnels would expose healthy people to colds, catarrhs, and consumption. "The deafening peal of thunder," said another medical man, "the sudden immersion in gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in a confined space, combine to produce a momentary shudder, or idea of destruction, a thrill of annihilation." Other alarmists prophesied that the people would be smothered in the tunnels, and that those who escaped suffocation would be burned in the carriages. Some thought that to travel at the rate of twenty miles an hour smacked of revolution. And as one proof of the strength of the practical opposition which railways have had to encounter, we may mention that the opposition to the London and Birmingham line cost £4,500 per mile.

We cannot close these illustrations without reference to the Great Exhibition, which, both in itself and in its palace of glass, may be regarded, not only as an invention, but as one of the most wise and remarkable contrivances to exhibit, as in one bright focus, the industry of men of all nations. Now, the Great Exhibition, it will be remembered, was, while it was yet in thought, assailed from every quarter. Some Christians denounced it as the World's Fair; alarmists predicted pestilence, famine, revolution, and increase of vice and crime, as the result of congregating foreigners in the metropolis; and so strong and earnest were some voices of

warning, that the most sanguine of success sometimes trembled, and were not entirely assured until time proved that the Exhibition neither originated disease nor scarcity of food, increase of vice, nor political disorder. And, instead of the awful termination of Belshazzar's feast being repeated, as was prophesied, we see a second Palace of Industry, exceeding in dimensions and grandeur of design the first palace, and promising, *if conducted upon right principles*, to do great things for England in the improvement, not only of the national taste, but of the moral sentiments of the people.

The illustrations we have given of opposition to discoveries and inventions will, we trust, suffice to secure for the fact the attention which its importance deserves. In every department of science and art, invention and discovery have been opposed. This opposition began early, and has continued until our own day. It is not a fact in which we may glory; on the contrary, it ought to clothe us with shame: still we may learn from it lessons of moment and utility. Of these we shall speak presently.

We now proceed, secondly, to inquire into *the causes* of opposition to discoveries and inventions, and to trace, as far as we are able, *the results*.

1. *Let us consider the causes.* In speaking of these, we observe at the outset that God never moves men to oppose discovery, unless it be the fruit of some forbidden tree; and that he never tempts them to oppose invention, unless it be the contrivance of some instrument of evil. The divine nature and government present no obstacle to invention and discovery, but, on the contrary, they sanction and further both. According to the ancient legends, or, rather, according to the features with which Æschylus has clothed them, Prometheus, the friend of man, the inventor of the useful arts, and the giver of fire, was chained first to a rock in Scythia, and then to Mount Caucasus, and there exposed to

fierce torments, because he revealed to men the service of fire in all handicraft, and taught them various and useful knowledge. Jupiter punished Prometheus for rendering this service to mankind. But Zeus is not our God. Our God, Jehovah, instead of keeping men at a distance, made them in his own image; and when that image was defaced, provided for its restoration by the mediation of his own Son. So that instead of chaining the discoverer, God gives him wings; and instead of tormenting the inventor, God *ultimately* crowns him with honour.

Milton, in Paradise Lost, makes Satan charge God with the very conduct attributed to Jupiter. Speaking to Eve of the forbidden fruit, the Anarch old demands—

> "Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe?
> Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant—
> His worshippers?"

This is the lie of a tempter. The charge is contradicted by God's nature and by God's providence. Think of divine punishment and visitations, and ask for what have they been inflicted? Babylon was destroyed, not for her astronomical discoveries, but for her pride; and Nineveh fell, not for her inventions, but for her iniquities. The old world was destroyed for crime, not for useful progress. Sodom was overthrown for sin, not for science. Athens decayed by discord, not by discovery; and Tyre for pride, not progress. Pompeii and Herculaneum were, according to the testimony of some of their own remains, buried in ruins for the sins of Sodom. Jerusalem, too, was destroyed, not for the extent of her science, or the perfection of art, but for her rejection of the Saviour of the world. Opposition to discovery and invention is not from God, and therefore is never produced or presented by true and pure religion. Religious men may oppose, but this is their folly, not their religion; and in this part of their conduct, however pure

may be their motive, they are irreligious and ungodly. We must look far lower than God, and far below godliness, for an explanation of the facts we have been considering. The causes of opposition to discovery and invention are to be found in human weakness and wickedness.

Ignorance is one cause. The discoverer sees so much farther than his fellows that they cannot believe it possible that he sees what he does see. The contrivance of the inventor is so superior to the designs which exist that no man will believe his invention practical. The discoverer is often before his age, and is far in advance of the science of his times, and is ridiculed or persecuted because others have not his power of sight. This explains the opposition which Roger Bacon's discoveries encountered.

Prejudice, the child of ignorance, is another cause. Galileo, it will be remembered, invented the telescope. But so afraid were many men of his day lest their own opinions should be shaken, and the system of Copernicus forced upon them by the discoveries of that instrument, that they absolutely refused to use the telescope, and to look at the heavens by its aid.

Envy, jealousy, personal dislike, rivalry, and *revenge*, are often the cause of a discovery being ignored, and an invention despised. The opposition in these cases arises, not from disbelief of the discovery, or from distrust of the invention, but from evil feeling towards the inventor and discoverer. This awakened the opposition which the potters encountered who first glazed pottery by the action of salt.

Bigotry has also lent her hand to this ignoble strife. It was this old hag who presided in the Inquisition, and punished poor Galileo for seeing that to which he could not close his eyes, and for believing that, the faith of which was to him inevitable. A blind and obstinate attachment to one's own opinions unfits men, not only for personal progress, but for

sharing in the advancement of their age. Instability is a great evil, but of the two we hold bigotry to be the greater.

Fear has led to many a fight, and it has stretched out its withered arm in opposition to discovery and invention. This has been specially the case with invention. Ribbon-looms, stocking-looms, power-looms, spinning-jennies, saw-mills, and railways, would, it was predicted, completely cripple human industry, and deprive myriads of bread. Fear, when aroused to conflict, is one of the most desperate and cruel passions of the human soul.

False interpretations of Scripture were intimately connected with the opposition which the Copernican system encountered, with the persecution of Galileo and Descartes, and with the opposition which has been directed against Geology.

In some men, especially in men past middle age, there is a *strong dislike of innovation.* This antipathy in many cases leads to opposition. Every discovery and invention are by their very nature innovations. "Those things which have long gone together, are as it were confederate within themselves: whereas new things piece not so well; but though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity."

Slavish discipleship to ancient masters and to great names is another source of opposition to discovery. In matters of science the writings of Aristotle had for centuries throughout Europe a kind of divine authority. The statutes of some of the universities required the professors to take oaths that they would in all their prelections adhere to his philosophy. And the dread of discovering any contradiction to his philosophy led many scientific men to refuse in their astronomical observations to use the telescope.

False views of Divine Providence have also a casual connection with the moral phenomena before us. "Your leddy-

ship and the steward," says Cuddie's mother, in Old Mortality, "hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine for dighting the corn from the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling hill." This fiction is founded upon fact. Many have acted and spoken as Cuddie's mother.

Fallacious reasoning —reasoning, for example, upon opinions rather than facts—is another source of opposition to discovery. And, as including several causes we have named and others not spoken of, we may mention, finally, ***the selfishness of men.*** To have his own ignorance demonstrated, and his own opinions contradicted—to be excelled or supplanted, or even rivalled, is to many men a far greater evil than the prevalence of error or the limitation of human convenience and comfort. The centre of the actions of the multitude of men is themselves. And their supreme desire is, that sun, stars, and moon should revolve around them, and be subordinate to their influence. In mathematical science, we accept the axiom that the whole is greater than its part. In our social feelings and conduct we reverse this axiom, and hold that the part is more important than the whole. The "I" represents more than the "we," and the "me" than the "us." But not until selfishness is destroyed will opposition to scientific discoveries and useful inventions cease; nor will selfishness perish until men come within the influence of that cross upon which the Son of God gave his life a ransom for many. As included in selfishness, we may name ***existing interests.*** A new invention is falsely declared to be useless, because, in inventions which it is likely to supersede, there is locked up so much capital; or because upon the working of former

contrivances a certain number of men are dependent for bread. A discovery is said to be unreal, because there are certain professors who have not made it, and schools of science in which it is not taught.

These, we believe, will be found the common causes of opposition to discovery and invention—Ignorance, Prejudice, Ill-feeling, Bigotry, Fear, False Interpretations of Scripture, False Views of Divine Providence, Dislike of Innovation, Slavish Discipleship, Fallacious Reasoning, and Selfishness. Very seldom can we trace it to honest conviction of the falsity of a reputed discovery, or to the truthlessness of an extolled invention.

2. In speaking of the *results* of opposition to discovery and invention, we can do little more than mention them. There are evil results which are temporary; there are good results which abide. The temporary *evil* effects are—the delay of the application of inventions to useful purposes, and of discoveries to the advancement of science; the excitement of evil feeling between man and man; the persecution and consequent suffering of men who deserve honour and reward; the needless continuance of ignorance and of inconvenience; the limitation for a time of the resources of communities; and the arrest for a season of human progress. In the case of railways, opposition involved a fearful waste of money; while the general fact that discovery and invention have been opposed, affords opportunity to every empiric to defend himself from that righteous opposition which often protects society from imposition and fraud. The quack in science, and the adventurer in invention, while encountering a righteous resistance, set up for martyrs; and, ranking themselves with Galileo and Harvey, Hargreaves and Stephenson, appeal to the opposition which science and art have encountered in all ages as evidence that they themselves are sufferers for truth's sake.

The *good* effects of opposition are these—it checks the

credulity of those who are too ready to repose faith in men and their representations—it keeps back many an impostor and adventurer—it actually destroys much false science and useless contrivance—it exposes all new things to a sifting process, and separates the chaff from the wheat—it brings out human force and resources, and, by antagonism, secures final progression.

Discovery and invention are never destroyed by opposition. The experimental philosophy of Roger Bacon was ascribed to the devil; but now, our first chemists are crowned with public confidence and social honour. The Copernican system was denounced as false in philosophy and contrary to Scripture; now it is taught in all places of education, from the village school to the national university. The Newtonian philosophy, which was smuggled into Cambridge, is now a cause of boasting to that seat of learning, and is a great light to the scientific world. The New World, which many declared existed only in the fancy of Columbus, is now abreast of the greatest countries of the globe, and promises to be ahead of all. Looms for ribbons, stockings, and weaving are one deep and wide source of our country's wealth. No man is nicknamed Furcifer for using a table-fork. The saw-mill has almost extinguished the sawyer. The spinning-jennies are as numerous as spiders and as busy as bees. A steamboat is to be found on almost every stream in the four quarters of the earth. Gas is the almost universal light; and railways not only intersect Great Britain and Ireland, America and Europe, but are being laid down in India, and will one day have free course over the walled and fenced lands of the Chinese.

No true discovery can be long hid by opposition, neither can the successful application of any invention be long retarded by like means. Never was opposition so strong as that which obtained in the sixteenth century; yet that is the century of Discoveries in the light of which we now walk, and of Inventions the value and utility of which the wide world confesses.

Discovery must advance, and inventions will certainly improve and multiply. There is an ocean before us, and we are even now but looking at the shells and pebbles on the shore. There is a mountain above us, and we have climbed but its base. There is an abyss at our feet, and we have examined but its mouth. Immense fields surround us, and we have crossed them but in few paths. And will men be content with this imperfect knowledge? Curious and thirsting for various information, they will try to survey every field, to descend the abyss, to climb the mountain, to cross and recross the ocean. And they must succeed, for God will help them. He wills that his works should be known and understood by man. He wills it as one means by which men shall subdue the earth; and not less as a means of revealing himself. Are not the works of Creation so many mirrors and multiplying glasses in which we see our God?

Discovery will go on, and invention also. God has not only given men his own works for their use, but he has endowed them with creative faculties, so that in filling voids and bringing order from chaos, man imitates his Creator. It is the divine destiny of man to discover and to invent. And opposition, we repeat, is useless. As well may we try to stop the descending avalanche with a straw—to stem the tide of a mighty river with one's hand—to send back the rising ocean with a word—to delay the morning sun with our frown—to arrest the planets in their orbits with our uplifted arm—or to change the order of creation by our mere command. Few objects are more worthy of pity than the opposer of that which is useful and true. He can effect but a modicum of good—he will inflict a large amount of present evil, and finally he will appear as one that beateth the air. That we may never be in this position, let us try to learn the great lesson which this subject teaches. There are several lessons we may learn:

The deeply rooted selfishness of mankind; the irresistible progress of men; the germ force of whatever is true and good; but the great lesson of this lecture is *the duty of caution.*

Herschell remarks, "The character of a true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable." This strikes me as one great lesson taught by opposition to discovery and invention. "Impossible" is a word which a wise man will apply very cautiously to the contrivances of men, and to the revelations of the works of God. The impossible of past centuries is now done, and that easily. Time was when wonders were to be found in fables; now they exist in fact. And while the impossible of past times is the possible of the present, the impossible of the present will be the possible of the future. The so-called "unreasonable" of past ages is the common belief of this age; and the "unreasonable" of this age will be the accepted and universal truth of future times. Let us, therefore, be slow in deciding what is unreasonable and impossible. and that which appears to be neither, let us readily hope and believe. There are, however, other words in which the lesson of this lecture may be embodied; words written by the impulse and guidance of the Holy Spirit of God—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The temper of mind which this inspired precept enjoins, will reject nothing except upon evidence of its falsity—will demonstrate whatever requires proof—and will not cast aside or refuse aught that is useful and true, through the relaxing influence of any weak or wicked emotion. A good invention is given us by a good God; let us accept and retain it, in gratitude to the Giver. A discovery, is God unfolding some hidden thing to our view; let us prove it, if we doubt it, for the Revealer's sake.

It has occurred to me that in this audience there may be

both Discoverers and Inventors. Among the youths there may be lads, like Tycho Brahè, spending their pocket money in purchasing scientific books and apparatus, and devoting part of the time allotted to sleep to reading and study. There may be young men like Copernicus, feeling that the occupation to which they have been brought up is not their calling, and anxiously watching for a way of escape from a profession or business into the wide fields of science. There may be present, some young mechanic, destined as an inventor to rank with Hargreaves and Cartwright, with Fulton and with Stephenson. To such we say—Form a character which will be proof against the evil effects of the opposition which discovery and invention are likely still to encounter. If I were shut up for a model to heathen mythology, I should direct you to the character of Prometheus as exhibited by Æschylus, and as brought before the eye of every reader of books by Mrs. Barrett Browning's poem. Every discoverer and inventor needs patient endurance. He must be ready to be bound, that truth may go free. He must cheerfully submit to sufferings, that his contrivances for the use of men, being tried, may come forth as gold from the refiner's fire. But, thanks be to God, we have models of divine design and of godlike shape. Instead of being shut up to heathen mythology, we can take examples from the Revelation of the true God. Among several which might be named, there are two which stand prominently forward: we refer to Caleb and Joshua, and we speak of them in the discharge of their duty as spies. You remember that when the children of Israel came to the borders of the promised land, they requested that twelve of their rulers should be chosen to spy out the country. With this request Moses complied. And among the twelve were Joshua and Caleb. Now these two men visit the same country, see the same cities and people as the other ten, and in some respects the reports of the

twelve agree. All say, "The land which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land; surely it floweth with milk and honey." Ten, however, append to their report the following qualification: "Nevertheless, the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. It is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature; and there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight." In contrast with these words let me put the language of Joshua and Caleb; they say, "The land which we passed through is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land and give it to us, a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us: their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us, fear them not. Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." The spirit of Joshua and Caleb is the right spirit for the discoverer and inventor. They believed all things and hoped all things. And we may add to the examples of Joshua and Caleb that of the apostle Paul. There are two features of Paul's character which we would notice, as connected with the subject before us—his firm hold of what he knew to be truth; and his hearty renunciation of what he once thought to be truth, when, at length, he learned it was error. These are qualities we may all advantageously imitate, and especially those who are devoted to discovery and invention. And while a man of science teaches that "the character of a true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable," let those of us who are Christians supply a living exposition of the precept, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

The want of this age is not money or knowledge, but men; Joshua and Caleb-like men; men to lead and to command. We want them at the seat of war; we want them in the government of our country; we want them in the paths of science and literature; we want them for the daily press; we want them in the Church of God. In every department of labour we want leading men—"public souls." And what shall we do? We can procure most things for money, but not men. We can manufacture and produce almost every article of trade and commerce for which there is a demand, but not men. What shall we do, then? When our Saviour was upon earth he called the attention of his apostles to the want of men. And what did he recommend? "The harvest," said he, "is great, but the labourers are few. *Pray ye* therefore the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into the harvest." Let us ask God to raise up Joshua and Caleb-like men—men able to subdue our fears, to strengthen our hopes, to elevate our courage, to increase our confidence, and to lead us into the good land, which God has promised us. "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us!"

PETTER AND GALPIN, PLAYHOUSE YARD, ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER 1854, TO FEBRUARY 1855.

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PREFACE.

WHAT many have vainly wished the Stage to be, the Platform may become—the supplement to the Pulpit, and the auxiliary of virtue.

If the theme of the Lecturer is less lofty than that of the Preacher, its range is wider, and the mode of treatment more elastic. The lecture seems to be the legitimate sphere for the entertainments, as well as the instructions of wisdom. It is an agency of great versatility and power for the moral health of the people. Without a deep purpose of religion, it may easily become a ministry of unreasoning passion and excitement, but animated by this purpose, it may soon elevate the mind and heart of the nation.

The YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has been privileged to share in the development, and to witness the fruits of this agency. The Committee are thankful that notwithstanding the absorbing anxieties of the public mind during the past few months, this (the Tenth) series of Lectures was attended with continued interest.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN kindly intended to deliver the Introductory Lecture, but was

prevented doing so by indisposition. With his wonted liberality and sympathy, he presented it to the Association for publication.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge the valuable co-operation of the respective Lecturers in their efforts to promote moral thoughtfulness and living earnestness in young men.

At the present time there is danger lest the dark shadow of foreign war should hide from our view the corruptions, ignorance, and frailties which surround us at home. The object of these Lectures will be attained, if, by them, young men are brought into active sympathy with the great purposes of Christianity, in individual deliverance from selfishness and sin, and in the diffusion of the righteousness, peace, and joy of the Kingdom of God.

T. H. TARLTON, Hon. Sec.
W. E. SHIPTON, Corr. Sec.

Young Men's Christian Association,
165, *Aldersgate Street, London,*
March, 1855.

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God's Heroes and the World's Heroes.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. J. HAMPDEN GURNEY, M.A.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23RD, 1855.

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ADJOINING THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

GOD'S HEROES AND THE WORLD'S HEROES.

You will judge from my title, that my object to-night will not be to exalt feats of arms. On the other hand, I desire to say, at starting, that I have no intention of disparaging the soldier's calling by anything that I shall utter. Just now, I should hardly be a welcome lecturer to an English audience if I did. It would be politic, at any rate, if that were my purpose, to postpone my attempt to set the world right, and to show, by facts or arguments, that we can dispense with fighting men as the world now is; or that to shed blood, under any circumstances, is forbidden to Christian men. I do not hold either doctrine; but if I did, I should not choose this time to proclaim it in the face of such an audience. It would be wise to wait a little, till Alma, and Balaklava, and Inkerman should be less fresh in your recollection; and *that* not merely because there is something very inspiriting in the shout of victory, or because deeds gallantly done in England's name, and trophies won by our armies, quite equal to the best of other days, kindle an amount of enthusiasm in English hearts which it would be very difficult for one feeble man to stand up against; but, yet more, because, if I were to say that British soldiers are like savages thirsting for blood, or that brute courage is the one military virtue, or that the stern duties of the fighting citizen, of necessity, deaden all nobler feelings, I should be refuted by an overwhelming mass of

evidence which has been circulating, during the last four months, through the towns and villages of England.

But though I shall say nothing in disparagement of the true soldier, and though I see much of moral greatness in the best specimens of this world's heroes,—Wellington, for instance, or Washington,—it will be my object to show that mankind generally make too much of military prowess and successes. It is the fashion to talk of the glory of conquest, as if to have attained to some proficiency in the killing art were in itself a title to distinction. The grand vice and cheat of history is to exalt unduly men who have been enemies to the human race; who have risen to greatness by wholesale plunder and massacre; who thought a province or an empire well gained at the cost of many thousand lives; and who have proved themselves, at last, not wiser or better than the crowd (they may be baser than the basest, and rash and short-sighted even to foolishness), but only more skilled in wielding weapons of destruction, more self-possessed in the face of danger, more ready in that calculating faculty which makes the able tactician, and the successful campaigner. There is such a tremendous display of power in a victory fairly won, after two conflicting armies have tried their strength to the uttermost, that men seem to be enamoured of their own might; spectators look on with eager interest, and are more ready to shout with the victor than to weep for the dead and dying; and the messenger who conveys the tidings to posterity, almost naturally, falls into a strain which implies that there was something admirable or praiseworthy in the achievement, quite apart from any just cause, or any advantageous result.

And then, too, the world's greatest prizes have been won by successful warriors; victories have purchased thrones; the strongest or the bravest, again and again, have become rulers among men, quite apart from any personal or inherited

claim;—the sword has been their sceptre, and the tale of one day's heroic deeds their Charter of Royalty;—so it is an easy thing, when a nation's resources have become their spoil, to hire flatterers into their service; and Chroniclers, writing for *that* age or the next, have been no severe moralists to rebuke what was done wrongfully, but often like hired bards to sing the praises of those who fought and won. History, therefore, sadly often, is written in a strain which amounts to a denial of the first principles of morality, and terms implying praise or censure are given or withheld by rules which are perfectly bewildering to an honest mind. One generation grows up after another, and repeats the tale in which we hear of "grand achievements," and "noble triumphs," and "deeds of glory which the world is to ring with in future ages," all in connection with some robber-chief who has shed rivers of blood for his own sport, or his own gain. In fact, the trite old sarcasm,—

"One murder makes a villain—
Millions a hero,"—

has just expressed the literal truth, as regards the current use of a term which ought to be rescued from bad hands, and applied to nobler uses.

That I call the cheat which popular writers have put upon us. Against this tampering with the moral sense, by employing a fair-sounding title to describe what is odious and wicked, I desire to protest to-night; and by way of furnishing, in a small way, some corrective to the false sentiment of which we cannot help reading and hearing a great deal, I shall aim principally at two things,—first, to show how much of real littleness there is, very often, in those whom the world greets with its loudest plaudits; and secondly, to bring forward instances, some of them well known, some of them little known, to show that heroism of the best kind is often found in scenes far away from the battle-field, and in men and women who are emphatically the sons and daughters of peace.

We must not pass by the great Hero of the ancient world, though we have too much on hand to spend many sentences upon him. We will just notice that in one respect he seems to stand as the very type of those on whom honours have been lavished most abundantly by their fellow-men. His projects were of the vastest kind; his successes were perfectly marvellous; the sweep of his victories stretching from the Danube to the Indus, and embracing the three quarters of the globe, puts him at the head of those who have thought conquest the main element of human greatness.

Yet what came of it all? His object was not merely to win battles, but to build up an Empire. Where was it when his course was run? What was the fruit of his victories? what the portion of his descendants? We need not ask what he did for mankind; for among all his dreams the hope of blessing his fellows on a large scale, and making conquered capitals the abode of thriving and virtuous citizens, better ruled and better taught than their fathers, never, probably, floated before his imagination. But *where was his own spoil?* Beyond the name which he coveted, and got, and can never lose, what did he bequeath? Nowhere, surely, could that emphatic sentence,. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," be written more appropriately than on the tomb of ALEXANDER. Fighting in his palace before his remains were buried, — the empty title of Royalty given soon afterwards to a new-born child who never ruled,—twenty generals disputing for the fragments of a scattered empire which had in it no principle of coherence,—not one among them bound by ties of loyalty to his master's house, or declining, in honour and conscience, to take any part in the general scramble,—a hundred wasted Provinces overrun, parcelled out, and oppressed by men who were strong for mischief and impotent for good,—what a story is made up of facts like these, and others like them, as a sequel to that triumphant progress from the Hellespont to Babylon!

"He died prematurely," his eulogists will say. "He had won half the world almost, but had not time to give it new laws. His fighting work was done; but he was mortal, and could not command length of days to complete, or even begin, the work of framing new institutions for his hundred millions of subjects. He had great projects about mixed colonies, in which Greece was to be the teacher, and the nations of the East were to be learners. He was no vulgar conqueror, but the patron of letters, the pupil of Aristotle, the destroyer of barriers which had shut out the light of advancing civilisation from countries ten times more populous than his native Macedon." It may be so; he figures on the roll of Prophecy, and had a work to do, we are sure, in relation to the preparation of the world for Him who was to come in the fulness of time. But, in respect of his own aims and purposes, too much, we think, is claimed for him by his admirers, considering what he did, and what he left undone. The symptoms are only too evident that he had the hero's vice of *self-idolatry*, and that the appetite for conquest, made keener by success beyond his most daring hopes, quenched the nobler aspirations with which he may have started in his marvellous career.

He must be judged, however, be it remembered, as one who walked by the light of nature. If he worshipped a base idol, he knew not the living God. If he desired more worlds to conquer, he knew of nothing more ennobling and more satisfying to fill a heart which was sated with enjoyment and success. If his later years were disgraced by intemperance and cruelty, by pride and self-will, and occasional fits of fury, which made him an insulated being in the midst of men who followed him from habit, or flattered him for gain, but could not esteem or love him,—we remember that he had temptations beyond all the sons of men, and none of the helps and safeguards vouchsafed to the meanest Chris-

tian. We speak of him, not as one who was content to be a Hero in the lower worldly sense, when he might have sustained the far higher character of a "good soldier of Jesus Christ;" but as one who ran a splendid race for nought, and whose moral infirmities contrast strikingly and painfully with power and success before which the Eastern world stood aghast.

If we turn to more modern times, and widely different scenes, we find a striking display of what passes for the heroic in the æra of the *Crusades.* Certainly there are no more animating scenes in History than those which describe the first burst of enthusiasm kindled throughout Europe, when Peter the Hermit, mounted on his mule, clad in a coarse garment, with bare head and feet, and crucifix in hand, went from town to town and from country to country, telling men everywhere, that Christians in Palestine were their brethren, that their woes were a reproach to Christendom, and that the land, too long burdened with the Infidel, belonged of right to those who gloried in the Redeemer's name. Europe never witnessed a scene like that which took place in the great market-place of Clermont, when Pope Urban II., surrounded by two hundred and thirty Archbishops and Bishops, and Abbots four hundred, addressed an audience of many thousand persons in a speech of which the burden was, "Why should we taste a moment's repose while the children of Jesus Christ live in torments, and the Queen of Cities groans in chains?" And the mixed assembly of priests and laymen, of knights and soldiers and traders and peasants and artisans, answered, as one man, with the shout, *It is the will of God; it is the will of God.* Then came the promise of the Church's protection and blessing for Christ's soldiers of every degree; and old feuds were ended, that men might fight side by side in the Holy War; and military chiefs, whose occupation was

gone if Europe was to be at peace, went forth from their castles, to seek adventure and plunder in the East; and simple villagers, without provisions and without weapons, accompanied by wives and children, left their homes in crowds, thinking Jerusalem was not far off, and expecting to be fed by angels on the way.

The earnestness and single-hearted devotion of the first Crusaders had something very noble in them. It was Christ's name that touched and warmed their hearts. The tie of brotherhood was felt as binding them to every fellow-believer who was suffering in the Holy Land. Present ease was renounced, and perilous duties were undertaken, in obedience, as they thought, to that law which commanded them to forsake father and mother for the gospel's sake. Among the leaders, too, who figure in the history which occupied so large a portion of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, there were men whom we may class among *God's heroes*, for the pur'ty of their own lives and purposes, from GODFREY OF BOUILLON, who would not wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns, to ST. LOUIS, whom Dr. Arnold used to style, "the noblest and holiest of monarchs." But Englishmen can claim no such praise for their Crusading king. In courage he may rank with the best. If strength of arm, skill in the use of weapons, delight in the excitement of the battle-field, and the spirit which leads the armed warrior to court danger like a bride, make a Hero, then RICHARD CŒUR DE LION was the very Prince of Heroes. The contemporary Chronicler, Vinsauf, an eye-witness of what he relates, speaks of him as fighting before Joppa from morning to night; as hemmed in by thousands, yet escaping with his life; as coming out from the *melée* "stuck all over with javelins, like a deer pierced by the hunters;" and puts him above *Achilles* because *he* had one vulnerable point, and above *Alexander*, whose soldiers, he says, were braver than

himself, and above *Judas Maccabæus* because he was slain, and his brothers with him; whereas "King Richard, inured to battle from his tenderest years, remained invincible even in the midst of the enemy, and his body, as if it were made of brass, was impenetrable to any kind of weapon."

Whatever there may be of poetry in this description, we may say confidently, in plain prose, that he was quite worthy to have headed the charge of the Light Division at Balaklava, and *that* we take to be quite as good praise as the comparisons we have quoted. His faults, moreover, were not those of meanness or insincerity; and his frank and forgiving nature contrasts favourably with the selfish, intriguing policy of his rival Philip, and the utter baseness of his rebel brother. His country, too, felt itself wronged and dishonoured by his captivity, so that a feeling of generous compassion was excited which made him popular during the remainder of his reign, and has helped his reputation with posterity. But we must forget his treasons at home, — his wholesale butchery of prisoners abroad,—his unnatural returns to a forgiving parent,—his own admission, in a well-known retort upon the monks, that "pride and avarice and licentiousness were his three daughters,"—before we can listen with patience to anything like praise of one whom poets commended because he was a brother minstrel, and whom soldiers loved because he was literally the bravest of the brave, but whom we must class with the common herd of reckless warriors, *with* or *without* the holy badge upon their shoulder, in a half-barbarous age.

We pass over five hundred years, and taking for our period the beginning of the last century, we find the eyes of Europe turned to a country very insignificant in point of size, and hardly thought of now-a-days in any of the great political combinations which determine questions of peace and war,—SWEDEN, I mean,—yet ruled, twice over, in the

course of sixty years, by Monarchs whose personal qualities made them the wonder of mankind, and whose brilliant achievements fill some of the most interesting chapters in modern history. The *first* of them, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, I must pass over, because he was far too unselfish and unambitious, too pure and noble in his aims, to be classed with the world's Heroes, and I have no room to-night for a middle class, consisting of men who fought with the world's weapons, though not for the world's prizes. But the *second*, CHARLES XII., must have a place in the lower class. In his greatness he rises, certainly, to a level with the best of them; in his littleness, he sinks to a point at which pity mingles with contempt.

There is something very grand in the account of his sudden starting into manhood, when his country was threatened at once by Peter the Great, the King of Poland, and the King of Denmark. Charles was eighteen, and the Confederates thought to make an easy conquest, and portion out his kingdom for their spoil. Hitherto he had given no indications of being wise beyond his years, and his Council, alarmed at such a formidable combination, and not knowing what a soul of fire lay hidden in that youthful form, began to talk of compromise and negotiation. The King rose up, and startled his Cabinet by announcing his purpose as follows:—"Gentlemen, I will never enter upon an unjust war; but if a just one is forced upon me, I will fight on till my enemies are destroyed. My resolve is taken; I shall go and attack the first of the three who declares himself, and when he is conquered, the others, perhaps, will be less bold." All his youthful pleasures were at once forsaken; every hour was given to business; luxuries were banished from his table; a plain dress took the place of costly garments; his life henceforth was governed by the strictest rules of temperance; and captains and soldiers were given to understand

that, at home and on foreign service, they were to follow the example of their king.

Denmark was disposed of in six weeks,—the King heading an expedition which assailed Copenhagen at once by land and by sea, and bringing its frightened monarch to terms by a threat of bombardment. Then came the more formidable struggle with the Czar; but no breathing-time was given; winter was as good a fighting time as any other for his hardy Swedes; so, on a bleak November day, while a snow storm beat in the faces of the enemy, and partly concealed the weakness of the assailing force, Charles with eight thousand men, being the best half of his little army, broke, routed, and marched through some fifty thousand Russians posted at three different points in his line of march; and, not satisfied with three battles for one day's work, stormed a strongly entrenched camp defended by twenty-five thousand more, and carried half of it before nightfall. The crowning triumph, however, was on the morrow, when the Russian general, still holding the unstormed portion of the entrenchments, capitulated on condition of laying down his arms; and lo! a host, three times as numerous as that of the wondering Swedes, whom it would have been difficult, perhaps, to conquer, and difficult, certainly, to retain as prisoners, laid down swords and banners at their feet, and marched homeward to tell the tale of romance in which they had borne a part.

Charles should have died on that day; (*so it is* with these world's Heroes; they live on too long; while God's Heroes—using the words in a lawful sense, and without irreverence—*die too soon;*) he never saw such another, and his rapid successes, at an age when common men are still under the discipline of school or college, seem to have turned his head. Not content with beating the King of Poland, who was also Elector of Saxony, he resolved to dethrone him, intrigued with traitors, overawed the Diet, and pleased himself with

the credit of having given to another the crown which would have been his own if he had stretched forth his hand to take it. *Three* kings, then, were vanquished, and *one* of them punished with the forfeiture of his kingdom. Four years had passed since he left Stockholm. It was time, surely, for one whom God had made a Sovereign, and not merely a soldier, to return and reap the fruit of his victories in a peace which might have lasted for his life. But his passion for the excitement of war, by this time, had become insatiable; nothing, he thought, was impossible to armies which had done so much; he would march to Moscow, and dethrone his greatest enemy, the Czar; whether his dreams stopped *there*, or embraced Persia and the East,—whether he hoped literally to rival or surpass Alexander, whose fame, when he read Quintus Curtius in the school-room, had kindled his boyish ambition,—who shall say? At any rate, Pultowa taught him that victory was not chained to his car; and Bender, the place of his voluntary banishment for three years and a half, was like another St. Helena, as exhibiting to the world the miserable spectacle of one, who had been lifted to the highest pinnacle of human glory, descending to the meanest and paltriest arts, sulking, cheating, plotting in a small way, talking like a monarch on his throne, and acting like a spoiled child,—with the aggravation in *his* case of dwelling there by choice, of being, not the prisoner of the Sultan, but his guest, housed and fed according to the approved laws of Turkish hospitality, and nothing but his own insane desire of stirring up another war against Russia keeping him from his royal duties and deserted kingdom.

When his dignity was affronted at one time, because his unreasonable demands were not complied with, he took to his bed for ten months. When Turkish patience was quite worn out, and he was politely requested to depart, money at his own request being sent him to pay his debts, the rogue took

the gold, and never went. When his falseness and effrontery could be endured no longer, and an army of Janissaries came to enforce compliance, he stood a siege in his camp with his three hundred Swedes, and, when they were overpowered, retreated to his house, and fought again like a lion at bay. The hunters, however, were too many; escape was impossible; generously, at the cost of many a comrade, they spared the life which was justly forfeited; but the proud head was bowed at last, and the strong limbs were fettered, and the man who had hoped to give laws to Christendom was a prisoner in the hands of Infidels. We may pity him as we pity the bound maniac, but on no other terms. Let him have his place amid the world's Heroes; worse men are on the roll, but none wilder or more fool-hardy. A brilliant youth and wasted manhood,—the camp his home,—his kingly duties forsaken,—passion his sole guide through all his wanderings,—barren victories followed by merited reverses,—an iron will, and confidence in his own fortune which amounted to presumption and impiety,—these must be written down as the heads of a story which none can ever forget who have had the good fortune to read it in Voltaire's easy and animated French, as one of their school-boy lessons.

My last subject of the fighting class shall be the man whose marvellous rise our fathers watched with such eager curiosity, and whose yet more marvellous fall we ourselves remember, when in sixteen months the stunning news of the Retreat from Moscow,—Leipsic,—the March of the Allies to Paris,—the Abdication, came upon us almost as so many personal deliverances, and the return of peace after such a death-struggle made a jubilee in every capital of Europe. Paris, for the moment, was not excepted,—recent disasters and the frightful drain of the conscription having weaned all but the Marshals, and those who had fought under them, from their

fond idolatry. A crowd of events is crowded into his career, which it is impossible to compress; and among them is no one trait of magnanimity for the narrator to quote.

Certainly, no more exciting spectacle is found in military annals than that first Italian campaign, in which we seem to be reading History backwards,—the French armies being as invincible as the old Roman legions, and the modern Cæsar heading the Gauls as they descended the Alps into the rich plains of Lombardy. Certainly, no more striking contrast presents itself, in all that ever befel kings or conquerors, than NAPOLEON *quitting Poland in the summer of* 1812, at the head of the finest army the world had seen, and proclaiming, as he stood on the banks of the Niemen and looked across it to Russia, "Fate drags her on; let her destinies be accomplished; are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz?" — and NAPOLEON *entering the capital of the same country within six short months,* in a rude travelling carriage at the dead of night,—sending for his minister, the Abbé de Pradt, who found him at an inn, wrapt in his fur cloak, while a maid was trying to light a fire with green wood,—and then raving for three mortal hours about the elements, and his own fate, and the weakness of the enemy, and his intention to repair all his losses without delay, while the fire blazed up and burnt out, and died away, leaving him warm with excitement, and his hearers perishing with cold. Certainly, that daring descent upon France from his little island domain, with a thousand men to oppose to the armies he had once led to victory,— that one bloodless march to Paris, including the memorable approach to Grenoble, when his way was barred by a regiment with fixed bayonets, and dismounting from his horse he walked up to them alone, clad in the familiar costume which every Frenchman had seen in a hundred prints, and, halting at ten paces from their front, exclaimed, as he presented his broad open bosom to their weapons, "Soldiers, if one man

among you desires to kill his Emperor, let him fire; I am here!" and muskets fell to the ground, and presently the old cry of *Vive l'Empereur* resounded from the ranks,—that melting away of army after army before the magic of his name, and that rallying of generals round their old chief, whose presence seemed to release them from all ties of honour and loyalty, till in three weeks from his landing, on his son's birthday, as Fate, his Goddess, would have it, he quietly took possession of the Tuileries, like one returned home from a summer tour; all this would make a very pretty romance, if it were not veritable history. But, try as we will, we can conjure up no personal interest in a man so utterly false and hollow-hearted,—so undisguisedly selfish to the heart's core,—so thoroughly set, in prosperous or adverse fortune, on conquering or cajoling men for his own purposes,—so conversant with the worst side of human nature that all belief in public virtue was extinct, and his one study was so to play on men's interests and passions as to secure them for his creatures.

I would rather quote French witnesses on such a subject than English ones. Now that the name which cursed one generation has risen from the grave, and his countrymen, forgetting all but his victories, seem disposed again to revive the worship of his memory, it is worth while to see how he was described by Lamartine before the second Empire began. His eloquent pen has thus described the first parting between France and her Emperor:—"Across the ravaged and conquered provinces he takes his way as a banished man, pursued by the murmured resentments of his country. And what remains behind him as the fruit of his long reign? . . . . Liberty in chains,—the human conscience put up to sale,—philosophy proscribed,—prejudices fostered,—intellect dwarfed,—schools turned into barracks,—Literature degraded by police regulations or its own baseness,—the right of election abolished,—the Arts enslaved,—Commerce dried up,—

Credit annihilated,—national feuds revived,—the peoplė oppressed or deluded." This was the sum of his doings when he sailed from France to Elba. The next act shows another cast for Empire,—England's greatest victory gained by her greatest Captain,—all the brave men, on both sides, whose bodies covered the fields of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, sacrificed to one man's guilty ambition,—and then the idol of a hundred days dashed to the ground to rise no more; but it shows no one deed honestly done,—no one word frankly spoken,—that betokened human regrets or human sympathies.

The wonderful drama draws to its close; but still the Hero, before he quite disappears, is to be seen in another aspect. He had broken faith with Europe once; and, for the world's peace, every thoughtful man out of France, except a few blinded and heated politicians in England, felt the perilous experiment must not be repeated. And then the question came, how the captive would demean himself. Was there any elevation of soul about him which would make him look greater in misfortune? Stripped of his imperial robes, had he any native dignity, any healthy moral feeling, perverted by peculiar temptations, yet still unextinguished, which should win for him respect or pity? We search the record from end to end, and declare unhesitatingly, *None.* We pronounce him, by his own confession, on evidence gathered from his own witnesses, the very smallest Hero, in many respects, that ever cheated mankind into admiration. He vapoured about Themistocles in his celebrated letter to the Prince Regent; but assuredly, when we recall that sentence, along with his subsequent sayings and doings, it sounds like bitter satire.

In the first place, his standing protest against being detained as a prisoner is an insult to the common sense of mankind. The murderer of a whole household for revenge or plunder, standing at the bar, and gravely arguing against

his punishment on the ground of the sacredness of human life, would be a reasonable man compared with Napoleon appealing to the law of nations, and taking shelter in the rights of humanity. Why, twice in his life he was met by men of the true heroic stamp—men of peace and justice—one a peasant, and the other a slave—whose genius made them leaders in a war of patriotism; and when he got them into his power, HOFER was shot as a traitor, and TOUSSAINT starved or wasted to death in a prison. And this man,—whose own code was, *Get rid of the troublesome man any how; spare none whom it is gain to kill; count him a rebel to whom your will is not law,*—must needs fume and fret when his turn came for reverses, because a British officer was to see him in his own comfortable house twice in the twenty-four hours, and the expenses of his suite were limited to *twelve thousand a-year,* and he could not ride more than twelve miles in his island home without having an orderly to follow and keep him in sight, to prevent escape. He could not bear to have his steps dogged, he said; and so he sulked, and sat at home, and grew fat, and then said the Governor was an assassin, and wanted to kill him. His allowance was insufficient, he said, and so his attendant had orders to send away his plate for sale; and when he was served on china, he was visibly mortified, and chuckled with glee when Montholon, who had not sent the plate away, produced it again; and all the while, as was afterward admitted, he had abundance of money secreted, and went through the farce on purpose to make a grievance which should be talked of in St. Helena, or that rumours of his barbarous treatment might be carried to Lord Holland and his friends in England. And these were the specimens of a hundred dirty tricks, and paltry equivocations, with which Mr. Forsyth's pages are filled; all the statements resting on official documents, and letters and conversations of the Prisoner's own friends, and fully bearing out the statement of the

Preface, which describes to a nicety the St. Helena life of the great Napoleon: "He concentrated the energies of his mighty intellect on the ignoble task of insulting the Governor, and manufacturing a case of hardship and oppression for himself." Let him go down to posterity, as he desired, with the *Code Napoleon* in his hand; let him have the credit which is his due, as a man of penetrating genius and vast capacity, who did, in some sense, bring back the reign of order after the Revolution had spent its force, and who might have made France greater and happier than it had ever been, if public liberty, and just laws, and social improvement, and all else that conduces to national prosperity, had not been completely secondary in his eyes to his own personal self-aggrandisement. We speak of him morally, not intellectually; and, then, let his countrymen build temples to him as they may, we think the very lowest place is that which alone befits him.

Now I have done, and am glad to have done, with the world's Heroes. In truth, they are most of them a sorry set. Idolaters, you know, are fond of ugly, misshapen Deities; and, assuredly, those to whom the successive generations of mankind have given their homage,—willingly, zealously, slavishly, as if they were largely favoured in having the tribute accepted, —were often very uncomely too; men of giant stature, so to speak, and mighty strength, but with moral deformities which make us blush for shame when we hear them glorified. If we turn to the men whom I must call the true Heroes of our race, it is like listening to harmony after discord; like meeting a healthful breeze after being shut up with infection and disease; like walking on safe ground with a smiling landscape all around us, after treading some mountain height, and travelling on at a venture through mists and darkness. Before I come to particulars, let me point out a few of the characteristic differences

between *God's Heroes,* and the *World's Heroes.* Amid great varieties of circumstance and condition, we shall find it not at all difficult to trace some features of resemblance in each family; and a brief statement of some of them will help you to understand the principle on which my classification proceeds.

First, the *World's Hero* seeks the *World's praise, while the nobler race desire to approve themselves to God.* That word *Glory,* which has such a witching sound in men's ears, is but another name for the prolonged echo of ten thousand voices shouting their approval of some brilliant feat which dazzles their imaginations, enhances their gains,or falls in with their prevalent humours. To have honours and dignities coupled with his name,—to feel, after a dear bought victory, that the humblest follower of the camp will tell that day's deeds to his children's children,—to be greeted with a nation's welcome when he returns in triumph, having sheathed his good sword, and brought back the days of peace;—yet more, to hope that, among the gallant deeds of gallant men which History records for the instruction of future generations, *his* shall have a place,—these, we know, are the conqueror's prizes, for which he not only encounters toil and danger, as other men seek gain or pleasure, but often brings guilt upon his conscience, and tramples on all laws human and divine. "Well," said Napoleon, as he journeyed to Paris after the campaign of Marengo, "a few more great events like those of this campaign, and I shall really descend to posterity; but still it is little enough; I have conquered, it is true, in less than two years, Cairo, Paris, Milan; but were I to die to-morrow, half a page of general history would be all that would be devoted to my exploits after ten centuries." He coveted *many* pages, and he got them; at what a terrible cost of guilt to himself, and of suffering to mankind, we need not say; but a single sentence like that is a perfect revelation to us of his inner

mind; we know, as if he were confessing to us on his death-bed, what impelled him onward from one battle-field to another, till the victims of his ambition numbered up a million; and, in this devouring thirst for such fame as men can give, he stands as the representative of the whole herd of conquerors.

The brave-hearted man of God walks by a safer rule. He does not stand at the bar of his fellow-men, but looks up to Him who alone judgeth righteous judgment, and hopes, through Mercy, to be acquitted and approved in the great day of account. He is not the world's drudge, and will not take its empty praise, or its solid gold, for his hire. He knows that it weighs things in false scales, calling evil good, and good evil; exalting bold, bad men to places of honour, and pursuing its best friends and noblest benefactors, often, with hate and scorn. And, therefore, sometimes unnoticed, sometimes amid taunts and revilings from those who look on him as the robber of their gains, or the disturber of their peace, he toils on at his allotted task, trying to disarm prejudice by reason, wearing the armour of meekness and patience when the battle rages hottest, but resolved to press on in the path of duty, though it shall grow steeper and rougher through all its stages.

Again, the World's Hero *looks for some present reward.* He is too impetuous to wait long for that which he covets, but lays his plans, and makes his ventures, with a view to a quick return, and must be paid in hard coin, so to speak, —either in wealth, or in that which is dearer to him than wealth,—credit or influence, or power over his fellow-men. He is not content to lay the foundations, leaving others, in better times, to build up a goodly fabric, and a future generation, perhaps, to reap the benefit of *his* toil and *theirs.* Life, he thinks, will be wasted, unless he reaps his own harvest, wears the trophies of his own victories, and enjoys or

bequeaths what has been won by his own exertions, at his own peril.

Not so the better hero. He can tarry, because *he walks not by sight, but by faith*. Like the husbandman who "waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it," he can let Winter, and Spring, and Summer go by, and not think his labour lost, because, as yet, he beholds no ripened ear. If he be busy about God's work, then God's Providence, he knows, is watching over it. He may be like a cunning artificer who wrought on the pillars and pomegranates, or graved the cherubims on the walls in Solomon's Temple, and who died, possibly, long before the Dedication-day, when the completed house shone forth in perfect beauty. The man did not doubt that he was doing that which Jehovah approved; he felt honoured at plying his tool on that which was to stand in the Lord's house, and blessed his art which helped him to be a fellow-labourer with the King himself in that work of piety. So it is with men who work like Heroes,—with courage, that is, that does not flinch, and with patience that does not tire,—in the service of God and their fellow-men. Their task is allotted by a higher wisdom than their own, and they fulfil it; present reward, immediate success, is nowhere promised them, and they can spare it. The forest oak is of slow growth, and the noblest schemes may take more than one generation to bring them to maturity; but every man who helps them has his own individual account, and what is done in faith, though hidden from human eyes, is never really lost. Often, we may say, in God's account, the almost forgotten Hero who laid the first plank, as it were, of some noble vessel which now rides upon the waves, with sails set and streamers flying, freighted with precious treasure, ranks above the more ostensible workman who presided at the launch, or the skilful captain who guides her out of port.

A *third* distinction is so obvious that we may content ourselves with stating it, and hardly need to pause upon it. The distinction was in every body's mind, felt and recognised without any effort of memory or of reasoning, when my subject was announced and approved. The world's heroes *are essentially selfish,—self-seekers, self-lovers, self-idolaters.* God's heroes are, by right of office, *generous, large-hearted men, animated by that spirit of self-sacrifice which is the special virtue of Christianity.* We find them described in texts such as these:—"Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake;"—"I am debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise;"—and the life of the man who wrote both sentences expounds his own sayings. Heroes, we know, have been a consuming race. Their whole theory and plan of life proceed on the supposition that men are their tools, to be used or sacrificed for their own purposes. By the most famous among them the question seems never to be entertained whether such a Province be worth so many thousand lives,—whether, if a Kingdom be overrun and half an army lost, they were wise to push their conquests so far. They mean to enrich and exalt themselves *at any cost;* success, fame, Empire, are not to be weighed against the miseries of the vulgar crowd who were made to minister to their greatness. The marvel is, that while with common consent we despise the *meanly-selfish* man, and stand aloof from him as one proscribed, the *splendidly-selfish* man, who makes a nation his tools, and sacrifices men's lives by wholesale, without a thought of getting good for any creature but himself, has a nation, often, on his side, and, so long as success attends him, instead of being pursued with execrations, has an army of admirers and flatterers.

Another distinction between the nobler and the baser heroes is this,—the first *are in advance of their age;* while

the last do but reflect the errors, and prejudices, and current opinions and feelings of those among whom they live.

Mankind are the common hero's tools and instruments, we said; but he must have them, of course, on their own terms. They must be pleased and humoured, not contradicted and thwarted. Gladly will the man who aims at greatness, and who has no scruples of honour or conscience, flatter the multitude, and cringe to them, so that he may have their "sweet voices" for his own, or bribe an army with the baits they love best, hoping to purchase their swords, and turn them against the enemy. But the grander man is he who confronts the crowd for their own good,—who seizes a truth, as a soldier will seize his standard, and says boldly that he means to stand by it, and, if need be, to die for it,—who becomes the pioneer of humanity in some new rough path, and at his own cost and risk builds up a highway on which another generation shall march toward higher degrees of wisdom and virtue.

History is full of examples to show how men have warred against their benefactors; and the best and bravest of our race have been they who, when thus withstood, fought on with the weapons of faith and patience, committing themselves hopefully to God's care, taking the contradiction of the short-sighted and narrow-hearted as their appointed discipline, resting all the while on some undying principle, and assured that the time will come when it will be owned that they were right, and the crowd was wrong. It pleases God thus to carry out the designs of His Providential government; not to wake up some great thought in a thousand minds at once, but to make one capacious mind the depository of some pregnant truth,—one resolute man, the champion of some holy cause; and then he bears on other minds, and gathers his little band of allies, who become a sacred brotherhood, resistless almost in their union and energy; while the sleepy world, hating to

be disturbed, suspecting novelties, pleased with its wicked self and its own wicked ways, imprisons and burns them in bad times, and in other days, when active persecution is out of fashion, brands them with some of the obnoxious names which are found already in its catalogue, or which gifted mockers will invent for the occasion.

Once more, God's heroes differ from the world's heroes as much in their *weapons* as in their *motives*. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," said one of their chief captains; "yet are they mighty," his experience told him, and every age sees the same thing proved over again, "*mighty* through God to the pulling down of strongholds." *Material resources* are what the self-seeking great man relies on. He musters his armies, scatters his gifts, seizes some stronghold, and thence gathers tribute to help on his schemes of ambition; dazzles men with his shows, or overawes them by his power, and so exacts compliance with his humours from willing slaves or conquered foes. The self-sacrificing great man has quite another work. He appeals to the reason and the conscience,—proclaims a truth, and says it is God's voice speaking audibly to his creatures,—uses words instead of swords,—entreaties for threats,—earnest, importunate entreaties that men will join him in warring against their own sins, or the sins of others, that the world may be the happier, and their own souls safe in Almighty keeping. It is *moral power* that he wields; and his triumph, when it comes, is the triumph of principle over ignorance or prejudice or self-interest. Very quiet, often, is the process. Battles are fought and won without noise and confusion, as between conflicting armies; yet the influence we speak of, —that of mind on mind, of heart on heart, of feeble men, often neither wise, nor learned, nor noble, speaking in tones of gentleness to listening ears,—is powerful and penetrating like the great forces of nature, which work in secret, yet

bring round the seasons in their turn, and bind the planets to the sun. The grandest moral triumph the world has seen took its masters by surprise. While the Cæsars governed Rome in turn, and their Proconsuls and armies possessed the Provinces, tens of thousands of their subjects were coming under a new law and owning another King, till the whole Eastern empire was leavened with the strange creed about the Cross and the Resurrection; and men were confronted with Christians everywhere, and the temples were deserted, and sacrifices no longer forthcoming to Mars and Jupiter and the Emperor. And that blessed triumph, thank God! has included a hundred others of the same kind, in which men conquered without ever striking a blow,—won the day and never boasted,—gained power and influence with their fellow-men, yet did them no wrong,—exacted from the crowd not even the tribute of their praise, but said meekly, when men shouted their names too loudly, "It is the Lord's doing; to Him be all the glory."

And now let us turn from generalities to plain facts. Having told you what sort of man God's Hero is, and shown wherein he differs from the world's favourite, let me show you a few of those who answer to my description. Thank God! the earth is not given over to those who spoil it. He has His witnesses and His servants in every age who *go about*, like their Master, "doing good;" and while the same Spirit of Truth, and Love, and Power worketh in all of them, it is interesting to see in how many different departments they labour, and what various results are produced by their exertions.

Heroes and battle-fields go together in the world's account; *heroes and prisons* are often associated in the Church's annals. It is a remarkable fact that a single gaol in England,

no longer standing, but pulled down some time in the last century to make way for a better, the old gaol at Bedford, stands connected with two of the noblest names in all our history. There JOHN BUNYAN was confined, and dreamed the dream which captivates our childish fancy, instructs us in ripe manhood, and which the hoary-headed saint will read with fresh interest when the Celestial Gate is almost in view. And there, too, another Hero, a worthy labourer in quite another field, began the work of charity which has made his name immortal. In the year 1773, JOHN HOWARD, of Cardington in the County of Bedford, Esquire, was nominated to the office of High Sheriff. Hitherto he had been known as a quiet and respectable country gentleman, more attentive than his neighbours to the duties of religion, and busying himself (a rare thing in those days) about the comfort and improvement of his dependents and poor neighbours. He found them a wild, rude set, and he provided schools (again, a very rare thing in those days) for boys and girls. He found them living in wretched hovels, and he built them comfortable cottages, assigning a small piece of land, as a garden, to each, and making their continued tenancy dependent on sober habits, and regular attendance at Church or Chapel. *That* was his sphere for the present,—a very happy and very useful one, in which we rejoice to know that hundreds, now-a-days, of England's gentry are serving God, and serving their generation according to the will of God. But for the *accident*, as men call it, of his being appointed High Sheriff, he might have filled it to his dying day, and, instead of a statue in St. Paul's, might have had a plain slab, inscribed with his name, in the chancel of Cardington Church, and recording that he "was a good Christian, and an upright Magistrate; one who had an open hand and a kind heart for the poor, and had done much to improve the village of Cardington, in which he constantly resided." But now he had a wider sphere; and his

new duties, like his old ones, were faithfully discharged. We cannot do better than give his own account, taken from the Introduction to his first Book on Prisons, of the manner in which the work of his life began,—the kindling of the flame which shone, at last, into a hundred abodes of darkness, and warmed and gladdened ten thousand desponding hearts.

"The distress of prisoners," begins the narrative, really grand in its simplicity, "of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was Sheriff of the County of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was the seeing some, who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty,—some on whom the Grand Jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial,—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them, after being confined for months, dragged back to gaol and locked up again, till they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the Clerk of Assize, and others." (In fact a printed paper, suspended in the gaol, bore this comfortable announcement for prisoners who chanced to have no money and no friends:—"*All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay, before discharged, fifteen shillings and four pence,*"—two weeks' wages, I suppose, in those days, for a labouring man; a sum which he was about as likely to have in his pocket as a fifty pound note,—"*fifteen and fourpence to the gaoler, and two shillings to the turnkey.*") "In order to redress this hardship," he proceeds, "I applied to the Justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler, in lieu of his fees. The Bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. *I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of one;* but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them; and looking into the prisons, beheld scenes of calamity

which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county gaols in England."

There is the first step in the path of heroism. You observe a man like that does not sit down and say, "Now, I will do some great thing." He does not know what his mission is, to begin with; but circumstances grow up in his path, which make it as plain as if an Angel met him there, bringing a message from God Himself, that he is to go to *that* place, and do *that* thing. Howard's careful brother magistrates, in the true spirit of English jurisprudence, wanted a precedent for doing an obviously right thing, and putting an end to a flagrant wrong; so he "rode into several neighbouring counties in search of one." *That* was the next duty that presented itself; he was a man of quiet earnestness, not to be deterred by the first difficulty; so he rides from place to place, hunting for a precedent, visits the neighbouring county towns of Huntingdon and Cambridge,—then takes a wider range, and explores the Midland Counties of Northampton and Leicester, Derby and Warwick. Having got so far, he prosecutes his inquiries at Worcester and Gloucester, and takes Oxford and Aylesbury in his way home. This was his first tour of inspection. He found no precedent; but *he found what God meant him to find when his journey began.* He found the gaols of England to be dens of filth and houses of torture, in which the prisoners, half-fed, perhaps, and half-clothed, lay on the bare earth, or on rotting straw, in cold, damp, often underground, cells, unventilated in summer, unwarmed in winter; while the moral pollution, arising from indiscriminate intercourse, want of oversight, and gaoler's privileges as to fees and bribes and the *prison tap,* was at least equal to the physical discomforts.

A man, constituted like Howard, had but to see this mass

of misery, and his fate was fixed; his mission was begun. One less compassionate would have looked on the prisoners as an outcast race, who were doomed to suffer by the will of Providence, and left them. A man of less resolute will, and less heroic patience and courage, would have thought it impossible for human strength to overcome such inveterate and wide-spread evils, protected by the apathy of the public, and fostered by the avarice of officials. But in him there was the Christian's heart of tenderness, the Christian's energy of purpose, and the Christian's faith in God; and before such a man mountains of difficulty are not impassable barriers; they do but try his strength, and stimulate to exertion. He was an accurate, painstaking, and business-like man, and noted all he saw, with date and place, in a Journal of his travels, and then printed the Journal in a book, and Magistrates and Members of Parliament read it, and marvelled at the foul enormities thus unexpectedly dragged out to light. Amidst the Parliamentary plottings and counter-plottings, the squabblings that came to nothing, and the jobbings that turned to shame, of that dreary time, it is cheering to find a single gleam that betokens the dawn of a better day; and this is afforded by the fact, that in the session of 1774, while Lord North sat on the Treasury bench, and Parliament was busy in passing a bill to shut up the port of Boston, by way of bringing the refractory Americans to submission, Mr. Howard was examined at the bar of the House of Commons as to what he had seen of the prisons of England. When his story was told, had he looked for an earthly reward, instead of being quite content that "the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners" should go up before God, blended with prayers and blessings on his behalf, he could not have desired a prouder than that which was granted him when the Commons of England, by their Speaker, thanked him, at the bar, for the "humanity and zeal" which had prompted his noble and useful enterprise.

England was too narrow for a soul like his. Why should he think that her gaols were worse than those of other nations? Why leave his work half done, when God had prospered it thus far? Why not recognise the law of brotherhood in its largest sense, and help to pour the light of day into the dark places of other lands? So argued the Apostle of Humanity, and started on that wonderful round of travels which it would require a whole lecture to detail, and of which the simple, matter-of-fact record, traced by his pen, burst on a slumbering age like a vision of romance. He knocked at the gate of the Bastile, fourteen years before a louder knock was heard which rang presently through Europe; and though he could not penetrate into that fortress of tyranny, and after encountering an officer on the draw-bridge, "*evidently much surprised,*" as he tells us, he beat an orderly retreat, and passed the wondering guard in safety,—yet the great Frederick, won by the reputation of his virtues, let him pry into the secrets of Spandau,—and Catherine, a yet prouder and more jealous despot, made him free of the dungeons of St. Petersburg,—and at Vienna, the Emperor Joseph sued to him for an audience, and listened patiently while his visitor told him, freely and boldly, that hanging was better than the living death inflicted on criminals in his prisons.

We cannot pursue an inviting subject. Time forbids us to plunge with Howard into the Lazarettoes of Venice and Marseilles,—or to trace his journeyings between plague-smitten Smyrna and plague-smitten Constantinople, where his iron constitution, and unfailing temperance, and perfect fearlessness, seemed to make his life a charmed life against that terrible disease,—or to wander with him from Turkey to England, and from England to Tartary, 'till he found his grave at Cherson, some fifty miles north-west of the now well known Isthmus of Perekop, and was followed to his last resting-place by a procession of three thousand mourners,

including Russians of every rank, from the Prince to the peasant and the soldier. One thing, however, we must not forget to say. While the world wondered at him, he was emphatically the self-distrusting, lowly-minded, mercy-seeking Christian. In his largest aspirations and noblest enterprises he lost none of his homely virtues. While he yearned over suffering men everywhere, his own spirit was fed and nurtured with heavenly cordials, as if he had none else to care for. When some friends, more zealous than wise, proposed to raise a monument to him in his lifetime, he received the tidings almost as a personal calamity, and wrote from Vienna to say, that the execution of such a scheme "would be a punishment to him." "He was not disposed to talk much," says one who occasionally spent a day with him at Cardington; "he sat but a short time at table, and was in motion during the whole day. On the Sabbath he ate little or no dinner, and spent the interval between divine services in a private room alone. He hated praise, and when his works of benevolence were once mentioned, he spoke of them slightingly as a *whim of his*, and immediately changed the subject." There is a precious letter dated from the Lazaretto at Venice, addressed to his bailiff, in which, after referring to the statue scheme, he says, "I bless God I know myself too well to be pleased with such praise; when, alas! we have nothing of our own but folly and sin;" and then enters into minute details about the poor of Cardington, as if nothing larger than his own village had ever had a place in his heart. Five guineas are to be distributed among ten poor widows, and another five guineas among ten poor families, of whom some are specified by name. A cottager, whom he names, left a girl and a boy; one, he remembers, is dead; let the other be inquired about. The bailiff himself is to have a suit of clothes; and some fine new currants had been forwarded from Zante to be distributed among tenants, widows and others,

about three pounds a piece. Then follow tender inquiries about the old chaise-horse; and another, whom he calls Duke, is to "have his range when past labour." Oh, it is a wonderful thing, that Christian charity in its largest range and highest exercise!—like the love of the Lord himself, embracing the world for which He died, and caring for the meanest want of the meanest saint. *Heroes of the common stamp* are taken up with what concerns their own great selves; they cannot stop for trifles, or descend to the petty things which occupy vulgar minds. Heroes, *stamped with God's image and superscription*, say, "*We are members one of another*, all of us alike: your burden is my burden; your joy is my joy. If I have no part in the meanest Christian brother, I can have no part in Christ, my Lord."

Heroes are of no sex; at least, one is so accustomed to connect the term *heroine* with the love-dreams and cross purposes and happy consummations which fill the chapters of a novel, that one hesitates to use it in connection with simpler and truer narratives, and in relation to the noblest deeds that are done by the noblest women. At any rate, I do not mean to exclude them from my gallery tonight. If I had room just now for the world's best Heroes, I should put at the head of them one who doffed her peasant's garb to put on the soldier's armour, and yet wore the purity and gentleness of a village maiden in court and camp,—brave as the bravest, yet simple as the trusting child,—who did *more* for her country than Leonidas for Greece; not only standing in the breach, but turning the tide of victory, and infusing her own faith and courage into men's fainting hearts, till they rose up indignantly, and claimed France for their own. Joan of Arc, however, belongs to the middle class I spoke of, the unselfish, unambitious fighting class; and, so far as I know, is the noblest

of them all,—"half-angelic, half-heroic," as Guizot calls her with an enthusiasm quite pardonable in a Frenchman, and really as true to history as more than half the praises which are heaped on the world's conquerors.

The female heroes, however, whom I wish to bring before you are of another kind,—those who have won blessed triumphs in the field which is woman's own,—whose weapons have been the look of kindness and the message of peace,—who have gone where Howard went, but with the yet nobler purpose of bringing sinners to repentance. Whenever that subject is adverted to, one name comes immediately to our recollection,—a name which foreigners, in Europe and America, by thousands and tens of thousands, put by the side of WILBERFORCE'S when they speak of the best things that Englishmen have done in the last half century. The work that was really accomplished by MRS. FRY, and other noble-minded Sisters of Charity, in Newgate, cannot be appreciated or understood by any mere detail of facts. We must take into account that they had to establish, by experiment, what are now admitted as first principles in all enterprises of religious benevolence. They had to convince official men and others that the bad were not hopelessly bad,—that conscience was not dead, even where crime had grown into a habit,—that just as God reclaims the world by an exhibition of his own boundless compassion, so the kindness, that is free and unsought, will find its way to hard, depraved hearts which have become inaccessible to fear or shame.

"Ladies, you see your materials," was the remark of one of the Sheriffs, who kindly, but half incredulously, lent his countenance to their earliest efforts, when a wild, half-savage looking crew of women were mustered in an unoccupied cell, and asked if they would submit themselves to the gentle discipline without which nothing could be done for their

improvement. And, generally, the prison authorities looked on the scheme as an amiable piece of female Quixotism which it would be ungracious to forbid, but from which, without a miracle, good could hardly be expected. "I felt as if I was going into a den of wild beasts," said Mrs. Fry's earliest helper, when she first ventured among a half-naked and boisterous crowd; "and I shuddered when the door was closed upon me." Yet the leader of the band, brave and gentle-hearted, was left alone with them for some hours, on her second visit, while she read to them of the Lord of the vineyard, and of the labourers hired at the eleventh hour. And this was the humble beginning which went on to great results; the *Newgate Ladies* becoming advisers to the Home Office in the matters of prisons and convict ships,—a healthier moral tone being gradually formed in relation to the fallen of their sex, which marks an immensely improved Christianity, —and an amount of blessing being poured down from above which repaid them a thousand-fold for all their labours.

I wish, however, before I leave the prisons, to name among my female heroes, one who trod a humbler path, yet did a work, in some respects, greater than these honoured women. It was an easy thing, comparatively, for the wife of a London Banker, closely connected, by blood or marriage, with magistrates and other influential persons, to find her way into prisons, and begin the work of reformation there. But SARAH MARTIN, the humble dressmaker of Norfolk, had a very different starting point, and her story is one of the most instructive and heart-stirring of modern times.

Forty years ago, in spite of all that John Howard had done and written, Yarmouth prison was a disgrace to a civilised community. The prisoners were simply locked in, and left to corrupt each other as they pleased. Sunday came, and there was no note of prayer, no attempt at instruction.

Weeks and months and years went by; and many, who had been confined there for the longest period, might leave it worse than they came, but could not leave it better. In a neighbouring village, three miles off, there lived a humble woman, all whose education was obtained at a common school; and as her occupation as a dressmaker brought her daily to the town, she sometimes looked up at the gloomy walls of the house of bondage, and thought it would be a blessed thing if she might read the Scriptures to the poor inmates, sunk as they were in sin, and cut off from human society. At last she heard of a woman who was committed for cruelly beating her own child, and she felt that an effort must be made to do her good. Consulting with God, as she said, and with none besides, not daring to breathe her purpose to a pious grandmother with whom she lived, for fear of being denied the wish of her heart, she went timidly up to the gate; was repulsed at first, but persevered; and on a second application, was admitted. No words but her own can do justice to this first stage in a career which carried with it a train of untold blessings for time and eternity. "When I told the woman, who was surprised at the sight of a stranger, the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears, and thanked me, while I read to her the 23rd Chapter of St. Luke" (the Chapter about the dying thief). "In the first few months, I only made a short visit to read the Scriptures to the prisoners; but desiring more time to instruct them in reading and writing, I soon thought it right to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, by which I earned my living, to serve the prisoners. At this time there was no divine worship in the gaol on the Lord's day, nor any respect paid to it, at which I was particularly struck, when in going one day to see a female convict, before her departure for transportation, I found her making a bonnet. I had long desired and recommended the prisoners to form a Sunday service, by one

reading to the rest. It was at length adopted; but aware of the instability of a practice in itself good, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I visited their Sunday morning service as a regular hearer. On discovering that their afternoon service had been useful, I proposed attending on that part of the day also, and it was resumed. After several changes of readers, the office devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so, and also an unspeakable advantage to myself."

When did a work of faith, thus commenced, not prosper? She was a wise, as well as a godly, woman. Without having studied Blue Books, or ever having heard a single discussion on Prison Discipline, her own good sense guided her to the conclusion that steady employment would help all her other efforts, and greatly tend to the mental and moral improvement of her charge. From two friends she had received *thirty shillings* for prison charity, and this fund, which gradually grew to seven guineas, was the capital from which materials were supplied for labour. Men and women were set to work, and the idle gaol became a hive of industry,—£400 being received in the course of a few years for the articles which were made there, and bought by charitable persons outside. And so the work grew upon her hands, till her grandmother died, and she was left alone in the world. This was an era in her life; the village was left for the town; she was nearer to the place she loved; she became more engrossed with her charitable labours; a little capital, producing ten or twelve pounds a-year, was all she had to fall back upon, and her customers, for whom she had worked by the day, rapidly fell off. It was a question whether she should cease from her prison occupations, and devote her time more exclusively to her worldly calling; and she resolved that, come what might,

the work must not go undone to which God had called her, and in which, she was fully assured, God had blessed her. "How very rash!" some will say. Yes, as rash as the widow of Sarepta, who shared her last meal with the Lord's prophet; and somehow He who made her cruse and barrel hold out, supplied Sarah Martin's wants from day to day. She had a bare living, but that sufficed. When pressed by some well-meaning persons in the town to accept a trifle yearly as an acknowledgment of her services in the gaol, she shrank from the offer, saying that, "For her worldly circumstances, she had not a wish ungratified, and was more than content;" that she feared to have her mind fettered by pecuniary favours; and that to turn her labour of love into a stipulated service was "*trying an experiment which might injure the thing she lived and breathed for.*"

Her labours of love were as steady and constant as the labour of common persons for gain. Six and seven hours a-day were sometimes given to the prison. Thus runs her own simple story, recounting how the time was spent and how the work prospered:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn; while others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; while such as could write already copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat them every day; and the effect was remarkable, always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Tracts and children's books four or five in number were exchanged in every room daily; whilst any who could read them were supplied with larger books." Rogues of all sorts were there, of course,—the bold, the cunning, the boorish, the profligate. Sarah Martin went among them, armed with no authority,—an unbidden visitor,

—a self-appointed teacher; yet the rudest were respectful; the most hardened could not resist her influence, nor refuse her lessons. When her prison labours were ended, her quiet home labours began. A full record was kept of what she saw and heard in the prison. Different characters are traced through their successive stages of improvement. Numbers are described as "doing well," "settled comfortably," "perfectly reclaimed," or "thankful they learnt to write, because they have a little trade, and can keep accounts." A smuggler writes to her that, after leaving the prison, he "found it impossible, as he then viewed the thing, to engage in the traffic again," and five brother-smugglers, who were his companions in captivity, had become honest citizens like himself. She meant to build up no monument for herself when she put down, in the simplest phrase, what happened to her in the day; but there it is, to show how a loving heart, and quiet diligence, and simple, trusting piety can make one poor saint a centre of blessed influence to a whole neighbourhood.

Her home was a solitary one; yet who shall think that she had not heavenly visitants. Besides keeping most accurate accounts of her charity funds, reading the Bible through four times every year, making a Reference Book, which I presume was a substitute for a Concordance, and writing a weekly sermon for many years, to be read in the gaol on Sundays, she solaced herself with poetry of her own making; and some of her home joys may be inferred from lines which in *her* lips, we may be sure, were true as all her words and deeds through a life of guileless purity:—

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light."

She was buried in the village churchyard of Caistor; a plain stone above her grave records her name and age, and

the date of her death; and the Corporation of Yarmouth have since appointed a Chaplain and a Schoolmaster to the gaol, having dispensed with both while she lived.

We have been talking of prisons, and of those who went to them with words of kindness on their lips, either lightening the heavy chains, or making the house of bondage a schooling-place for eternity. But there have been heroes who knocked at the prison gate, and battered down the prison walls, within which men's souls had been kept in bondage; and of all the triumphs won by mortal men against adverse powers, *theirs* has been the noblest.

I know of nothing in history so grand as the earlier stages of LUTHER'S career,—no series of events, since the age of miracles, in which God's hand was so plainly seen,—no moral conflict in which the leader was so obviously singled out and armed for a mighty conflict of which men and angels were to be spectators. Like Howard, he met his work in the path of his common duties, and began to do it, not knowing what the end would be. In the beginning of the year 1517, Luther no more thought of being committed to a contest with the Pope than he dreamed of canvassing the electors for the imperial crown, whenever the death of Maximilian should make a vacancy. But he sat in the confessional, one day, and heard men say, when he exhorted them to repentance, that they had absolution already from head-quarters without conditions, for with their own money in open market they had purchased indulgences signed with the Pope's hand; and what had been thus bargained for no priest or monk could honestly deny them: and that thought fastened on Luther's honest mind, "Here is poison for men's souls dispensed for gain by those who rule the church," would not let him rest till he was forced out of his cell into the open battle-field with Rome and all her hosts. He did not seek the monstrous evil;

it met him there, and he had to face it. Either he must let those sheep, committed to him by the Great Shepherd, believe that Tetzel had God's warrant to sell them a license for sinning, or else he must arraign the whole system as utterly false and profane. The *first* he could not do; the *last*, thank God, he did; and presently, before the year was out, on that memorable All Saints Eve, the famous ninety-five propositions against indulgences were fastened to the church door at Wittemberg, and thence the protest, for which Europe had been waiting, flew, as on the wings of the wind, to the very ends of Christendom.

I might quote whole chapters of that wonderful story to illustrate my subject; but you know it well: how he braved Rome in its might, was condemned and yet escaped; lived through the storm that convulsed Europe, in his own modest house as in a guarded fortress; raised up champions like himself to do God's work in the succeeding age; and was followed to his grave by the best men of Germany, who mourned as if they had lost a father. I will content myself with one portion, which always strikes me as the grandest passage in modern history. I mean *the March to Worms*, and Luther's meeting with the Diet.

On the 24th of March, 1521, the Emperor's summons reached him, and a safe conduct with it. In eight days his preparations were completed, and Wittemberg was left with the parting charge to Melancthon, "Do you labour in my stead; and, if you live, it matters little if I perish!" A fortnight was occupied in the journey, and his way lay through several places connected with former passages in his history. I remember, when I was at *Leipsic*, having the spot pointed out to me by my guide, on which he had seen Napoleon, mounted on his white charger, take leave of his general in command of the rear-guard of the defeated French army, bidding him defend the town while he could, and then riding off to secure his

own safety. I would a hundred times rather have seen the spot, if it could be identified, on which a friendly priest met Luther, significantly holding up a portrait of Savonarola, and adding the seasonable word of encouragement, "Adhere firmly to the truth, and God will adhere firmly to thee." At *Erfurth,* he made straight for the convent where he had worn the yoke of servitude, and found the bible which set him free; and, as he rested there on Sunday, he was invited by the Prior to preach. He took for his text the words, *Peace be with you; and when he had so said he showed them his hands and his side.* He spoke of the Christian's peace, of the power and fruits of faith, of the words of blessing which the Redeemer dispenses from age to age among his true-hearted disciples; but not a word about Worms and the Emperor, no mention of his own troubles and danger,—nothing said from which it could be inferred that he was anything more than a faithful pastor preaching to common hearers the word of life. He passed through *Eisenach,* where he had once sung carols in the streets for bread, and found a second mother in Ulrica Cotta. The country people flocked out to meet him, and some friendly voices exclaimed, "They will burn you, as they did John Huss." "Though they should make a fire from Worms to Wittemberg, and reaching to the sky, I would pass through it in the name of the Lord," was his reply. His friends proved tempters by the way. Bucer met him with a troop of horse, and an offer of protection, from a nobleman who had embraced the reformed faith. "His castle is ready for you," was the message; "the Emperor's confessor will give you a meeting there; his influence with his sovereign is unbounded; be prudent, and all may be settled peaceably." "I go where I am called," Luther calmly said; "if the Emperor's confessor has anything to say to me, he will find me at Worms." The last warning came from Spalatin, his own friend, and the Elector's chaplain, who was already at Worms,

and heard the common talk in all companies that, if Luther came into the net, he was lost. The long journey was almost ended when the messenger met him; already, we may suppose, the town was in sight, with its array of streets, and the old cathedral, with its four towers, conspicuous among the meaner buildings; for the reply ran in words which Germany remembers to this day, and will never let her children forget: "Go tell your master, that were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the housetops, I would enter."

He did enter, and on the next day came the meeting with the Emperor, the great Electoral Princes, and a hundred Barons from their hundred castles, while the power of Rome, more terrible in that age, was represented by two Nuncios and thirty Bishops. Facing these, there stood up one brave monk for a noble cause; and he never quailed or faltered. "The books were his," he said; "he owned them. Some were plain writings, and had done good to unlearned men; some were controversial, and respecting these he would be judged out of Holy Scripture." Discussion, of course, was forbidden; Rome does not argue; she settles and determines. Would he retract what he had spoken against the Church? Never, *never*, NEVER, we knew beforehand, he would answer. God, we are sure, had brought him up to that point, and the hero would not fly. Let us hear the words once more. (They are very familiar to you, I know; but who objects to hear, for the hundredth time, either the grandest strain of Handel, or the grandest words of Luther?) "*If I am not disproved by passages of Scripture, or by clear arguments, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it is not safe for a Christian man to speak against his conscience. Here I am; I can do no otherwise; God help me. Amen.*"

And who was SAVONAROLA, whose portrait was held up

before Luther at Leipsic? He was one of whom Englishmen know too little, a confessor in bad times, one of Rome's martyrs, though he never turned Reformer in the sense of leaving her Communion, and embracing a rival creed. He lived and died in Italy, too, and it is pleasant to gather our subjects from many lands,—specially pleasant to see some flowers of Paradise growing on the soil which the curse of the Papacy has made a barren desert.

Like Luther, Savonarola was a monk. Almost at the same age, when he was twenty-two, he fled away from his father's house to escape the wickedness which covered Italy like a flood. In 1483, the year of Luther's birth, he began to preach; and, though his first effort was a miserable failure, by practice and discipline he attained to great proficiency as an orator, while his energy, and perfect fearlessness, and unsparing exposure of the reigning vices, led many to regard him as an inspired prophet. While Lorenzo de Medicis ruled the little Republic of Florence like a King, and strove to compensate the people for their lost liberties by making Literature and Art the handmaids of his power, a moral plague pervaded every class of the community; and the wealthier classes, priests and laymen alike, had become devotees to sensual pleasure, in its more refined or grosser forms. Daily, almost, the preacher called the offenders to repentance; telling them that Cicero and Aristotle were preferred to the Gospel,—that God's word was deemed a "vulgar feast," and that things had come to such a pass that the men who heard, and the men who taught, knew not what the name of Christian meant. All classes flocked to hear him; tradesmen postponed the hours of business till the sermon was concluded; in the most licentious of cities, manners were reformed under his censures, and the lovers of pleasure, at Carnival time, made a bonfire of books and pictures that had ministered to sin. Lorenzo the Magnificent sued to the monk for notice, and sued in vain.

On his death-bed, honouring the faithful reprover above all the flatterers who surrounded him, he desired the attendance of Savonarola; but restitution was a part of repentance, and a proof of sincerity, in the eyes of this unshrinking confessor; so the Prince was told that, before receiving absolution, he must resign his usurped power, or require his son to restore freedom to Florence. Alexander VI., the worst man, perhaps, in Europe, was the reigning Pope. The vices of the clergy were lashed by the Florentine Reformer, as by WICLIF in the preceding century, and by LUTHER in the next; and the stir which was made throughout Italy by his persevering remonstrances made the wicked Pontiff anxious to frighten or bribe such a reprover into silence. He sent an emissary to Florence, whom Savonarola entertained courteously in his cell for three days, while arguments and persuasions were heaped up to induce the preacher to be more sparing in his censures, and to allay the storm which boded evil to the Church. At last, when other weapons were plied in vain, the last gift was proffered—a Cardinal's hat. "Come to my sermon to-morrow morning," was the reply, "and then you shall hear my decision." The messenger went; from the pulpit of St. Mark's he heard denunciations more violent than ever against the corruptions of which Rome was the fountain-head; and when these were ended, the preacher added, as if foreseeing his doom, "No other *red hat* will I have than that of martyrdom, coloured with my own blood."

That day came, three years later; and the wonder was that the man of God lived so long; for, from this period, he and the Pope were on terms of defiance. Alexander first forbade him to preach, then cited him to Rome, and when that mandate was disobeyed, proceeded to excommunicate him as a troubler of the Church. Savonarola, still undaunted, appealed to the Sovereigns of Europe, declaring that nothing but a General Council could bring back health and peace to

Christendom; and protesting that the man who sat and ruled at Rome, was *no Pope*, and *no Christian*, but one who had bought his office with money, disgraced it by abominable crimes, and did not even believe in God. The letters were private; but one of them was intercepted by a spy of the Pope's, and the writer was doomed from the hour that Alexander read his own character described so truly by the man he hated. The Reformer, however, had powerful friends in Florence, and was revered by the populace for his courage and saintly piety. The story of their subsequent desertion, of the strange scenes which proceded his trial and execution, and of the fanaticism on Savonarola's part, which unquestionably hastened his end, is too long to pursue in detail; but there are few more touching incidents in the annals of those heroes who have witnessed for Christ, even unto death, than some which enrich the narrative of his last hours. What strange thoughts, for instance, are suggested by the words addressed to him at the foot of the scaffold by one of the Papal commissioners:—"His Holiness Alexander VI." (the man whose name was a by-word of infamy), "his *Holiness* Alexander VI. frees you from the punishment of purgatory, gives you perfect remission of your sins, and places you in your state of innocence!" When a Bishop took him by the hand, and departing, for the purpose of insult, from the usual form of address, said:—"I separate thee from the Church *Triumphant*," how dignified the prisoner's answer, —"From the *Militant*, not from the Triumphant; *that* thou canst not do!" Some tried to comfort him by speaking of what he had done for God; "Praise and honour of men I need not," he calmly replied; and when a friendly priest asked the question which his look and bearing made needless, whether his mind was at ease now that death was near, he was careful to let his last words be a confession of his Master's name:—"Should I not willingly die for him who died for

me, a sinful man?" And then he was hanged and burnt; and twenty years more of stillness were given to the Papacy before the next blast was heard from Saxony; while Alexander filled up the measure of his guilt, and Julius II. put on his armour like a knight, and headed armies and stormed cities, and Leo X. led a life of dreamy enjoyment among pictures and statues, and wits and scholars.

We need not say that in our own Martyr Age we had heroes of the best kind, who fought the hard battle with their own doubts, and followed the light of conscience through many mazes and windings, and reached the blessed repose of faith after a probation time of misgiving and alarm; and then grasped the truth so firmly, preached it so boldly, died for it so willingly, that the crowd knew nothing of the mental conflict which had gone before.

Among the LOLLARDS, we are sure, there were numbers who did their part well and bravely against fearful odds; many of them humble, unknown men, who had proved the truth, and fed upon it in secret, which was foolishness to the wise and learned; others, like LORD COBHAM, one of the first, and one of the noblest, of English martyrs, exalted to dignity and honour, that their light might shine the farther in those days of gloom.

The heroes of the next century, too, when Rome put forth her might, and God gave our fathers the victory, form an inviting subject by themselves,—with their calm and fearless bravery in the face of tyranny, their straightforward, honest advocacy of the Ancient Faith—that which Evangelists and Apostles had recorded—against modern additions and inventions, their meekness of wisdom before hostile courts, their cheerful fortitude in their prison-hours, their song of praise when the fires were kindled. But, thank God! to Protestant Englishmen this is a familiar story. We remember the dying

words of brave old LATIMER, and find the "torch" about which he prophesied still burning in our homes and Churches, and "trust in God," as he did, "that it shall never be extinguished."

What a thrilling chapter, too, if we had time to rehearse it, might be that which should tell of the heroic deeds and sufferings of the PURITAN BAND, taking the indomitable BAXTER for their type and representative, who did more in his days of weakness than other men with their full strength; who lived amid storms, yet could write of heaven, and its sunshine and rest and eternal hallelujahs, like one who spent all his hours in some peaceful oratory;* who fought manfully with every form of error, yet had the heart of tenderness, and the brother's welcome, for God's children of every degree.

Baxter, as a writer of English prose almost unequalled for vigour and purity and heart-stirring eloquence, has a world-wide reputation. His poetry is little known; and therefore I shall like to quote a specimen strictly appropriate to my subject, because it breathes the very spirit which animates the Christian hero when he has to "endure hardness," or take up some heavy cross, or to encounter loss and danger in the path of duty. You will find it in an admirable volume, entitled "The Christian Poet," compiled by the late Mr. Montgomery:—

"My Lord hath taught me how to want
  A place wherein to put my head;
While He is mine, I'll be content
  To beg, or lack, my daily bread.
Heaven is my roof; earth is my floor;
  Thy love can keep me dry and warm:
Christ and Thy bounty are my store;
  Thy angels guard me from all harm.

"Must I forsake the soil and air
Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair;
Thence I may come to Thee by death.
All countries are my Father's lands,—
Thy Sun, Thy Love, doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

"What if in prison I must dwell?
May I not then converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and Hell,
Call me Thy child,—and I am free.
No walls or bars can keep thee out;
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of Heaven it walks about,
None can its liberty control."

Coming to more modern times, we find grand examples of moral heroism in the pastor OBERLIN, and FELIX NEFF. The quiet earnestness and all pervading activity of the *first*,—his multiplied labours between road-making, bridge-building, and school-keeping, training boys to useful trades, and girls to household industry,—gardening and farming, moreover, as the men of the Ban de la Roche never saw gardening or farming done before,—while higher aims were kept in view, and he was emphatically the pastor of the flock, feeding four generations in succession with the bread of life,—all this, with the moral beauty of a life so pure, so simple, so secluded from human observation, shut in, as it were, between the ground he tilled, and the heaven he hoped for, makes up a picture which we find it hard to believe was realised in one corner of France, while the Revolution swept over it, and Napoleon's victories were won, and his throne reared and shattered.

And of the *second*, the same tale might be told almost in the same words, only his spirit seems to have been more fervent; his pastoral duties were more arduous; and his truly apostolic labours were crowded into five short years instead of being

prolonged for more than half a century. His parish was a mountainous region under the Alps, sixty miles long; his flock was scattered through seventeen villages; and these were parted from one another by ravines and precipices which made a journey always toilsome, and often perilous. Yet over the dizzy height, and across the yawning gulf, and along the dangerous path,—in the winter, facing the snow storm, or wading the snow drift,—the untiring pastor pursued his rounds of visitation, choosing for his principal dwelling-place the most inaccessible village in Europe, because there "everything had to be taught, even to the planting of a potato," and mingling the homeliest lessons of industry and prudence with all that was most solemn and glorious in the gospel of salvation. Such labours, however, required a frame of iron; his zeal consumed him; and when he was barely thirty, fairly spent in his Master's service, worn with self-appointed tasks which gave him no resting-time, and made home almost the strangest place he knew, he laid him down to die.

But I like my heroes to be of the yet lowlier kind,—men who have not been the subject of history, and who have never wished to be known beyond the little neighbourhood in which their worth could not be hidden. I dare say few of my hearers have heard of JAMES DAVIES, of Devauden, in Monmouthshire; and yet it is little more than five years since he was taken to his rest; and with humble means he did a work which may well stimulate the faithful school-master, and shame the slothful Christian.

He began life a weaver in a village in Monmouthshire; but being of active habits, he tired of his sedentary occupation, and took to a pedlar's life. Wordsworth, you know, has taken some pains to exalt the wandering craft; and assuredly, if our hero had not all the philosophy of his brother who figures in "The Excursion," he, at any rate, wandered far and wide with his pack, cultivated habits of intercourse with the

farmers and peasantry who were his customers, and learned to feel deeply for human sorrows. In his rambles, he saw an amount of ignorance and sin among the people which made him sad at heart; children ran wild upon the mountains; parents were living in many a secluded hamlet without any public recognition of God; and his thoughts were turned to the grand remedy of Schools which should be nurseries of virtue. His prudent habits, strong sense, warm benevolence, and simple, unostentatious piety, had made him a marked man in the little town of Usk to which he had moved; and at the age of forty-eight, when a School was set up there, he offered himself as the master at a salary of thirty pounds a-year. This was abundant for his wants, and he had besides an honourable calling, and the esteem and good-will of all his neighbours. But in his journeyings his pity had been excited for a district situated a few miles from Usk, where the people seemed as sheep without a shepherd, where young and old alike, being unfed and untaught, were grossly ignorant and wicked. In the nearest Church there was service only once a month; and in the intervening weeks a farmer folded his sheep in the house of God, and turned out the flock, and made things tidy, or half tidy, the day before the parson was expected. The good man's heart yearned over the neglected children, and he thought that if a School could be built wherein to gather them, he should like to labour there, and do them good. A zealous and active Clergyman was at last appointed to the parish; attracted by his ministry, James Davies walked often a considerable distance to hear him, and a religious friendship sprang up between them which turned to the comfort and profit of both. With some difficulty funds were procured for the erection of a school-house, and Davies became the master, sacrificing his thirty pounds a-year at Usk for a much smaller salary, in the first instance, at Devauden.

There he laboured diligently, and with a glad heart, for thirty years. His school-room was his home, his study, his sleeping-

chamber, his oratory; and the work, which was begun and ended in faith and prayer among two generations of children, received a visible blessing from above. The place, by degrees, wore an altered look; his loving tones, and gentle ways, and fatherly earnestness, made his hundred scholars almost like a family of children; and among the older inhabitants, his hoary hairs, his diffusive kindness, and his life of blameless purity, gave him a weight and influence which were felt throughout the whole community. By degrees his scanty income rose to twenty pounds a-year, with the addition, at last, of a small endowment, which, being raised on the faith of his name and character, may be regarded as his gift, for ever, to the place which he had chosen. But his wants were few; his industry was untiring; and *his* meal and cruse, too, held out so wonderfully that his hand was ever open. When his school labours were over, before his boys had reached their homes, he was busy in his garden; with the produce he kept a pig or two; and the bacon, both good and cheap, which he sold to the villagers, was a boon to them, and a source of some small profit to himself. His children came hungering, often, from poor houses, and so a breakfast was provided for them sometimes—his own next meal, it might be—before the lessons were begun. Yet between teaching and digging, he found time to visit many a sick neighbour; small gifts of food and wine were provided *somehow*,—bought or begged for those who needed them. Like a true follower of Christ, too, he was forgiving as he was bountiful; he had read the text, and understood it, about "heaping coals of fire on the head" of an offending brother; and has been known to carry the blankets from his own bed, at a time of pinching frost, to the cottage of a poorer neighbour, who had treated him unkindly.

Time went on, and the School prospered; but the master had a zeal for the House of God; and he longed to see the old ruined building, which *had been* Church and sheepfold, put into decent order. The farmers, by earnest importunity,

were persuaded to repair it, and Davies's own contribution was *thirty pounds.* Still the Church was distant; and few of his neighbours would go to it. It became the wish of his heart that Devauden should have its own Church; and when the day came that the old School was enlarged, and grew into a comely Church, and a new School was built, very much through his influence and exertions, and he stood up for the first time as Clerk, and saw the flock gathered, and his own lambs among them, he felt that he had not lived in vain.

He was a man of a large heart in many ways. A neighbouring Clergyman supplied him with some papers which described the objects and labours of the Church Missionary Society, and he learned for the first time what Christians were doing in obedience to their Lord's last command. He woke up at once to see that a new claim had met him. He had largely helped his neighbours; but hitherto had only prayed for his distant brethren. On the following morning, he started early from his home, and surprised the clergyman at breakfast, taking a walk of six miles before his school opened. Twelve shillings a-year, and a penny a-week besides, were to be his contribution to the Missionary cause; his school children had subscribed a pound among themselves; and then he added, taking a five pound note from his pocket, "Here, Sir, is a trifle more; it is less than I could have wished for so blessed a work, but the little business of the church-repairs has lessened my power for this year."

Time, like money, was found for doing good on a large scale, beyond the sphere of his daily avocations. The hours of the day seemed almost to be multiplied,—they were husbanded so carefully, and made so much of, by one who was never idle, and to whom labours of love were like repose. On a summer evening, after school hours, he would walk five miles to carry to a friend at Chepstow, from whom he had received kindness, some present from his garden; and,

not liking to return with an empty basket, he would make a purchase in the town of good books, to be distributed among the school children, or his poor neighbours. This mode of doing good, indeed, (one not half enough practised by wealthy Christians in this reading age,) was one of his favourite pleasures. How his money held out to buy half the volumes which he scattered around him, like a sower going forth to sow, it is impossible to calculate; but it is a standing marvel, really next to a miracle, from age to age, to see how far a little sum will go, with daily self-denial, watchfulness for opportunities, large-hearted generosity, and faith that makes the common gift an offering to God. For teachers in Sunday-schools he would select appropriate presents; let *them* be well instructed Christians, and every child in their class would be a gainer; so, to two friends, who were thus employed, and from whom he had received some message of kindness, he sent a letter in return, and two copies of *Leighton on St. Peter*, saying it "was the choicest book that ever came into his hands, the Bible excepted." He provided for every farm servant among his fellow-parishioners a Bible at his own cost; and among his papers was found an acknowledgment for *fifteen pounds*, in one sum, with which he had bought more than a hundred copies of that choice little book, *Persuasives to Early Piety*, hoping by their judicious distribution to be instrumental in drawing young hearts to God.

With this favourite occupation of enriching the scanty libraries of the poor with books that might feed many souls, and be a blessing to more than one generation, is connected the last move in his singularly active and useful life. When harvest-time came, and he had a month's holiday, he started from home with a stock of Bibles, Prayer Books, and carefully chosen Religious Tracts, and travelled, pedlar-wise, from one farm-house to another, disposing of his goods as he went along, but taking no pay but thanks. In one of these rounds he visited a parish, fifteen miles from

his home, called Llangattock. It was the scene of some of his earliest recollections; he was born in a farm-house on its borders; he had played in the church-yard when a boy; and for lack of a school-house had conned some of his childish lessons within the old church itself. Seventy years had gone by; resident gentleman, or resident clergyman, the parish knew not; and school-house, up to 1847, there was none. His heart yearned over the place; he was now *eighty-two;* but hale and hearty, like a man in middle life; and, hero as he was, he proposed to the Archdeacon, who revered his character, and loved to second his schemes, to move to Llangattock, to be the school-master without pay, and to supply the school with books during his life, if funds could be raised to build a school, offering *five pounds* himself as a beginning. "God had kept him alive, perhaps," he said, "on purpose that he might go and do a little good there before he died. Another teacher of better abilities might succeed him at Devauden. For his living, he had £100, a present from a generous friend, given to support him in old age, on the day that Devauden Church was consecrated. At the rate of £20 a-year, this would maintain him for *five years,* besides providing books for school use, and for gifts among his neighbours; and how could an old man like him expect to live longer?" Such an offer was irresistible; men who had slept before woke up to a sense of their responsibilities; a letter of the old man's to a Clergyman, giving his reasons for removal in his own plain way, was printed without his knowledge, and raised £300. The work thus begun was finished in a few months. The School was called after his name; he laid the first stone on his knees, surrounded by the children whom he came to teach, and another year of life was given him in his new sphere of labour. He taught one morning in the School as usual, and, before the time of assembling on the next day, was gathered to his rest, as a shock of corn fully ripe.

Times of public disaster, we know, make Heroes, and among those whose noble calling it is, not to destroy life, but to save it, and to employ their healing art among the sick and suffering, there is many a name known to fame, and there are a thousand more known only to Him who seeth in secret, worthy to rank with the best for courage and self-devotion.

CARDINAL BORROMEO was a Hero when he went as an Angel of Mercy among his plague-stricken flock at Milan, tending them with his own hands, carrying with him cordials for soul and body, selling his furniture that he might meet the growing demands on his bounty, and combining with benevolent efforts in this direction a resolute attempt to reform the public manners, which soon blotted out the memory of his virtues and sacrifices, and made the noblest Churchman of his age a mark for persecution before he went down to his grave, worn out with labours of charity, at forty-seven.

DR. THOMSON was a Hero as brave as any who stormed the heights above the Alma, when the victorious army left him alone on that bloody field, and there, while dying men shrieked for help, and prowling Cossacks were near, who, in ignorance or passion, might have killed him before they could understand his signs, he went quietly about his day's work as in an hospital, yielding obedience, as a true servant of Christ, to that law which is binding on us at all times, under all circumstances: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

SIDNEY BERNARD was a Hero. It is my business to-night to drag out of obscurity some whom the world has forgotten, or never knew, and to show how their deeds of self-denying virtue contrast with much that the world knows of another kind, and takes pains never to forget. Some years ago, a young surgeon of that name was ing on his business

between England and the coast of Africa, when his ship met another vessel called the Eclair, whose crew were suffering from the ravages of the yellow fever. They had no surgeon on board; many were dead already; others sickening and helpless. He had a gift, a talent; and, like a faithful steward, he felt that God called him to use it, and save, if he could, the strange brethren thus cast on his compassion. He went on board the infected vessel, and sailed in it to England, plying his healing art by the way. When she arrived, even a Héro might have thought his work accomplished; others might have been found for hire to finish the work which he had partly done; but he resolved that no other precious life should be risked; his had been preserved hitherto, and if he fled, he might carry the pestilence with him. He did *not* fly; the Eclair was his post of duty, he thought, for the time; and he abode in it, and sickened in it, and died in it. It chanced that a multitude of wealthy Englishmen, just then, in a strange fit of generosity, had subscribed some fifty thousand pounds, I think, to reward a man of some note in his day, for whom no one ever claimed any virtue beyond that of having got rich very fast. Sidney Bernard left a widow, and a poor widow; but none ever thought of honouring self-devotion like his by a memorial in the shape of gift or pension. So imperfectly are present rewards and honours apportioned by the worldly-wise! So different, often, are the world's favourites from the true Heroes of their race! So true is it that, looking at the vulgar standard, *the last*, in ten thousand instances, are seen to be *first*, and the *first, last!*

I turn from the sick in body to the sick at heart,—from the men who have perilled life that they might save life, to the Captains in Christ's army who have invaded the strongholds of sin, and have been the heralds of mercy to nations sunk in ignorance and crime. The noblest of them said, long

ago, that he "counted not his life dear unto himself," so that he might but carry the Gospel to new tribes, and see God's name magnified among the heathen; and if numbers since have followed in his track, and echoed his words, and won the same crown, it were foul shame to conclude a lecture like this without writing the word MISSIONARY on my page.

Gladly, if time permitted, would I give a section to the brave and patient Dane, HANS EGEDE, who pioneered for the Moravian brethren in Greenland, and to his three worthy companions from Hernhuth—the meekest of the meek, the most enduring, perhaps, among many brethren—who bore all the hardships of that inhospitable climate, and lived on the borders of starvation, and learnt two languages, the Danish first and the Greenland jargon afterwards, without any aid from scholarship, and clung to the bare soil and rugged coast as if it had been a paradise, while for years together the people not only gave no heed to their message, but seemed absolutely unimpressible, with no thought or wish beyond animal wants and pleasures.* Gladly would I say something of the men who began to revive the work of the Apostles in the far East and far West half a century ago,—of the noble band who sailed in the Duff from the shores of England, and lived, some of them, to see "the wilderness," in very deed, "rejoice and blossom as the rose,"—of CAREY and his brethren, who gave INDIA the Bible,—of MARSDEN and NEW ZEALAND,—of MORRISON and CHINA,—of MARTYN'S soaring hopes and consuming labours,—of the captured slaves made Christ's freemen by thousands at SIERRA LEONE under the teaching of JOHNSON and his brethren,—of JUDSON—the

* This marvellous story is told at full length in *Crantz's History of Greenland*, a work in two octavo volumes. There is a capital little book, to be purchased for a trifle, which contains an epitome of the whole narrative, published by the *Religious Tract and Book Society for Ireland*, entitled *Greenland Missions*.

JUDSONS, rather—and the toils and perils and converts of BURMAH. Gladly would we find space for the martyrs of our age,—one murdered, like Stephen, by those who knew him not for their best friend, and wept like a father in twenty islands of the Southern Seas,—and others wasted to death on the shores of Patagonia, yet uttering words of faith and patience with their dying breath, which thrilled ten thousand hearts when they reached us in our quiet homes. But all this would need another Lecture; and I omit more willingly what is fresh in the recollection of many of you, and fully detailed in volumes accessible to all.

Let me give public honour, before my task of enumeration is done, to the noble Englishmen who were leaders in the great moral conflict of our century, and who will have for their reward the blessings of unborn generations in Africa and the West Indies—aye, and if God shall speed the work of mercy, in America, besides. You have, all of you, heard of CLARKSON in connection with the earliest efforts for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. But the rapid course of events during the last quarter of a century drives back those evil, yet brightening, days into the far distance; and our sons are in danger of missing some precious fragments of knowledge which have not yet become history, and which our fathers told us with glistening eyes and faltering tones.

It is just seventy years since the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge proposed, as the subject for a Latin Prize Essay, the question, "May One Man lawfully make Another Man his Slave?" A young Bachelor of Arts had won a similar prize in the preceding year, and had the privilege of competing again. He resolved that he would win the second if he could, and knowing nothing of the subject, was at a loss for books. In a friend's house (*accidentally* again, as men say) he lighted on a newspaper advertising a *History of Guinea*. He

hastened to London, bought it, and there found a picture of cruelties which filled his soul with horror. The more he inquired and investigated, the darker grew the shades of crime and suffering. "All my pleasure was damped," he wrote afterwards, "by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the day time I was uneasy; in the night I had little rest; I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief." He wrote with a burning heart, and happily put his indignation into good Latin; so the prize was won. As he journeyed shortly afterwards to London, the subject engrossed his thoughts. "Coming in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire," to quote again from his own narrative, "I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. *Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end.*" The young prizeman was THOMAS CLARKSON, and he *did* see the evil to the end, and lived, moreover, to see the remedy.

His adventures in search of evidence,—the savage feeling which his inquiries roused among the merchants of Liverpool and Bristol,—the atrocities which came out to view as the veil was lifted, and the light poured in,—and the tone of indignant denial or sweeping vindication with which the Parliamentary champions of man-stealing, man-torturing, and man-slaying met the little band who began to fight the battle of humanity, are all worth sounding in the ears of this generation, that we may remember what the public conscience of England was no longer ago than at the close of the last century, and may speak less boastfully of ourselves when we arraign others at our bar. We do not fully know what sort of men God raised up to do this work, unless the dark and shameful past be realised. And then we see that strong Faith was needed, and Courage to meet reproach in any form, and Perseverance that never shrank from toil, and Compassion such as men learn in Christ's school, and nowhere else.

All these were given to the Heroes we speak of,—to WILBERFORCE, and STEPHEN, and MACAULAY, and BUXTON; and never, we venture to say, since the Apostles went forth to claim the world for Christ, was there a nobler brotherhood banded together in a noble cause than they who gave to this work time and strength and heart and life. They were emphatically God's Heroes. They were not always the people's favourites. Slowly the public ear was won for men who were deemed fanatics in Religion, and whom it suited the enemy to call democrats in politics, because they talked about human rights. Their case was built up with strong arguments and unimpeachable facts,—facts laboriously collected, carefully sifted, asserted and reasserted, but never pushed beyond the truth. (I speak of the leaders; I do not vouch for less sober and less religious men who fought in the ranks, and were not scrupulous always about the choice of means.) In their long up-hill fight, they never lost heart, and never lost ground. They were ever on the watch, like posted sentinels, furbishing old weapons, or forging new ones, refuting slanderers, instructing Ministers of State, forcing unwilling Parliaments to listen, and schooling the nation through the press till England understood the question, and then proclaimed its verdict in tones which neither Ministers nor Parliaments could resist. In the stern conflict with evil, their spirits were not soured. Hatred of the wrong, compassion for the sufferers, a burning desire to deliver their country from a load of guilt, were the impelling motives; and none were more belied than the Friends of the Slave when it was said they were careless what misery ensued, and what blood was shed, so long as they carried their point, and gained credit for humanity. Their "loins" were "girt about with truth," and they stood firmly, and did their work manfully, when they had to face opposition, or to rebuke sin; but seldom were human hearts more full of kindness. I hardly

know a more touching page than that which records the arrival of Sir Fowell Buxton's first letters from the West Indies, after the memorable First of August, 1834. Burning with impatience to see how the day had passed off, trembling with anxiety lest there should be a blot upon the page which told of the day of Jubilee, he took them, with the seals unbroken, to a wood in his park. With no eye but One upon him could he read that tale. It proved to be a tale of unmingled joy. "The day of wonders, of anticipated confusion, riot, and bloodshed, has passed by," wrote one, "and all is peace and order;" and fervent as any that human lips can pour out, we are sure, was his double thanksgiving, that night, that the Slave was free, and the Master safe.

And where are the Heroes now? Has the race died out? Are we to read about them in stories of bygone days, but never see them? No; God forbid that they should cease on the earth while there is so much for them to do; while sin is still so rampant, the world so far from God, and Christ's name an unknown name among millions of our fellow-men. They may be hidden among us, as John Howard was, till he was made High Sheriff,—as Luther was, till the Indulgence scandal grew so rank that his conscience made him the champion of God's truth in spite of himself,—as Sarah Martin was, when she lived with her old grandmother, and went out as a needlewoman by the day, eating her bread in quietness and peace, and expecting as little to be written about in the *Edinburgh Review,* and spoken about in Exeter Hall, as to be Queen of England. They may come forth when they are wanted,—may be found at their posts when summoned to action by Him who knows them all by name, and is training them in His own way for their proper work,—may be obscure men for half a life, and the world's talk, or the world's scorn,

for the remainder of it. We hope that, amidst all that is gloomy and dispiriting in our national prospects, there is that in our moral atmosphere which fosters the growth of independent, brave-hearted men and women, and may make them more abundant in the next age than in this. Persons in high places cannot now-a-days belong to the *do-nothing and care-for-nobody set,* quite so easily as they once could; and there is an amount of intellectual activity, coupled with right good principles and motives, in numbers not born to fortune, which may make them leaders one day in the great conflict with evil.

But I must not betray my cause, and I must not disparage my country, by talking only in the language of conjecture, saying, "Perchance these things may be at some near or distant day." *England is rich in Christian Heroes now.* I must not name living men. I come here to flatter none, but only to provoke many, if God shall help me, to zeal and activity in good works. But I may say in this Hall, where his voice is so often heard, that the nobles of England are represented by One, at least, in the class I speak of. I have heard of men, and have seen some of them, whose work *among thieves* may rank with Howard's work in prisons, for the Christian compassion which prompted it, for the success which has crowned their efforts, and for the courage and prudence which have marked every step of their progress. Our Home Evangelists, too, are an army, and the war they wage is a Holy War. In a better sense than the Crusaders, they bear the Cross, and preach it, too, and can fight for God as bravely in cellar and garret,—"having on the breastplate of righteousness, and their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,"—as the thousands who courted death to win their Lord's Sepulchre, but never conquered sin at home, or learnt humility and patience and charity abroad.

Nay, we must come closer to you still. Never think that

a man must be a public man, in some sense, to be a Hero. Do not dream about authority over other men, or some conspicuous position in the world, as essential to the Heroic character. The *World's Captain* is nothing without his following. He is borne to greatness on the shields of his soldiers, chosen to it by the vote of assemblies, or welcomed to it by the shoutings of the populace. But I have failed to-night in creating the impression which I desire to create, if I have not persuaded you that a man may have no party,—may hold daily converse with God, and with few besides,—and be a Hero still.

The conscientious tradesman is a Hero in his way, if he scorn the tricks and subterfuges by which other men grow in wealth, and will let a hundred competitors pass him in the race, rather than do one dirty thing, such as he dare not avow to every customer.

The man who keeps Sunday at some cost is a Hero in his way, if his closed shutters turn away customers to some rival, next door, who makes haste to be rich any how, and week by week, instead of grumbling at the other's gains, he thanks God for his own peace, content to be cared for like the sparrows and the young ravens, and learning, for his faithfulness to the law of conscience, more and more of those heavenly lessons which are the soul's wealth.

The religious apprentice or shopman is a Hero in his way, if quietly, yet firmly, he stands up against the profaneness of ungodly companions,—not preaching out of place,—not provoking the taunt that he makes it his business to set the world to rights, but calmly pointing some whom he can reach to the better way, and making his own life a comment on that noble text, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Yet more, *the high-spirited youth who recovers himself from the snare of the Devil* is a Hero in his way, braving the

worst that his old associates shall say of him, meeting rude jests with a calm reply and an unruffled brow, telling them, if opportunity is given, that he is like a man awakened out of a troubled dream, and that his prayer is that they, too, may walk in daylight freedom and cheerfulness towards their Father's house.

The boy who will not fight at school is a Hero in his way, if his course be bravely taken, and firmly kept,—because he knows that a Christian boy, like a Christian man, should be a son of peace, and he can better bear the taunt which he knows to be untrue than go against his conscience, and then feel that his words will not rise to Heaven when next he kneels down to pray.

Why then, heroism, you see, is a thing of common life after all. *You* may be heroes, young men, an army of heroes, and, banded together under the Captain of your Salvation, may do a work that shall tell on many generations. Your title is a standing appeal to your good sense and good feeling. *Christian* young men you profess to be, and let me tell you it is a brave thing, and a great thing, to be Christians indeed. Walk worthily of your high vocation. Remember when you muster here, and ask the friends of Religion, ministers and lay champions of the truth, to meet you on common ground, you unfurl your banner to the wind, and plant it on an eminence, and proclaim openly that you mean to be on the Lord's side. Be it so, through evil and through good report: be it so, whatever comes of your earthly schemes and hopes: be it so, whether growing numbers shall join your ranks, or the little company of faithful ones shall become less, as time runs out: be it so, in the days of your youthful prime, and in vigorous and useful manhood, and even to hoary hairs, if God shall let you witness for him to a second generation, or a third.

But, oh, gird up the loins of your minds! Prepare for the hour of sharpest temptation in the Lord's strength, and not your own. Let other men be fine soldiers on parade; be you "*good* soldiers of Jesus Christ," in camp and battle-field, in the siege and in the storm. Live under discipline; curtail your luxuries; learn to endure hardness, if need be; act the part of good comrades, recognising the law of brotherhood in the largest sense; shrink from moral cowardice; avoid a time-serving, compromising religion, as the officer dreads a stain upon his honour; let your Captain's name and cause be dear to you as the apple of your eye. Aim high; walk circumspectly; bring God's word to bear on your daily life; let your hope in Christ be a purifying and elevating hope; and you will be doing the very work which God's Heroes have done before you.

"Sigh not the old heroic ages back;
The Heroes were but brave and earnest men;
Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track;
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again.
The Hero's path is straight to do and say
God's words and work in spite of toil and shame;
Labours enough will meet thee on thy way,—
Do thou forsake it not to seek for them."

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On the Origin of Civilisation.

A LECTURE

BY HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

TO THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

1854.

PREFATORY NOTE.



The Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association gratefully avail themselves of the privilege of publishing the following Lecture, which His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin intended to deliver in London as the Introductory Lecture of the present Course. He was prevented carrying out his intention by indisposition, and has most kindly placed the Lecture at the disposal of the Committee, as an expression of His Grace's interest in the aims and efforts of the Association.

December, 1854.



NEW ZEALANDER



FUEGIAN



NEW HOLLANDER.

ON THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION.

A SUBJECT on which I have for many years bestowed considerable attention, as appearing to me both very curious, and, in many respects, highly important (much more so than many suppose), is, the Origin of Civilisation. And I propose to lay before you a small portion of the results of my researches, and reflections thereupon; which will, I trust, be found not uninteresting or uninstructive.

Every one who is at all acquainted with works of ancient history, or of voyages and travels, or who has conversed with persons that have visited distant regions, must have been greatly struck (if possessing at all a thoughtful and intelligent mind) with the vast difference between civilised Man and the savage. If you look to the very lowest and rudest races that inhabit the earth, you behold bèings sunk almost to the level of the brute-creation, and, in some points, even below the brutes. Ignorant and thoughtless, gross in their tastes, filthy in their habits, with the passions of men, but with the intellect of little children, they roam, half-naked and half-starved, over districts which might be made to support in plenty and in comfort as many thousands of civilised Europeans as there are individuals in the savage tribe. And they are sunk, for the most part, quite as low, morally, as they are

intellectually. Polygamy, in its most gross and revolting form, and infanticide, prevail among most savage tribes; and cannibalism among many. And the sick or helplessly aged are usually abandoned by their relatives, to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Even in bodily person they differ greatly from the civilised man. They are not only, in general, very ugly and ill-made, but, in the structure of their limbs, and especially in the head and face, they approach considerably to animals of the ape tribe; and the countenance is usually expressive of a mixture of stupidity, ferocity, and something of suspiciousness and low cunning.

If you compare together merely the very lowest of savages and the most highly civilised specimens of the European races, you will be at first inclined to doubt whether they can all belong to the same Species. But though the very topmost round of the ladder is at a vast distance from the ground, there are numerous steps between them, each but a very little removed from that next above and that next below it. The savages whom we found in Van Diemen's Land, and of whom there is now but a very small remnant, and others of the same race,—the Papuan,—who are found widely scattered over the South-eastern regions of the globe,—the people of Tierra del Fuego, in the Southern extremity of America,—and again, the Bushmen-Hottentots in the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony (some specimens of whom were not long since exhibited in this country), seem to be the lowest of savages. But one might find specimens of the human race, to the number of perhaps twenty or more, gradually ascending by successive steps, from these, up to the most civilised nations upon the earth; each, not very far removed from the one below and the one above it; though the two extremes present such a prodigious contrast.

As for the alleged advantages of savage life—the freedom enjoyed by Man in a wild state, and the pure simplicity, and

innocence, and magnanimous generosity of character that he exhibits—I need not, I trust, detain you by offering proofs that all this exists only in poems and romances, and in the imagination of their readers; or in the theories of such philosophers as the well-known Rousseau, who have undertaken to maintain a monstrous paradox because it affords the best exercise for their ingenuity, and who perhaps have ended in being themselves bewildered by that very ingenuity of their own, like a spider entangled in the web spun by herself. The liberty enjoyed by the savage consists in his being left free to oppress and plunder any one who is weaker than himself, and in being exposed to the same treatment from those who are stronger. His boasted simplicity consists merely in grossness of taste, improvidence, and ignorance. And his virtue merely amounts to this, that though not less covetous, envious, and malicious than civilised Man, he wants the skill to be as *dangerous* as one of equally depraved character, but more intelligent and better informed.

I have heard it remarked, however, by persons not destitute of intelligence, as a presumption in favour of savage life, that it has sometimes been voluntarily embraced by civilised men; while, on the other hand, it has seldom if ever happened that a savage has consented to conform to civilised life.

But this is easily explained, even from the very inferiority of the savage state. It is easier to sink than to rise. To lay aside or lose what we have, is far easier than to acquire what we have not. The savage has no taste for the enjoyments of civilised life. Its pursuits and occupations are what he wants capacity to enjoy, or understand, or sympathise with. On the other hand, the pursuits and gratifications (such as they are) of the savage, are what the civilised man can fully understand and partake of; and if he does but throw aside and disregard the higher portion of his nature, he can enter

heartily into the enjoyments of a hunting tribe of wild Indians, whose *business* is the same as the *recreation* of the sportsman, and who alternate the labours of the chase with torpid repose and sensual indulgence.

In short, the case is nearly the same as with the resemblance, and the distinction, between Man and the brute creatures. Man is an animal as well as they. He has much in common with them, and something more besides. Both have the same appetites, and many of the same passions; but the brutes lack most of the intellectual and moral faculties; and hence, a brute cannot be raised into a man, though it is possible, as we too often find, for a man to sink himself nearly into a brute, by giving himself up to mere animal gratifications, and neglecting altogether the nobler and more properly *human* portion of himself.

It may be worth remarking, before I quit this portion of the subject, that persons not accustomed to accuracy of thinking, are often misled by the differences of *form*, and consequently of *name*, under which the same evils may be found in different states of society; and consequently are inclined to suppose that others may be exempt from such vices and other evils as prevail among ourselves, inasmuch as they cannot have exactly the same under the same titles. Where there is no property in *land*, for instance, there cannot be a grasping and oppressive landlord; where there is no trade, there can be no bankrupts; and where money is unknown, the *love* of *money*, which is our common designation of *avarice*, cannot exist. And thence the unthinking are perhaps led to imagine that avarice itself has no place in the savage state, and that oppression, and cruelty, and rapacity, and ruin, must be there unknown.

But the savage is commonly found to be covetous, often thievish, when his present inclination impels him towards any objects he needs, or which his fancy is set on. He is not, indeed, so *steady*, or so *provident*, in his pursuit of gain as the

civilised man; but this is from the general unsteadiness and improvidence of his character; not from his being engrossed by higher pursuits. What keeps him poor, in addition to insecurity of property and want of skill, is, not a philosophical contempt of riches, but a love of sluggish torpor and of present gratification. Lamentable as it is to see multitudes—as we may among ourselves—of Beings of such high qualifications and such high destination as Man, absorbed in the pursuit of merely external and merely temporal objects,—occupied in schemes for attaining worldly wealth and aggrandisement for its own sake, and without reference to any higher object,—we should remember that the savage is not *above* such a life, but *below* it. It is not from preferring virtue to wealth,—the goods of the mind to those of fortune,—the next world to the present,—that he takes so little thought for the morrow; but from want of forethought, and of habitual self-control. The civilised man too often directs these qualities to unworthy objects; the savage, universally, is deficient in the qualities themselves. The one is a stream flowing too often in a wrong channel, and which needs to have its course altered; the other is a stagnant pool.

Such is Man in what is commonly called a "state of nature." But it can hardly be called with propriety Man's "natural state;" since in it a large proportion of his faculties remain dormant and undeveloped. A plant would not be said to be in its most natural state when growing in a soil or climate that would not allow it to put forth the flowers and the fruit for which its organisation was destined. Any one who saw the pine-trees high up on the Alps, when growing near the boundary of perpetual snow, stunted to the height of two or three feet, and struggling to exist amidst rock and ice, would hardly describe that as the natural state of a tree which, in a more genial soil and climate a little lower down, was found towering to the height of fifty or sixty yards. In like

manner, the natural state of Man must, according to all fair analogy, be reckoned, not that in which his intellectual and moral growth are as it were stunted and permanently repressed, but one in which his original endowments are—I do not say brought to perfection, but—enabled to exercise themselves, and to expand like the foliage and flowers of a plant; and especially in which that characteristic of our species, the tendency towards progressive improvement, is permitted to come into play.

If, however, Man is not to be reckoned in a perfectly natural state when he has acquired anything from others, then, even the savage would not answer to the definition; since language, we all know, is a thing *learnt;* and a child brought up (as it is supposed some have been, who were lost, or purposely exposed in infancy) by a wild goat, or some other brute, and without any intercourse with human creatures, would grow up speechless; as we know those do who, being deaf-born, are precluded from *learning* to speak. Now hardly any one would call dumbness the natural state of Man.

The savage, then, is only so far in (comparatively) a state of nature, that the arts which he learns and transmits to his children are very few, and very rude. And yet it is remarkable that in many respects savage life is decidedly more artificial—more anti-natural—than the civilised. The most elaborately dressed fine lady or gentleman has departed far less from nature than a savage of most of the rudest tribes we know of. Most of these not only paint their skins with a variety of fantastic colours, but tattoo them, or decorate their bodies (which is the New Hollander's practice) with rows of large artificial scars. The marriage ceremony among some of these tribes is marked, not by putting a ring on the woman's finger, but by cutting off one of the joints of it. And in those same tribes, every male, when approaching man's estate, is formally admitted as coming of age, by the ceremony of having one of his front teeth knocked out. Some of them

wear a long ornament of bone thrust through the middle cartilage of the nose, so as to make the speech indistinct. Other tribes cut a slit in the under lip, so as to make a sort of artificial second mouth, in which they fix some kind of fantastic ornament. And some tribes, again, artificially flatten, by pressure, the forehead of their infants, so as to bring the head even nearer than nature has formed it, to a resemblance to that of a brute.

And their customs are not less artificial than their external decorations. To take only one instance out of many: marriage, among the most civilised nations of Europe, usually takes place between persons who, living in the same society, and becoming well-acquainted, contract a mutual liking for each other; and surely this is the most *natural* course: but among the Australian savages, such a marriage is unheard of, and would be counted an abomination; a wife must always be taken, and taken by force, from another,—generally a hostile tribe; and the intended bride must be dragged away with brutal violence and most unmerciful blows.

Such is Man in what is called a state of nature!

I have given a very brief and slight sketch of the differences between the savage and the civilised condition; but sufficient, I trust, for the present purpose. Those who may wish to investigate the subject more fully, may find much interesting and curious information on it, in a little book (written at my suggestion) by the late Dr. Cooke Taylor, entitled "The Natural History of Society." What I have now been saying was designed merely as a necessary introduction to the great and interesting inquiry, *How was civilisation originally introduced?* Were the earliest generations of mankind savages? And if so, how came any of our race ever to rise above that condition?

It has been very commonly taken for granted, not only by writers among the ancient heathen, but by modern

authors, that the savage state was the original one, and that mankind, or some portion of mankind, gradually raised themselves from it by the unaided exercise of their own faculties. I say "taken for granted," because one does not usually meet with any attempt to establish this by proof, or even any distinct statement of it; but it is assumed, as something about which there can be no manner of doubt. You may hear plausible descriptions given of a supposed race of savages subsisting on wild fruits, herbs, and roots, and on the precarious supplies of hunting and fishing; and then, of the supposed process by which they emerged from this state, and gradually invented the various arts of life, till they became a decidedly civilised people. One man, it has been supposed, wishing to save himself the trouble of roaming through the woods in search of wild fruits and roots, would bethink himself of collecting the seeds of these, and cultivating them in a plot of ground cleared and broken up for the purpose. And finding that he could thus raise more than enough for himself, he might agree with some of his neighbours to exchange a part of his produce for some of the game or fish taken by them. Another man again, it has been supposed, would contrive to save himself the labour and uncertainty of hunting, by catching some kinds of wild animals alive, and keeping them in an enclosure to breed, that he might have a supply always at hand. And again others, it is supposed, might devote themselves to the occupation of dressing skins for clothing, or of building huts or canoes, or of making bows and arrows, or various kinds of tools; each exchanging his productions with his neighbours for food. And each, by devoting his attention to some one kind of manufacture, would acquire increased skill in that, and would strike out new inventions.

And thus these supposed savages, having in this way become divided into *husbandmen, shepherds,* and *artisans* of

several kinds, would begin to enjoy the various advantages of a "division of labour," and would advance, step by step, in all the arts of civilised life.

Such descriptions as the above, of what it is supposed has actually taken place, or of what possibly might take place, are likely to appear plausible, at the first glance, to those who do not inquire carefully and reflect attentively. But, on examination, all these suppositions will be found to be completely at variance with all history, and inconsistent with the character of such Beings as real savages actually are. Such a process of inventions and improvements as that just described is what we may safely say never did, and never possibly can, take place in any tribe of savages left wholly to themselves.

As for the ancient Germans, and the Britons and Gauls, all of whom we have pretty full accounts of in the works of Cæsar and of Tacitus, they did indeed fall considerably short, in civilisation, of the Greeks and Romans, who were accustomed to comprehend under the one sweeping term of "barbarians" all nations except themselves. But it would be absurd to reckon as savages, nations which, according to the authors just mentioned, cultivated their *land*, kept *cattle*, employed *horses* in their wars, and made use of *metals* for their weapons and other instruments. A people so far advanced as that, would not be unlikely, under favourable circumstances, to advance further still, and to attain, step by step, to a high degree of civilisation.

But as for savages properly so styled—that is, people sunk as low, or anything near as low, as many tribes that our voyagers have made us acquainted with—there is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilised condition, or, indeed, rising at all, without instruction and assistance from people already civilised. We have numerous accounts of various savage tribes, in different parts of the globe—in hot countries and in cold, in fertile and in barren,

in maritime and in inland situations—who have been visited from time to time. at considerable intervals, by navigators, but have had no settled intercourse with civilised people; and all of them appear to have continued, from age to age, in the same rude condition. Of the savages of Tierra del Fuego, for instance, it is remarked by Mr. Darwin, the naturalist (who was in the "Beagle" on its second voyage of discovery), that they, "in one respect, resemble the brute animals, inasmuch as they make no improvements." As birds, for instance, which have an instinct for building nests, build them, each species, just as at first, after countless generations; so it is, says he, with these people. "Their canoe, which is their most skilful work of art—and a wretched canoe it is—is exactly the same as 250 years ago." The New Zealanders, again, whom Tasman first discovered in 1642, and who were visited for the second time by Cook, 127 years after, were found by him exactly in the same condition. And yet these last were very far from being in as low a state as the New Hollanders, for they cultivated the ground, raising crops of the cumera (or sweet potato), and clothed themselves, not with skins, but with mats woven by themselves. Subsequently, the country has, as you are aware, been made a British colony; and though their first intercourse with European settlers was under the most unfavourable circumstances—many of those who first came among them being most worthless characters, who were often engaged in bloody contests with them—still the result has been that they have renounced cannibalism, and the greater part of them have become Christians, reading the Bible in their own language, and fast adopting European habits. Their own language, the MAORI (that is their own name of their nation), most of them can read and write. And besides the Bible, several little popular tracts of mine have been translated into it, under the superintendence of the late

Governor, Sir George Grey, and are, he tells me, eagerly read by them.

Then, again, if we look to ancient historical records and traditions concerning nations that are reported to have risen from a savage to a civilised state, we find that in every instance they appear to have had the advantage of the instruction and example of civilised men living among, them. They always have some tradition of some foreigner, or some Being from heaven, as having first taught them the arts of life. Thus, the ancient Greeks attributed to Prometheus, a supposed superhuman Being, the introduction of the use of fire; and they represented Triptolemus, and Cadmus, and others, strangers from a distant country, as introducing agriculture and other arts. The Peruvians, again, have a like tradition respecting a person they call Mancocapac, whom they represent as the offspring of the sun, and as having taught useful arts to their ancestors. If it be true, as I have heard, that the name signifies in the Peruvian language "white," it is not unlikely that he was a European, and that the fable of his descent from the sun may have arisen from his pointing to the sun-rising—the east—to indicate the country he came from.

But there is no need to inquire, even if we could do so with any hope of success, what mixture there may be of truth and fable in any of these traditions. For our present purpose it is enough to have pointed out that they all agree in one thing, in representing civilisation as having been introduced (whenever it *has* been introduced) not from *within*, but from *without*.

We have, therefore, in this case all the proof that a negative admits of. In all the few instances in which there is any record or tradition of a savage people becoming civilised, we have a corresponding record or tradition of their having been aided by instructors; and in all the (very numerous) cases we know of in which savages have been left to themselves, they

appear never to have advanced one step. The experiment, as it may be called, has been going on in various regions for many ages; and it appears to have never once succeeded.

Perhaps the fanciful and pleasing picture of savages raising themselves into civilisation, which I just now put before you, may appear so natural, that you may be disposed to wonder why it should apparently have never been realised. When you try to fancy yourself in the situation of a savage, it may perhaps occur to you that you would set your mind to work to contrive means for bettering your condition, and that you might hit upon such and such useful and very obvious contrivances: and hence you may be led to think it natural that savages should do so, and that some tribes of them may have advanced themselves in the way above described, without any external help. But what leads some persons to fancy this possible (though it appears to have never really occurred) is, that they themselves are *not* savages, but have some degree of mental cultivation, and some of the habits of thought of civilised men. And they imagine themselves merely destitute of the *knowledge* of some things which they actually know; but they cannot succeed in divesting themselves, in imagination, of the civilised *character*. And hence they form to themselves an incorrect notion of what a savage really is; just as a person possessed of eyesight finds it difficult to understand correctly the condition of one born blind.

Any one can easily judge, by simply shutting his eyes, or going into a dark room, what it is to be blind; and thence he may be led to suppose that he understands—which is a far different thing—what it is to have been *always* blind.

When Bishop Berkeley demonstrated by mathematical reasoning that a person born blind and acquiring sight (of which, at that time, there was no actual instance), would not be able at first to distinguish by the eye the most dissimilar objects—such as a cube and a globe—which he had been

accustomed to handle, he was considered as maintaining a great paradox. Afterwards, when the operation of couching for cataract had been successfully performed on a youth born blind, the Bishop's demonstration was confirmed by the trial. It was a considerable time before the lad could learn to distinguish, without handling, the dog and the cat, with which he had long been familiar.

Now, the difficulty we have in fully understanding the condition of one born blind, is similar to that of a civilised man in representing to himself correctly the character of those wholly uncivilised. Persons, however, who have actually seen much of real savages, have observed that they are not only feeble in mental powers, but also sluggish in the use of such powers as they have, except when urged by pressing want. When not thus urged, they pass their time in torpid inactivity, or else in dancing, and various childish sports, or in decorating their bodies with paint and with feathers, flowers, and shells. They are not only brutishly stupid, but still more characterised by childish thoughtlessness and improvidence; so that it never occurs to them to reflect how they may put themselves in a better condition a year or two hence. The New Hollanders, for instance, roam about the woods and plains in search of some few eatable roots which their country produces, and which they laboriously dig up with sharpened sticks. But though they are often half-starved, and though they have to expend as much toil for three or four scanty meals of these roots as would suffice for breaking up and planting a piece of ground that would supply them for a year, it has never occurred to them to attempt cultivating these roots; no, not even when they have been near enough to the settlers to see the operations of agriculture going on.

For, savages not only seem never to devise anything spontaneously, but moreover, the very lowest of them are so *indocile*, that even when they do come within reach of the

influence of civilised men, it requires much skill, and very great patience, and a considerable length of time, to bring them to avail themselves of the examples and instruction put before them. Defoe, in his Robinson Crusoe, though he does represent the Brazilian savages as just such ignorant and ferocious Beings as they really are, attributes to them a docility and an intelligence far beyond the reality. He commits the mistake I was just now adverting to, of representing the savage as wanting merely the *knowledge* that is possessed by civilised men, and as not deficient in the civilised character. And, accordingly, Crusoe's man Friday, and the other savages who are brought among the Europeans, are represented as receiving civilisation far more speedily and far more completely than the actual Brazilian savages, or any others like them, ever have done, in the first generation.

The original condition of those savages was lower than that of the New Zealanders; and yet he has allotted hardly so many months for their civilisation as it took years to bring the New Zealanders, under the most careful and laborious training, up to the same point. If Defoe had represented his savages with the stupidity, indocility, and inattention, which really characterise such races, and had, accordingly, made their advancement far slower, and more imperfect, than he has, he would have been more true to nature, but would probably have appeared to most readers *less* natural than he does; because most readers have formed precisely the same erroneous conception of the savage character, as himself.*

* A few years ago, some tales acquired considerable popularity, of which the scenes were laid in Ireland and in the West Indies. The descriptions were vivid and striking, and the stories well got up. And though the representations given were perceived, by those really acquainted with those countries respectively, to be as wide of the reality as the figures of lions and elephants on Chinese porcelain, this formed no objection to ninety-nine hundredths of the readers, who were as ignorant of the true state of things as the writer, and had probably

Since it appears, then, a complete moral certainty that men left unassisted in what is called a state of nature,—that is, with the faculties Man is born with not at all unfolded or exercised by education,—never did, and never can, raise themselves from that condition: the question next arising is, When and how did civilisation first originate? How comes it that the whole world is not peopled exclusively with savages?

Such would evidently have been the case if the human race had always from the first been left without any instruction from some superior Being, and yet had been *able to subsist at all.* But there is strong reason to doubt whether even this bare subsistence would have been possible. It is most likely that the first generation would all have perished for want of that scanty knowledge, and those few rude arts which even savages possess, and which probably did not originate with them (for savages seem never to discover or invent anything), but are remnants which they have retained from a more civilised state. The knowledge, for instance, of wholesome and of poisonous roots and fruits, the arts of making fish-hooks and nets, bows and arrows, or darts, and snares for wild animals, and of constructing rude huts and canoes, with tools made of sharp stones, and some other such simple arts, are possessed more or less by all savages; and are necessary to enable them to support life. And men left wholly untaught would probably all perish before they could acquire for themselves this absolutely indispensable knowledge.

For, Man, we should remember, is, when left wholly untaught, far less fitted for supporting and taking care of himself than the brutes. These are far better provided both with

formed similar misconceptions. And a really correct representation would probably have been less approved than the one given. The "live pig"—according to the well-known Fable—would have been judged by the audience to squeak less naturally than the imitator.

instincts and with bodily *organs*, for supplying their own wants; for instance, those animals that have occasion to dig either for food, or to make burrows for shelter, such as the swine, the mole, the hedgehog, and the rabbit, have both an instinct for digging, and also snouts or paws far better adapted for that purpose than Man's hands. Yet Man is enabled to turn up the ground much better than any brute; but then, this is by the use of spades and other tools, which Man can learn to make and use, while brutes cannot.

Again, birds and bees have an instinct for building such nests and cells as answer their purpose as well as the most commodious houses and beds made by men; but Man has no instinct that teaches him how to construct these.

Brutes, again, know by instinct their proper food, and avoid what is unwholesome; but Man has no instinct for distinguishing from wholesome fruits the berry of the deadly-nightshade, with which children have often been poisoned, as it has no ill smell, and tastes sweet. And, again, almost all quadrupeds *swim* by nature, because their swimming is the same motion by which they walk on land; but a *man* falling into deep water is drowned, unless he has *learnt* to swim, by an action quite different from that of his walking.

It is very doubtful, therefore (to say the least), whether men left wholly untaught would be able to subsist at all, even in the condition of the very lowest savages. But at any rate it is plain they could never have risen *above* that state. If it be supposed—and this is one of the many bold conjectures that have been thrown out—that Man was formerly endowed with many instincts such as those of the brute creation, which instincts were afterwards obliterated and lost through civilisation, then the human race might have subsisted in the savage state; but we should all have been savages to this day. How comes it, then, that all mankind are *not* at this day as wild as the Pupuans and Hottentot-Bushmen? According to the

present course of things, the first introducer of civilisation among savages, is, and must be, Man in a more improved state; in the *beginning*, therefore, of the human race, this, since there was no *man* to effect it, must have been the work of *another Being*. There must have been, in short, something of a REVELATION made, to the first, or to some subsequent generation, of our species. And this miracle (for such it clearly is, being out of the present course of nature) is attested *independently* of Scripture, and consequently in *confirmation* of the Scripture accounts, by the fact that civilised Man exists at the present day. Each one of us Europeans, whether Christian, Deist, or Atheist, is actually a portion of a standing *monument* of a former communication to mankind from some superhuman Being. That Man could not have *made* himself, is often appealed to as a proof of the agency of a divine *Creator;* and that mankind could not, in the first instance, have *civilised* themselves, is a proof of the same kind, and of precisely equal strength, of the agency of a divine *Instructor.*

It will have occurred to you, no doubt, that the conclusions we have arrived at, agree precisely with what is recorded in the oldest book extant. The Book of Genesis represents mankind as originally existing in a condition which, though far from being highly civilised, was very far removed from that of savages. It describes Man as not having been, like the brutes, left to provide for himself by his innate bodily and mental faculties, but as having received at first some immediate divine communications and instructions. And so early, according to this record, was the *division of labour*, that, of the first two men who were born of woman, one is described as a tiller of the ground, and the other as a keeper of cattle. But I have been careful, as you must have observed, to avoid appealing, in the outset, to the Bible as an authority, because I have thought it important to show, independently of that authority, and from a monument actually before our eyes, the existence

of civilised Man—that there is no escaping such conclusions as agree with the Bible narrative. There are at the present day, philosophers, so-called, some of whom make boastful pretensions to science, and undertake to trace the Vestiges of Creation; and some who assume that no miracle can ever have taken place, and that the idea of what they call a "book-revelation" is an absurdity; and these you cannot meet by an appeal to our Scriptures. But if you call upon them to show how the existing state of things can have come about *without* a miracle and without a revelation, you will find them (as I can assert from experience) greatly at a loss.

It is alleged by one of these philosophers, that "some writers have represented the earliest generations of mankind as in *a high state of civilisation;*" and he adds that, "this doctrine has been maintained from a desire to confirm Scripture history." He does not, however, cite, or refer to any such writers; and there is reason to think that none such ever existed, and that the whole is a complete mis-statement, either from error of memory, or from some other cause; for this at least is certain, that no one could possibly have been led, by a *desire of confirming Scripture history*, to attribute *high civilisation* to the first generations of men; since this would go to *contradict* Scripture history. The author in question, if he is at all acquainted with Scripture history, must know, that, according to that, mankind were originally in so very *humble a degree* of civilisation, that even the use of metals appears to have been introduced only in the seventh generation.

But though the earliest generations of mankind were, as has been said, in a condition far short of what can be called "high civilisation," and had received only very limited, and what may be called elementary instruction, enough merely to enable them to make further advances afterwards, by the exercise of their natural powers—*some* such instruction (we have seen)

they must have received, because without it, either the whole race would have perished—which is far the most probable,—or at best, the world would have been peopled at this day with none but the wildest savages. For, all experience proves that men left in the lowest, or even anything approaching to the lowest, degree of barbarism in which they can possibly subsist at all, never did and never can raise themselves, unaided, into a higher condition. But when men have once reached a certain stage in the advance towards civilisation, it is then possible for them (under favourable circumstances, and if wars or other calamities do not occur to keep them back) to advance further and further in the same direction. Human society, in short, may be compared to some combustible substances which will never take fire spontaneously, but when once set on fire, will burn with continually increasing strength. A community of men requires, as it were, to be kindled, and requires no more.

In this, as in many other matters, it is the *first step* that is the difficulty. Though it may be in itself but a small step, and one which would be easy if it were the *second* and not the first, its *being* the first makes it both the most important and the most difficult.

Although I wish to rest my conclusions, not on the authority of other writers, but on well-established facts and conclusive arguments, I think it will not be out of place to advert to the opinions of some authors of high repute, whose views on the subject I had no knowledge of when mine were first formed.

"The important question," says the celebrated Humboldt, "has not yet been resolved, whether that savage state, which even in America is found in various gradations, is to be looked upon as the dawning of a society about to rise, or whether it is not rather the fading remains of one sinking amidst storms, overthrown and shattered by overwhelming catastrophes. To me the latter seems to be nearer the truth than the former."

The famous historian Niebhur also is recorded (not in any publication of his own, but in published reminiscences of his conversation with a friend) to have strongly expressed his full conviction that all savages are the degenerated remnants of more civilised races, which had been overpowered by enemies, and driven to take refuge in woods (whence the name "silvaggio," savage), and there to wander, seeking a precarious subsistence, till they had forgotten most of the arts of settled life, and sunk into a wild state.

It is remarkable, however, that neither of these eminent men seem to have thought of the inference, though they were within one step of it, that the first beginnings of civilisation must have come from a *superhuman* instructor.

Not so, however, President Smith, of the College of New Jersey, United States. In an Essay on the Diversity of the Human Species, after saying that the savage state cannot have been that of the earliest generations, and that such a supposition is contrary to sound reason and to all history, he expresses his conviction not only that savage tribes have degenerated from more civilised, but that life, even in the savage state, could not have been preserved, if the first generation had been wholly untaught. "Hardly is it possible," says he, "that Man placed on the surface of the world, in the midst of its forests and marshes, capable of reason indeed, but without having formed principles to direct its exercise, should have been able to preserve his existence, unless he *had received from his Creator*, along with his being, some instructions concerning the employment of his faculties, for procuring his subsistence and inventing the most necessary arts of life. . . . Nature has furnished the inferior animals with many and powerful instincts to direct them in the choice of their food, &c. But Man must have been the most forlorn of all creatures; . . . cast out, as an orphan of nature, naked and helpless, he must have perished before

he could have learned to supply his most immediate and urgent wants."*

The views of President Smith coincide, you will perceive, very closely with those put forth by me; though I never heard of his work till long after.

But these views are, as you may suppose, very unacceptable to certain classes of writers. And they have accordingly made vehement but fruitless efforts to evade the force of the arguments adduced. They contend against what they call the *theory* maintained, and set themselves to meet the *arguments* which prove it *unlikely* that savages should civilise themselves; but they cannot get over the *fact*, that savages never *have* done so. Now, that they never *can*, is a theory; and something may always be said—well or ill—against any theory, whether sound or unsound; but *facts* are stubborn things: and that no authenticated instance can be produced of savages that ever *did* emerge, unaided, from that state, is no *theory*; but a statement, hitherto never disproved, of a matter of *fact*.

It has been urged, among other things, that no art can be pointed out which Man may not by his natural powers have invented. Now, no one, as far as I know, ever maintained that there is any such art. I myself believe there is none that Man may not have invented, supposing him to have a certain degree of mental cultivation to start from. But as for any art—much less all the arts—being invented by savages, none of whom can be proved to have ever invented anything, that is quite a different question. The fallacy here employed, which is called in logical language the "Fallacy of Composition," consists in taking a term first in the divided sense, and then in the collective sense. This art, and that, and the other, &c.—each taken separately—is not beyond the power of Man to invent: *all* the arts are this, that, and the other, &c. taken collectively: therefore all may have been originally invented by unaided Man. In like manner, there is no one

angle and no one side of a triangle that may not be discovered *if* we have certain data to start from. Given, two sides and the contained angle, we can ascertain the remaining side and the other angles. Or again, if we know one side and two angles, we can discover the rest. But it would be a new sort of trigonometry that could discover all the three angles and three sides without any data *at* all.

One other of the arguments—so called—in disproof of the possibility of Man's having ever received any communications from a Superior Being, I will notice, merely to show what desperate straits our opponents are reduced to. A writer in the "Westminster Review" assumes, on very insufficient grounds, from a passage in the book of Chronicles, that the Jews in Solomon's time supposed the diameter of a circle to be exactly one-third of the circumference, instead of being, as it is, rather less than seven twenty-firsts, though more than seven twenty-seconds. I say on "insufficient grounds" does he infer this ignorance, because it might just as well be inferred that every one who speaks of the sun's *setting*, supposes that the sun actually moves round the earth; and that when we speak of a road laid down in a *straight* line from one town to another, we must be ignorant that the earth is a sphere, and that consequently there cannot be a perfectly straight line on its surface. But let this pass. The inference drawn is, that, since the Jews had so imperfect a knowledge of mathematics, therefore, mankind could never have received from above, any instruction whatever, even in the simplest arts of life; and that, consequently, all civilised nations must have risen to that condition unaided, from the state of the lowest savages; though all history, and all our experience of what takes place at the present day, attests the contrary! Now when a writer, evidently not destitute of intelligence, is driven to argue in this manner, you may judge how hard pressed he must feel himself.

I was conversing once on the present subject with an intelligent person, a great student of phrenology, who was inclined to attribute the stationary condition of savages to their defective cerebral development, and to conjecture that a number of people with well-formed brain, might, without any instruction, acquire the arts of life, and civilise themselves.

Now there is, indeed, no doubt that the very lowest savage tribes—such as the Pupuans and Fuegians—have a very defective formation of head; but this I was disposed to regard as the *effect*, not the *cause*, of their having lived in a wild state for a vast many generations. For, the cerebral organs,—as my friend himself fully admitted,—are, like other parts of the body, developed and strengthened by being exercised, and impaired and shrunk by inactivity. But some tribes, I remarked to him, who are considerably above the very rudest of all (as for instance the New Zealanders), have a conformation of head little if at all inferior to the European; and yet the New Zealanders, though they accordingly have proved incomparably more docile, and capable of advancement, than the more degraded races, were, nevertheless (as we have seen), incapable, when left to themselves, of advancing a single step. And this instance he was compelled to admit as decisive.

Among the many random guesses that have been thrown out on this subject, one that I have heard is, that perhaps there may have been two races,—two distinct Varieties, or rather two widely different Species, of Man; the one capable of self-civilisation, the other, not, though capable of being taught. This is a sufficiently bold conjecture, being not supported by any particle of evidence; and yet, after all, it answers no purpose. For, this wonderful endowment, the self-civilising power, if ever it *were* bestowed on any portion of mankind, seems to have been bestowed in vain, and never to have been called into play; since, as far as we

can learn, no savage tribe does appear, in point of fact, to have ever civilised themselves.

Of late years, however, an attempt has been made to revive Lamarck's theory of development. He was a French naturalist who maintained the spontaneous transition of one Species into another of a higher character; the lowest animalcules having, it seems, in many generations ripened into fish, thence into reptiles, beasts, and men. And it is truly wonderful what a degree of popularity has been attained by this theory, considering that it is supported altogether by groundless conjectures, mis-statements of facts, and inconclusive reasoning. But its advocates found it necessary to assail somehow or other the position I have been maintaining, which is fatal to their whole scheme. The view we have taken of the condition of savages "breaks the water-pitcher" (as the Greek proverb expresses it) "at the very threshold." Supposing the animalcule safely conducted, by a series of bold conjectures, through the several transmutations, till from an ape it became a man, there is, as we have seen, a failure at the last stage of all;—an insurmountable difficulty in the final step from the savage to the civilised man.

It became necessary, therefore, to accept the challenge proposed, and to find a race of savages who had, unassisted, civilised themselves; and the case produced was that of a tribe of North Americans called the Mandans. These are described in a work by Mr. Catlin, who visited them, as living in a walled town, instead of the open defenceless hamlets of the other tribes, and as exercising some arts unknown to their more barbarian neighbours. These latter, not long ago, fell upon them when greatly thinned by the ravages of the small-pox, and totally extirpated the small remnant of the tribe.

Now, when this case was brought forward, one naturally expected that some *proof* would be attempted—(1), that these Mandans *had been* in as savage a condition as the neighbouring

tribes; and (2), that they had, unaided, raised themselves from it. But all this, which is the *only point at issue,* instead of being proved, is coolly *taken for granted.* Not the least attempt is made to prove that the Mandans are originally of the same race with their neighbouring tribes. It is simply taken for granted; though Mr. Catlin himself, who was intimately acquainted with both, gives strong reasons for the contrary opinion. No proof, again, is offered that they ever were in as rude a condition as those other tribes; it is coolly assumed. No proof is offered that their ancestors never received any instruction, at a remote period, from European or other strangers; it is merely taken for granted. And this procedure is boastfully put forward as "Science!" The science which consists in simply *begging the question,* is certainly neither Aristotelian nor Baconian Science.

But in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," on Mr. Catlin's book, we are told that the more advanced condition of these Mandans is to be attributed to their living in *a fortified town,* by which means they enjoyed leisure and security for cultivating the arts of peace. Now, if they had chanced to light on a spot fortified *naturally,* by steep precipices, or the like, the cause assigned would at least have been something intelligible. But the wall which fortified the city of these Mandans was built (which the critic seems to have forgotten) by *themselves.* And when we are gravely told that it is a very easy thing for the wildest savages to civilise themselves and learn the arts of life, for, that they have only to *begin by building themselves a well-fortified town,* it is impossible to avoid being reminded of the trick by which little children are deluded, who are told that they can easily catch a bird if they do but put salt on its tail.

But reviewers, being for the most part secure from being themselves reviewed, sometimes put forward such statements and such arguments as they would unmercifully criticise if

appearing in the work of any other author. Suppose, for instance, some author maintaining that the intellectual culture of the Europeans is to be traced entirely to their having access to *Libraries and Museums*; you may imagine with what unsparing ridicule he would be visited by the reviewers, who would remind him, that though Libraries and Museums do certainly contribute greatly to a nation's enlightenment, yet, as they do not fall from the sky, but are the work of the very people themselves, such a people must have something of intellectual culture to begin with, and cannot owe *every* thing to what they have themselves produced. Or again, suppose a people of remarkably cleanly habits to be living in the midst of tribes that were abominably filthy, what would be thought of a person who should say, "their superior cleanliness may be accounted for by their use of *soap?*" Soap is, no doubt, a great purifier; but if they had been originally quite careless of cleanliness, how came they to think of *making and using* soap?

These Mandans, however, says the reviewer, were driven by "*necessity*" to fortify themselves, in order to protect themselves from the neighbouring hostile tribes. But necessity is not "the mother of invention" except to those who have some degree of thoughtfulness and intelligence. To the mere savage she rarely if ever teaches anything. And of this there cannot be a stronger proof than that which the reviewer had, as it were, just before his eyes, and yet overlooked. He forgot that those other tribes, generally at war with each other, and therefore pressed by the very same necessity, yet continued to dwell in open villages, where they are accordingly from time to time surprised or overpowered by their enemies, and have never thought of fortifying themselves; no, not when they had before their eyes the example of the Mandans, which they had not the sense to copy!

It appears, then, that all the attempts made to assail our position have served only to furnish fresh and fresh proofs

that it is perfectly impregnable. That some communication to man from a Superior Being—in other words, some kind of Revelation—must at some time or other have taken place, is established, independently of all historical documents, in the Bible or elsewhere, by a standing monument which is before our eyes, the existence of civilised man at this day.

And the establishing of this is the most complete discomfiture of the adversaries of our religion, because it cuts away the ground from under their feet. For, you will hardly meet with any one who admits that there *has* been *some* distinct Revelation, properly so called, given to Man, and yet denies that that revelation is to be found in our Bible. On the contrary, all who deny the divine authority of the Bible, almost always set out with assuming, or attempting to prove, the abstract impossibility of *any* revelation whatever, or any miracle, in the ordinary sense of these words; and then it is that they proceed to muster their objections against Christianity in particular. But I trust you have seen that we may advance and meet them at once in the open field, and overthrow them at the first step, before they approach our citadel; by proving that what they set out with denying is what must have taken place, and that *they* are, in their own persons, a portion of the monument of its occurrence. And the establishing of this, as it takes away the very ground first occupied by the opponents of our Faith, so it is an important preliminary step for our proceeding, in the next place, to the particular evidence for that faith. Once fully convinced that God must at some time or other have made some direct communication to Man, and that even those who dislike this conclusion strive in vain to escape it, we are thus the better prepared for duly estimating the proofs that the Gospel is in truth a divine message.

It is not, however, solely, or even chiefly, for the sake of furnishing a refutation of objectors, in case you should ever

chance to meet with any, or even of satisfying doubters, that I have put these views before you; though no one can think this an unimportant matter who remembers that we are solemnly charged to be "always ready to give to every one that asketh us a reason for the hope that is in us;" but beyond this, it must be both highly useful and highly gratifying to a rightly-minded Christian to contemplate and dwell upon all the many marks of truth stamped on a Revelation which he not only acknowledges, but deeply venerates and heartily loves.

It may, therefore, seem, to some persons, strange that any kind of apology should be offered for calling attention to an important evidence of Christianity. But certain it is that there are not a few Christians who consider that there is the more virtue in their faith the less rational ground they have for it, and the less they inquire for any. They acknowledge, indeed, the necessity, for the conversion of pagans and the refutation of infidels, of being prepared to offer some proofs of the truth of our religion. But while they acknowledge this necessity, they lament it; because it appears to them that to offer proof of anything is to admit it to be doubtful; and to produce answers to objections, implies listening to objections; which is painful to their feelings. They wish, therefore, that all those who actually *are* believers in what they have been told, simply because they have been told it, should be left in that state of tranquil acquiescence, without having their minds "unsettled" (that is the phrase employed) by any attempt to give them reasons for being convinced of that which they are already convinced of, or at least have carelessly assented to. And with respect to Ireland in particular, I have known both Roman Catholics and Protestants allege, that though in England there may be need to take some precautions against infidelity, in this country no such thing exists, nor is there any danger of its appearing. Those who spoke so must have either been very ignorant of the

real state of things, or must have calculated on their hearers being so. But even supposing such were the fact, it surely is doing no great honour to our religion, to *prefer* that it should be believed exactly on the same grounds that the Hindu and Chinese Pagans believe in the abominable absurdities of their mythology, which they embrace without inquiry and without hesitation, simply as being the religion of their fathers. It is not thus that men proceed in other matters. If, for instance, there is some illustrious Statesman or General whom they greatly admire, they are never weary of inquiring for, and listening to, fresh and fresh details of his exploits, of the difficulties he has surmounted, and the enterprises in which he has succeeded; which are all so many *proofs* of his superior wisdom and energy; proofs not needed to satisfy any *doubts* in their minds, but which yet they delight to bring forward and contemplate, on account of the very admiration they feel. So, also, they delight to mark and dwell on the constantly recurring proofs of the excellent and amiable qualities of some highly valued friend; to observe the contrast his character presents to that of vain pretenders; and how every attempt of enemies to blemish his reputation serves only to make his virtues the more conspicuous.

Should it not then be also delightful to a sincere Christian to mark, in like manner, the numberless proofs which present themselves, that the religion he professes is not from Man but from God,—to note the contrast it presents to all false religions devised by human folly or cunning,—and to observe how all attempts to shake the evidence of it, tend, sooner or later, to confirm it?

But there are some who go a great deal further than those I have just been alluding to. There are persons professing to believe in Christianity, and to be anxious for its support, who deprecate altogether any appeal to evidence for it, as likely to lead not to conviction, but to doubt or disbelief. A writer, for

instance, in a Periodical now dropped, but which had a great circulation among a certain party, and seems to have exercised no small influence, maintains distinctly, and with great vehemence, that our "belief ought to rest not on argument, but on faith;" that is, on *itself:* and that an ignorant clown who believes what he is told, simply because he is told it, (which is precisely the foundation of the belief of the ancient heathens who worshipped the great goddess Diana, and of the Hindu idolaters of the present day,) has a "far *better* ground for his faith than anything that has ever been produced by such authors as Grotius, and Paley, and Sumner, and Chalmers;" that is, that the reasons which have convinced the most intelligent minds, are *inferior* to that which is confessedly and notoriously good for nothing!

A writer, again, in another Periodical, deprecates and derides all appeal to evidence in support of our faith, and censures Baxter (whose life he was reviewing) for having written on the subject, because the result, he assures us, will be "either our yielding a credulous and therefore infirm assent, or reposing in a self-sufficient and far more hazardous incredulity." And he remarks, that the sacred writers "have none of the timidity of their modern apologists, but authoritatively denounce unbelief as guilt, and insist on faith as a virtue of the highest order." The faith, according to him, which the Apostles insisted on, was belief without any grounds for it being set forth. Had it been so, we should never have heard of Christianity at this day; for men could not have been bullied by mere authoritative denunciations of guilt—coming from a few Jewish fishermen and peasants, and resting on their bare word—into renouncing the religion of their ancestors, in defiance of all the persecutions of all their rulers and neighbours.

Timid, however, and credulous, according to the peculiar language of this writer, the apostles and their converts cer-

tainly were, since he uses these words to denote exactly the opposite of what every one else understands by them. A person is usually called "credulous," not for believing something for good reasons, but, on the contrary, for believing *without* evidence, or against evidence. And those are generally considered as "timorous" who *shrink* from inquiry, and deprecate as "hazardous" all appeal to evidence; not those who boldly court inquiry and bring forward strong reasons, which they challenge every one either to admit or to answer, or else to stand convicted of perversity.

And this is what our Lord and his Apostles did. They do, indeed, inculcate faith as a virtue, and denounce unbelief as sin; but on what grounds do they so? Because, says our Lord, "if I had not done among them THE WORKS WHICH NONE OTHER MAN DID, they had *not had sin;*" because the Apostles appealed to the resurrection of Jesus, of which they were eye witnesses, and to the "many infallible proofs"—the "signs of an Apostle," as they called them—consisting of the miracles wrought by themselves; and because they made unanswerable appeals to the ancient prophecies, "proving by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ."

To maintain, in the face of the whole New Testament history, which is in most people's hands, and which many know almost by heart, that the Apostles demanded faith without offering any reason for it, is an instance of audacity quite astonishing. And not less wonderful is it that any rational Being should be found, who can imagine that men's minds can best be satisfied by proclaiming that inquiry is hazardous. If there were any college, hospital, workhouse, asylum, or other institution, whose managers and patrons assured us that it was well conducted, but that *inspection* was much to be deprecated, because it would probably lead to the conviction that the institution was full of abuses, I need not say what inference would be drawn.

And when we are told that it shows "*timidity*" (of all things!) to court investigation and to defy disproof, we may be reminded of an anecdote told of some British troops, who were acting along with some North American Indians as their allies. When attacked by a hostile force, the Indians, according to custom, ran off and sheltered themselves behind trees, while the British stood firm under a heavy fire, and repulsed the enemy. It was expected that their Indian friends would have admired their superior valour. But their interpretation of the matter was—that the British were *too much frightened to run away!* They thought them such bad warriors as to have been utterly paralysed by terror, and to have not had sufficient presence of mind to provide for their safety!

More recently, a writer in another Periodical attributes the infidelity of Gibbon (a life of whom he is reviewing) to his having studied the Evidences of Christianity! And he derides with the utmost scorn the extreme folly of those who teach young persons to "give a reason of the hope that is in them," or who even *tell* them that it is true, or allow them to know that its truth has ever been doubted; which is a sure way, he maintains, to make them disbelieve it!

Such writers as these must either be themselves marvellously ignorant, or must trust to their readers being so, not only of Scripture, but of all history, ancient and modern. For, no one can read the New Testament (attending at all to the sense of what he reads) without learning that "some believed the things that were spoken by Paul, and some believed not;" and that this was what took place everywhere, among both Jews and Gentiles. And the like takes place still, and must be known; since people cannot, in these days, be so completely debarred from all knowledge of history as not to hear of the French at the Revolution abjuring Christianity, and of multitudes of their priests professing unbelief.

The passages I have referred to are, I am sorry to say, only

a few out of many, and have been noticed merely as specimens. Many more might have been produced, in the same tone, some of them from authors of considerable repute.

It is to be wished that such writers, if they really have that regard for Christianity which they profess, and if they have written as they have, not from insidious designs, but from mere ignorance and error of judgment, should, in the first place, read attentively the New Testament, that they may see how utterly contrary to the fact are all the statements they have made. And, in the next place, I would wish one of these writers to consider what he would think of some professed friend coming forward as his advocate, and saying, "My friend here is a veracious and worthy man, and there is no foundation for any of the charges brought against him; and his integrity is fully believed in by persons who thoroughly trust him, and who have never thought of examining his character at all, or inquiring into his transactions; but, of all things, do not *make any investigation* into his character; for be assured that the more you examine and inquire, the less likely you will be to be satisfied of his integrity."

No one can doubt what would be thought of such a pretended friend. And no reasonable man can fail, on reflection, to perceive that such professed friends of our religion as those I have been speaking of, do more to shake men's faith in it than all the attacks of all the avowed infidels in the world put together.

And next, I would have them look to the deplorable fruits, of various kinds, which their system, of deprecating the use of reason, and thus hiding under a bushel the lamp which Providence has kindly bestowed on Man, has produced, in its unfortunate victims. Some, not a few, have listened to the idle tales of crazy enthusiasts, or crafty impostors, who gabbled unmeaning sounds, which they profanely called the "gift of tongues;" or who pretended to have discovered in a cave a new book of

ipture, called the "Book of Mormon," and which they assure their deluded followers contains a divine revelation. And they are believed (why not?) by those who have not only never heard of any reason why *our* Scripture should be received, but have been taught that it is wrong to seek for any, and that they ought to believe whatever they are told.

Others, again, have been strongly assured that Traditions are of equal authority with Scripture; and this they believe *because* they are earnestly assured of it; which is the only ground they ever had, or conceive themselves permitted to have, for believing anything.

Others again, when falling in with some infidel, find that *he* does urge *some*thing which at least pretends to be an argument, and that *they* have nothing to urge on the opposite side; and having, moreover, been taught that inquiry is fatal to belief in their religion, they conclude at once that the whole of it is a fable, which even its advocates seem to acknowledge will not bear the test of examination.

Finally, then, I would entreat any one of those mistaken advocates I have been speaking of, to imagine himself confronted at the Day of Judgment with some of those misled people, and to consider what answer he would make if these should reproach him with the errors into which they have fallen. Let him conceive them saying, "You have, through false and self-devised views of expediency—in professed imitation of the sacred writers, but in real contradiction to their practice,—sent forth us, your weak brethren—*made* weaker by yourself—as 'sheep among wolves,' provided with the 'harmlessness of the dove,' but not with the 'wisdom of the serpent,'—unfurnished with the arms which God's gifts of Scripture and of Reason would have supplied to us, and *purposely* left naked to the assaults of various enemies. OUR BLOOD IS ON YOUR HEAD. You must be accountable for our fall."